THE ART OF English Poetry,

VOL the III^d. and IVth.

Which, with the two former Volumes, make a compleat

Common-Place-Book

OF

ENGLISH POETRY:

CONTAINING

The most natural, instructive, diverting and sublime THOUGHTS.

VIZ.

Allegories, Comparisons, Similitudes, Aphorisms moral and political, Characters and Descriptions of Persons, Actions, Places and Things, that are in the WORKS of our most celebrated POETS, ancient and modern.

ALPHABETICALLY digested, and brought down to the present Time.

By EDW. BYSSHE Gent.

LONDON:

Printed for *W. Taylor*, at the Ship in *Pater-Noster-Row*. MDCCXVIII.

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THE PREFACE.

THE universal Applause with which Books of this Nature have been receiv'd by the Publick, in all Countries, and in all Languages, is a convincing Argument of the Usefulness of them, and renders it needless for me to detain my Reader with a long Preamble to bespeak his Favour in Behalf of this Undertaking: The Title Page of the Book tells what it contains, and is alone sufficient to recommend it, at least, if the Performance have answer'd the Design; but, of this Particular it is not mine to determine. However, that none may think themselves impos'd upon by a new Title to an old Book, and take this Collection to be the same with one I publish'd some Years ago in The Art of English Poetry, it may not be improper to inform them, how far this is, and how far it is not, the same.

First then: It is so far the same, that it contains almost all the Heads of that former Collection; but with the additional Advantage of several Hundreds of new ones: It is collected likewise from the Works of the same Authors, but of several others also,

so, whom I had not then perus'd, as well as of some that have written since that Time, and consequently can not be there cited. This will appear from the Catalogue I have given of the Author's Names, out of whose Works I have gather'd the following Sheets, and which the Reader will find immediately after the Dictionary of Rhymes.

Again: It is so far the same, that, as a considerable Part of that former Collection consists of Passages, translated chiefly by Mr. Dryden, *from the antient Poets; as* Homer, Virgil, Horace, &c. *so this in like manner contains most of the very same Passages as they are translated by other Hands, particularly by the present Duke of* Buckingham, *the late Earls of* Roscommon *and* Lauderdale, *Mr.* Addison, *Mr.* Pope, *and several others: Between whose Translations and those of the late Mr.* Dryden, *I mean only those Passages of them that I have cited in the former and this Collection, I leave the Reader to make the Comparison, but for my own Part shall determine the Preference to neither.*

In the last Place; I can not deny but that both of them are exactly alike in the Method of Composition: They being both in effect but Dictionaries, which necessarily implies an Alphabetical Order.

Having thus acquainted the Publick in what they are the same, or like one another, I come in the next Place to inform them in what they are not the same, but intirely different. And this Article I shall dispatch in a few Words.

I declare therefore in general, that I have carefully avoided to insert any single Line, much less any whole Passage, in this Collection, that was in the for-

ner. If any such have slip'd in, it was merely through Inadvertency, and contrary to my Intention and Knowledge. Some there may be in a Work of this Length: But I dare boldly affirm, that throughout these two Volumes, there will not be found a sufficient Number of such Lines to compose one single Page: Except only one Passage of Mr. Prior's *(for I know but of one) which he alter'd in the last Edition of his Poems; and therefore cannot strictly be said to be the same; and two or three out of my Lord* Lauderdale's Virgil, *which, among many others, the late Mr.* Dryden, *to whom that learned Nobleman had sent his Translation of that Poet, has with some small Alterations transcrib'd into his. In doing this, I have in some Measure done Justice to the Memory of that noble Lord, who in the Year 1692, first propos'd to me the making a Collection of this Nature; which I then began; but his Death prevented me from going on with it. Thus I have given the best Account I can, how far this Collection is, and is not, the same with the former.*

This Work is a Repository, where may be seen at one View the Gold and Jewels of our Poets, without raking in the Filth and Rubbish; with which some of them too frequently abound. In regard to the Dictionary of Rhymes, it is not only much more copious than, but likewise much different from, any yet extant: For those we have hitherto seen, contain only some Words that rhyme perfectly to one another; and consequently teach us in Effect, only what Rhyme in general, and in strictness, is: And no Poem, tho' but of a moderate Length, was ever yet compos'd of such perfect Rhymes; nor will the Genius of our Language admit of it: But this shews in particular the Rhymes that are allowable in the

English

English Poetry; giving more especially those that are used by the late Mr. Dryden, *and our other best Poets: Who, without pretending to the Gift of Prophecy, we may venture to say, will ever be the Standard of English Rhyme.*

The small Portion of Praise, if I may justly challenge any, that I can lay Claim to, must arise from the Choice I have made in selecting these Passages of our Poets; and from the Method I have observ'd in the Disposition of them under their proper Heads. That I wanted not Materials for this Edifice is certain; but if I have err'd in the Choice of them, or dispos'd them unartfully, the Blame must be wholly mine: Nor is it just that any Error committed by me in the Workmanship should result upon those from whom I have borrow'd the Parts that compose the Structure. In a Word, my chief Aim has been to make it as instructive and diverting as possible; and to avoid every thing that might give the least Offence to Religion and good Manners. I have endeavour'd likewise to adapt it to the brightest Capacities, not without some Regard to the Institution of Youth, and to render it useful for Schools.

A

Dictionary of Rhymes:

COLLECTED

From the Works of the late Mr. Dryden, and other the Best Poets.

A.

A. ALgebra Tarantula Africa America Anathema Apocrypha Sciatica. And the Words that end in AW, AY, EA, EIGH, and EY.

AB. and ABE. Stab Babe Astrolabe. And the Terminations EB and EBE Web Ebb Glebe.

ACE. Face Place Grace Race Space Pace Embrace Deface Thrace Disgrace Mace Efface Retrace Chace Displace Apace Brace Replace Misplace Grimmace Populace Unbrace. And the Terminations AISE, AS, ASE, ASS, AZE, and EASE. Also the plural Number of the Nouns, and third Person singular of the present Tense of the Verbs in AY, EA, EE, EIGH, and EY.

ACED or AC'D. This Termination contains only the Participle Passive of the Verbs in ACE: As Embrac'd Disgrac'd, &c. To which rhyme the Participles Passive likewise of the Verbs in AISE, ASE, ASS, AZE, EASE, and ESS: And also the Nouns of the Terminations AST, EAST, and EST.

ACH. Ach Attach Detach. And the Terminations ATCH and ETCH.

ACHT. See OUGHT

ACK. Track Back Black Crack Slack Tack Lack Quack Sack Rack Almanack Hack Attack. And all the Words ending in AKE, EAK, and ECK.

ACK'D. To this Termination belong only the Participles Passive of the Verbs in ACK; as, Hack'd, Track'd, &c. and likewise the Words in ACT.

ACKS. This Ending includes only the third Person singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs, and the

Plural Number of the Nouns, in ACK: As, Tracks Quacks Attacks, &c. And though Rhymes of this Nature, which are form'd by adding the Letter S only to the Words of each Termination are very frequent; yet, to avoid Prolixity, I shall make no mention of them: Nor of the Rhymes of the Preter-Imperfect Tenses of Verbs: For, in all Regular Verbs, whose Present Tenses rhyme, the Preter-Imperfects must rhyme likewise: But those Tenses that are form'd irregularly, are plac'd under their proper Terminations.

ACT. Fact Enact Tract Act Protract Transact Contract Attract Protract Retract Extract Substract Distract Detract Compact Exact: And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in ECK; as, Deck'd, &c. And the Words that end in ECT.

AD, ADD and ADE. Sad Glad Bad Mad Add Clad Had Lad Unclad Olympiad Made Shade Trade Invade Wade Glade O'ershade Blade Ambuscade Retrograde Masquerade Fade Perswade Lade Spade Renegade Disswade Pervade Degrade Evade Serenade Cavalcade Palisade: To which Terminations rhyme the Words in AID: the Participles Passive of the Verbs in AY, EIGH, and EY; as, Betray'd Neigh'd Convey'd, &c. And also the Terminations EAD, ED, EDE, and EED: all which see in their proper Places.

ADGE. See AGE.

AFE, AFF, APH and AUGH. Chafe Safe Unsafe Vouchsafe Chaff Staff Graff Ingraff. Epitaph Paragraph Laugh: And the Terminations EAF and IEF.

AF'D or AFED. This Termination includes only the Participle Passive of the Verbs in AFE; as Chaf'd Vouchsaf'd; to which rhyme the Words ending in AFT.

AFT. Craft Shaft Haft Waft Graft. Also Laugh'd Draught; and the Termination EFT.

AG. Lag Hag Bag Swag Rag Drag Brag Gag Stag Wag Jag. And the Words in EAGUE and EG.

AGD. The Words of this Rhyme are only the Participles of the Verbs of the preceding Termination; there being no primitive Word of this Ending: And of Rhymes of this Nature, when there are no such primitive Words that rhyme to them, I shall from henceforward take no Notice: They being easily form'd from their Primitives.

AGE. Age Rage Asswage Presage Cage Ingage Wage Sage Page Stage Gage Badge Equipage Pasturage Disengage Enrage Parentage Hermitage Vassalage Pilgrimage Beverage Message. And the Terminations EDGE and EGE.

AID. Maid said Aid Paid Laid Afraid Inlaid Upbraid Overlaid Repaid Undecay'd Unpaid Unsaid: Likewise the Terminations ADE, EAD, ED, EDE and EED; and the Participle Passive of the Verbs in AY, EIGH, and EY.

AIGHT. See ATE.

AIGN. See AIN.

AIL and EIL. Fail Pail Jail Intail Retail Bail Sail Flail Hail Ail Prevail Tail Nail Assail Trail Frail Avail Mail Rail Quail Snail Wail Countervail Bewail Detail Outsail Veil Unveil. And the Terminations AL, AIL, EAL, EEL, and EL.

AIM. See AME.

AIN, AIGN, EIN and EIGN. Plain Strain Swain Gain Pain Complain Vain Sustain Remain Main Contain Disdain Obtain Grain Restrain Ordain Train Again Slain Rain Amain Drain Abstain Refrain Maintain Twain Distain Entertain Spain Regain Domain Brain Chain Grain Fain Lain Stain Wain Pertain Attain Detain Inchain Explain Appertain Chamberlain Arraign Sovereign Campaign Charlemaign Deign Feign Reign Vein Rein. And the Words that end in AN, ANE, EAN, EN, and ENE.

AINST. Against. To this Word rhyme the second Person singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in AIN, AN, ANE, EAN, EIGN, EIN, and EN.

AINT and EINT. Attaint Faint Acquaint Paint Restraint Saint Constraint Complaint Taint Meant Teint Feint. And the Words in ANT and ENT.

AIR. Air Despair Hair Repair Chair Impair Pray'r Fair Pair Debonair Affair Heir Their Coheir. And the Terminations AR, ARE, EAR, EER, ER and ERE.

AISE. See AZE.

AIST. See ASTE.

AIT. See ATE.

AITH. See ATH.

AKE. Snake Make Stake Take Forsake Rake Lake Bake Sake Brake Mistake Ake Undertake Wake Partake Bespake Awake Quake Shake Overtake Betake Flake Spake. And the Words in ACK, ECK and EEK.

AL. Admiral Apocryphal Conditional Animal Canibal Natural Corporal Festival Funeral General Hospital Liberal Interval Rational Madrigal Mineral Schismatical Chimerical Carnaval Cardinal Urinal Tropical Poetical Personal Pedestal Pastoral Original Musical Analogical. And the Terminations AIL, ALE, ALL, AUL and EAL.

ALD. Bald Scald Emerald. And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in ALL and AWL.

ALE. Tale Vale Gale Scale Pale Whale Dale Stale Male Sale Impale Exhale Regale. And the Terminations AIL ALL, EAL, EEL, and EL.

ALF. See ELF.

ALK and AWK. Walk Stalk Talk Chalk Balk Hawk.

ALL, AUL and AWL. Small Ball Fall Call All Stall Wall Hall Gall Recal Pall Tall Thrall Shall Withal Appal Befal Inthral Caul Gaul Saul Bawl Sprawl Mawl Squawl. Also the Terminations AL and ALE.

ALM. Calm Psalm Balm Qualm Becalm Embalm. And the Words in ELM.

ALMS. This Termination hath no other primitive Word than Alms, which rhymes to the Plural Number of the Nouns and third Person Singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs of the preceding Termination.

ALPS. Alps. This Word rhymes to the Plural of the Nouns, and third Person Singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in ALP and ELP.

ALSE and ELSE. False, Else. These Words rhyme with the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Person Singular of the Verbs in AIL, ALE, ALL, AUL, and AWL.

ALT. Halt Malt Salt Exalt. And the Termination AULT and OLT.

AM, AIM, AMB, AME, and AMN. Am Swam Ram Dam Clam Anagram Epigram Marjoram Lamb Damn Claim Aim Declaim Disclaim Acclaim Maim Proclaim Exclaim Reclaim Same Flame Frame Came Tame Name Fame Game Dame Shame Became Inflame Defame Lame Overcame Blame Misname Misbecame Surname. Likewise the Terminations EAM, EM, EME, and EMN.

AMP. Camp Stamp Encamp Damp Decamp Cramp Champ Vamp Hemp.

AN. Can Man Began Ran Bran Span Van Scan Plan Puritan Alcoran Ban Fan Tan Swan Wan Clan Trepan Divan Caravan Fore-ran Unman Artisan Over-ran Outran Partisan African Republican Talisman Husbandman Ferryman Pelican Leviathan Nobleman Gentleman Alderman American Druggerman Metropolitan Diocesan Mussulman Suffragan Publican Veteran Curtesan Charletan. And the Terminations AIN, ANE, EAN, EIGN, EIN, EN and ENE.

ANCE. Advance Dance Prance Chance Lance Ignorance Glance Inheritance France Trance Mischance Romance Complaisance Ordinance Maintenance Intemperance Furtherance Exuberance Circumstance Concordance Cognizance Countenance Exorbitance Dissonance Deliverance Extravagance Medisance Recognizance Arrogance Utterance Tem-

Temperance Sustenance Expense Inhance. And the Plural of the Nouns, and third Person Singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in AIGN, AIN, AN, and ANE.

ANCH. Branch Stanch Hanch Ranch Blanch. And the Words in AUNCH and ENCH.

AND. Hand Strand Stand Band Land Sand Command Withstand A-land Understand Brand Grand Wand Countermand Demand Reprimand Disband Expand Gainstand Underhand Deodand Saraband. And the Participle of the Verbs in AIGN, AIN, AN, ANE, EAN, EIGN and EIN.

ANE. Fane Bane Wane Cane Crane Lane Mane Plane Profane. Also the Words in AIN, and all the Terminations that rhyme to it.

ANG. Fang Rang Gang Twang Bang Hang.

ANGE. Change Range Exchange Grange Mange Strange Arrange Interchange Estrange, and the Words in ENGE.

ANK. Bank Thank Clank Frank Blank Lank Plank Rank Drank Prank Shank Dank Disrank Mountebank.

ANT. Plant Grant Ant Cant Pant Elephant Inhabitant Cormorant Aslant Askant Rant Scant Decant Implant Inchant Complaisant Disinchant Recant Supplant Transplant Dissonant Elegant Exorbitant Conversant Combatant Amant Amarant Adjutant Arrogant Consonant Covenant Disputant Precipitant Petulant Mendicant Militant Occupant Inelegant Extravagant Pursevant Significant Exuberant Resonant Absonant Vigilant Visitant Predominant Protuberant Protestant. Also the Terminations AINT, AUNT and ENT.

AP. Cap Lap Clap Gap Pap Sap Slap Strap Snap Trap Entrap Mishap Wrap Unwrap. And the Termination next following.

APE. Gape Ape Grape Scape Escape Rape Agape Shape Scrape. Also the Terminations EAP, EEP and EP.

APH. See AFF.

APS and APSE. Perhaps Lapse Relapse Elapse. Also the Plural of the Nouns, and third Person Singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in AP, APE, EAP and EP.

APT. Apt Adapt Unapt. And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in AP, APE, EAP and EP.

AR. Afar War Far Scar Star Car Jar Bar Unbar Mar Spar Debar Catarrh Symarr Tar Popular Calendar Circular Colendar Auricular Orbicular Particular Perpendicular Angular Articular Cuticular Rectangular Triangular Quadrangular Secular Regular Scimitar Vinegar Titular Similar Dissimilar Guitar Jugular Tabular. And the Words in AIR, ARE, EAR, EER, EIR, ER and ERE.

ARB. Barb Garb. To which may be rhym'd the Words in ERB. Herb Verb. Superb.

ARCE. Farce Scarce. And the Terminations EARSE and ERSE. As also the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Person Singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in AIR, ARE, EAR, EER, EIR, ER and ERE.

ARCH. Arch Starch Parch March Countermarch. And the Words that end in EARCH.

ARD. Hard Lard Nard Fard Bard Pard Card Counterguard Hard Yard Guard Regard Bombard Petard Placard Petard Afterward Shard Discard Disregard Interlard Hitherward Thitherward Ward Award Reward. And the Terminations EARD and ERD. Also the Participle Passive of the Verbs in AIR, AR, ARE, EAR, EIR, ER and ERE.

ARE. Bare Care Fare Prepare Dare Compare Ware Snare Aware Share Spare Hare Declare Beware Blare Pare Late Mare Stare Are Unaware Glare Over-care Rare Insnare Tare Knare Square Vare. And the Words in AIR. With all the other Terminations that rhyme to them.

ARF. Scarf Wharf Dwarf.

ARGE. Charge Large Discharge Barge Surcharge Inlarge Uncharge Overcharge. And the Termination ERGE.

ARK and ERK. Hark Remark Dark Bark Lark Park Dispark Countermark Embark Shark Spark Disembark Reimbark Clerk.

ARL. Gnarl Marl Snarl. And the Terminations EARL, ERL and URL.

ARM. Alarm Arm Farm Charm Harm Barm Disarm Uncharm Fore-arm Warm Swarm. Note, that these two last Words rhyme to some of the Words in ORM; as, Storm Form Deform, &c. which see under their proper Termination.

ARN. Barn Darn Yarn Warn Forewarn. And the Words in EARN and ERN. See likewise the Termination ORN: To some of the Words of which Ending the two last of this perfectly rhyme; as Morn Adorn, &c.

ARP. Carp Harp Sharp Counterscarp Warp.

ARSH. Harsh Marsh Earsh.

ART. Part Start Dart Art Depart Mart Smart Apart Dispart Cart Hart Tart Thwart Athwart Impart Upstart Counterpart Heart

ARTH. See EARTH.

ARVE. Starve Carve. And the Words in ERVE.

AS, and ASS. Has Was Alas Ass Pass Glass Class Mass Surpass Brass Amass Outpass Overpass Repass Lass Morass Cuirass. And the three following Terminations,

ASE, AISE and AZE. Chafe Bafe Cafe Debafe Inchafe Abafe Phrafe Paraphrafe Amaze Glaze Craze Imbraze Maze Raze Gaze Braze Graze Eraze Blaze Praife Raife Difpraife. And the Terminations ACE, EACE, EASE and EEZE; together with the Plural Number of the Noun, and third Perfon Singular of the Prefent Tenfe of the Verbs in AY, EA, EE, EIGH and EY.

ASH. Afh Lafh Flafh Gafh Crafh Clafh Abafh Thrafh Gafh Dafh Gnafh Flafh Rafh Slafh Mafh Trafh Quafh Wafh. And the Terminations EASH and ESH.

ASK. Task Cask Ask Mask Bask Unmask. And the Terminations ESK and ESQUE.

ASM. Chafm Spafm Enthufiafm Pleonafm.

ASP. Gafp Clafp Hafp Grafp Unclafp Wafp Afp Unhafp.

ASS. See AS.

AST. Faft Laft Maft Repaft Blaft Caft Haft Overcaft Paft Waft Vaft Aghaft Forecaft Outcaft Iconoclaft. And the Termination,

ASTE. Chafte Hafte Pafte Shame fac'd Thorow-pac'd Tafte Wafte Diftafte. And the Participle Paffive of the Verbs in ACE, EASE, AS, ASE and ASS: together with the fecond Perfon Singular of the Prefent Tenfes of the Verbs in AY, EIGH and EY: as Delay'ft Neigh'ft Convey'ft, &c.

AT. Chat That Bat Flat Fat At Hat Gnat Brat Rat Mat Pat Vat Plat What Squat Certificat. And the Terminations AIGHT, AIT, ATE, EAT, EIGHT, EIT and ET.

ATCH. Difpatch Catch Thatch Latch Match Overmatch Unlatch Scrach Patch Hatch Snatch Overcatch Watch And the Terminations ACH, EACH, EECH, ETCH and ITCH.

ATE, AIGHT, EIGHT and EIT: Prate Rate Create Fate Hate State Debate Inoculate Sate Educate Gate Fumigate Late Confecrate Mate Celebrate Date Relate Gate Violate Sedate Eftate Rebate Bate Communicate Grate Magiftrate Plate Propagate State Slate Abate Equivocate Emulate Debilitate Dedicate Eftimate Enumerate Elaborate Degenerate Delicate Deliberate Attemperate Chocolate Circulate Inftigate Capacitate Co-ordinate Confulate Confiderate Delegate Denominate Depopulate Derogate Deprecate Dilucidate Difcriminate Celibate Candidate Cultivate Corroborate Co-operate Contaminate Confolidate Conjugate Unfortunate Ulcerate Ultimate Suffocate Surrogate Supplicate Terminate Tolerate Temperate Triumvirate Vindicate Violate Subordinate Subjugate Sublimate Stipulate Sophifticate Solidate Operate Obliterate Nominate Ne-

Neceſſitate Mutilate Moderate Indeterminate Incorporate Inconſiderate Incapacitate Inanimate Imprecate Importunate Separate Mitigate Salivate Immoderate Meliorate Runagate Ruminate Meditate Imitate Reverberate Matriculate Immaculate Reprobate Marquiſate Illuminate Remunerate Marinate Illiterate Reiterate Illegitimate Regulate Heſitate Regenerate Gratulate Legitimate Germinate Generate Recriminate Invigorate Fortunate Recapitulate Facilitate Iterate Prognoſticate Irritate Expectorate Profligate Inviolate Procraſtinate Inveterate Exulcerate Prevaricate Invalidate Extricate Intricate Premeditate Intoxicate Expoſtulate Intimidate Predominate Intimate Exonerate Exhilerate Interrogate Predeſtinate Intenerate Precipitate Intemperate Elaborate Potentate Inſtigate Excommunicate Perſonate Perpetrate Exaſperate Innovate Penetrate Inordinate Exagitate Paſſionate Exaggerate Participate Palatinate Evaporate Eradicate A-late Rebate Collate Dilate Ingrate Innate Sedate Elate Tranſlate Congratulate Conglutinate Confederate Confabulate Concorporate Compaſſionate Communicate Commiſerate Commemorate Coagulate Deliberate Abominate Abdicate Abrogate Accelerate Accommodate Accumulate Accurate Adequate Advocate Adulterate Eſtimate Affectionate Aggravate Agitate Alienate Animate Annihilate Antedate Anticipate Arbitrate Arrogate Articulate Aſſaſſinate Aſpirate Calculate Capitulate Captivate Freight Eight Height Streight Weight Conceit Deceit Receit Counterfeit Self-conceit Wait Strait Bait Await Appropriate Calumniate Inſinuate Extenuate Attenuate Impropriate Inebriate Perpetuate. And the Terminations AT, EAT and ET.

ATH, AITH and ATHE. Path Wrath Bath Lath Hath Faith Saith Bathe Rathe Swathe. And the Terminations EATH and EATHE.

AUB. Daub bedaub. And the Words in OB and OBE.

AUCE. See AUSE.

AUCH. Debauch. With this Word, which is the only one of this Termination our Poets make the Words rhyme that end in ACH, ATCH and OACH.

AUD. Fraud Laud Applaud Defraud Bawd. And the two following Words in OAD Broad Abroad. Likewiſe the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in AW.

AVE. Have Gave Brave Pavè Stave Save Lave Grave Slave Cave Rave Crave Wave Inſlave Ingrave Deprave Outbrave Outrave Knave Shave Wave Behave Forgave Misbehave Misgave Architrave. Alſo the Words in EAVE, EEVE, EIVE, IVE and IEVE.

AUGH

AUGH. See AFF.

AUGHT. Draught. This Word being pronounc'd in two different Sounds, Mr. Dryden makes it rhyme sometimes to the Words in AFT; and sometimes to those in OUGHT: Where see the other Words of this Termination.

AUL. See AWL.

AULT. Fault Vault Assault Default Revolt. And the Terminations ALT, AUGHT and OUGHT.

AUNCE. Praunce. Askaunse. And the Words in ANCE and ONCE, together with the third Person singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs, and the Plural Number of the Nouns in AWN and ON.

AUNCH. Paunch Launch; And the Words in ANCH.

AUNT. Haunt Taunt Vaunt Aunt Jaunt Flaunt Gaunt Avaunt. And the Terminations ANT and ONT.

AUSE. Cause Pause Applause Clause Because Sauce Was And the Plural Number of the Nouns and third Person singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in AW. Also the Termination ASS.

AUST. Exhaust Holocaust. And the Terminations AST OAST and OST.

AUT. See OUGHT.

AW. Draw Saw Law Aw Maw Raw Paw Straw Claw Caw Thaw Withdraw Chaw Craw Daw Flaw Gnaw Jaw Overaw Wiredraw Foresaw. And the Words in A.

AWD. See AUD.

AWK. See ALK.

AWL and AUL. Awl Baul Brawl Crawl Sqwal Sprawl Spawl Mawl Wawl Drawl Caul Gaul Saul. And the Terminations ALL, OL and OLE.

AWN. Brawn Dawn Drawn Pawn Lawn Fawn Prawn Yawn Sawn Undrawn Withdrawn.

AWND. Lawnd, for a Lawn, is used by Mr. Dryden, who makes it rhyme to the Words in AND.

AX. Ax Wax Tax Flax Battel-Ax Relax. To which rhyme the Plural of the Nouns and third Persons singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in ACK, AKE, EAK and ECK.

AY, EIGH and EY. Day Play Lay May Pay Way Away Delay Decay Pray Display Betray Clay Gray Bay Stray Bray Fray Allay Stay Mislay Array Belay Forelay Say Holyday Spray Virelay Astray Dray Gay Hay Ray Geay Sway Tray Splay Affray Essay Bewray Betray Defray Disarray Dismay Foresay Gainsay Inlay Overlay Relay Repay Underlay Unsay Withsay Castaway Runaway Galloway Roundelay Neigh Weigh Inveigh Survey Obey Prey Convey Grey They Whey Disobey Purvey. Also the Terminations A, E, EA and EE.

AYS.

AYS. Always Now-a-days. And the third Person singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs, and the Plural of the Nouns of the foregoing Termination AY, and of all the other that rhyme to it.

E.

E, EA and EE. She Me He We Be Anemone Epitome Jubile Apostrophe Catastrophe Recipe Simile Sea Tea Flea Pea Plea Over-sea Counterplea Thee See Free Tree Decree Agree Bee Degree Foresee Three Lee Disagree Fee Pedigree Knee A-lee Axletree Mantletree Oversee. Also the Words in IE or Y.

EA. See E. EACE. See EASE.

EACH and EECH. Reach Each Teach Preach Beach Breach Peach Bleach Appeach Impeach Misteach Over-reach Beech Speech Leech Beseech. And the Terminations ACH, ATCH, ETCH and ITCH.

EAD. See ED. EAF. See IEF.

EAGUE. See IGUE.

EAK, EEK and IEK. Break Squeak Speak Beak Weak Bleak Leak Freak Peak Sneak Steak Streak Wreak Bespeak Forespeak Seek Greek Cheek Meek Creek Leek Reek Week Sleek Shriek. Also the Terminations ACK, AKE and ECK.

EAL and EEL. Deal Heal Weal Meal Zeal Anneal Common-Weal Peal Seal Steal Sweal Veal Squeal Appeal Conceal Reveal Congeal Repeal Unseal Teal Feel Wheel Reel Kneel Steel Heel Eel Keel Peel. Also the Terminations AIL, AL, ALE, EIL and EL.

EALM. See Elm. EALT. See ELT.

EALTH. Health Wealth Stealth Commonwealth.

EAM, EEM and EME. Stream Team Gleam Beam Steam Extream Supream Bream Cream Dream Seam Scream Seem Esteem Teem Deem Beseem Misdeem Redeem Disesteem Foredeem Unbeseem Phlegm Theme Scheme Blaspheme Apozeme Theoreme. Also the Terminations AIM, AM, AME and EM.

EAMT. See EMT.

EAN, EEN and ENE. Lean Bean Clean Unclean Mean Wean Glean Dean Quean Yean Demean Misdemean Subdean Queen Seen Green Been Keen Spleen Unseen Between Foreseen Unforeseen Skreen Ween Careen Thirteen, and the other Nouns of Number from thence to Twenty Scene Obscene Serene Convene Epicene Intervene Paraselene Demesne. Also the Terminations AIGN, AIN, AN, ANE, EIGN, EIN and EN.

EANSE. See ENCE. EANT. See ENT.

EAP and EP. Leap Reap Step Outstep Heap Cheap. And the Words that end in AP, APE and EEP.

EAR.

EAR, EER and ERE. Near Spear Ear Hear Tear Year Bear Chear Rear Appear Disappear Dear Smear Besmear Clear Fear Gear Shear Endear Mishear Overhear Jear Sear Forbear Swear Wear Forswear Steer Beer Leer Cheer Peer Compeer Reer Career Chanticleer Geer Deer Fleer Meer Seer Sheer Sleer Sneer Tweer Veer Domineer Engineer Laveer Musketeer Mutineer Pickeer Privateer Pamphleteer Cannoneer Charioteer Sphere Here Unsincere Persevere Hemisphere Severe Sincere Mere Adhere Austere Cohere Interfere Revere Atmosphere There Were Where Ere Elsewhere Somewhere. And in E'ER; as Ne'er Whate'er Howe'er. And the Terminations AIR, AR, ARE, EIR and ER.

EARCH and ERCH. Search Research Perch. And the Terminations ARCH and IRCH.

EARD and ERD. Heard Beard Herd Affear'd. And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in AIR, EER, EIR, EAR, ER and ERE.

EARL. Pearl Earl. And the Terminations ARL, IRL and URL.

EARN and ERN. Learn Yearn Outlearn Unlearn Chern Dern Kern Fern Stern Concern Discern Excern Unconcern Subaltern. And the Termination ARN.

EARSE. See ERSE. EART. See ART.

EARTH, ARTH and IRTH. Hearth Dearth Earth Swarth Birth Mirth Afterbirth.

EASE, EACE, EEZE, EIZE and IECE. Ease Appease Please Displease Disease Lease Peace Preace Geese Fleece Cheese Breeze Wheeze Freeze Squeeze Sneeze Teaze Seize Disseize Piece Niece Apiece Frontispiece Cease Decrease Increase Leafe Decease Release Surcease. And the Plural Number of the Nouns and third Person singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in AYE, EA, EE, EIGH and EY: Also the Terminations AISE, AZE, ES and ESS.

EASH. See ESH.

EAST and IEST. Feast Least East Beast Priest Breast A-breast. And the Terminations AST and EST. Likewise the Participle Passive of the Verbs in EASE and ESS.

EAT, EET and ETE. Beat Bleat Repeat Seat Retreat Heat Wheat Defeat Meat Eat Treat Cheat Feat Neat Escheat Estreat Intreat Feet Sweet Meet Fleet Street Greet Sheet Sleet Discreet Indiscreet Unmeet Mete Complete Concrete Obsolete Replete Paraclete Great Teat Threat. And the Terminations AIGHT, ATE, EIGHT, EIT, ET and IT.

EATH and EETH. Breath Death Heath Sheath Wreath Beneath Bequeath Underneath Inwreath Teeth Seeth. And the Words in ATH and ITH.

EAVE, EEVE, EIVE, EVE and IEVE. Leave Bereave Heave Cleave Eave Weave Greave Interleave Interweave Unweave Sleeve Perceive Conceive Receive Deceive Misconceive Eve Grieve Aggrieve Sieve Archieve Believe Disbelieve Relieve Reprieve Retrieve. And sometimes the Termination AVE.

EAV'N, EV'N, and IV'N. Heav'n Leav'n Sev'n Elev'n Ev'n Unev'n Giv'n Driv'n Striv'n Riv'n Thriv'n Forgiv'n Misgiv'n Undriv'n.

EB, see AB. EBE, see ABE.

ECK. Deck Neck Check Beck Peck Speck Wreck. And the Words in ACK, AKE, EAK and EEK.

ECT. Protect Sect Direct Expect Erect Neglect Reject Suspect Elect Respect Effect Abject Affect Aspect Architect Subject Select Infect Reflect Recollect Project Object Intellect Indirect Incorrect Circumspect Correct Collect Defect Deject Detect Dialect Disrespect Eject Dissect Resect Undeck'd: And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in ACK and ECK.

ED, EAD, EDE, and EED. Bred Fed Sled Led Shed Fled Bed Wed Sped Red Misled Sted Bled A-bed Truckle-bed Inbred Shred Ted Settlebed Spread Head Read Dead Stead Dread Bread Over spread Over-head Outspread Tread Behead Maidenhead Mead Read Bead Knead Lead Plead Implead Mislead Precede Recede Intercede Supersede Breed Bleed Feed Speed Seed Reed Succeed Need Proceed Weed Deed Misdeed Steed Creed Indeed Heed Meed Exceed. And the Terminations AD, ADE and AID, and the third Person singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in AY, EA, EE, EIGH and EY.

EDGE, EGE and IEGE. Wedge Edge Alledge Hedge Fledge Pledge Interpledge Ledge Sedge Sledge Privilege Sacrilege Sortilege Liege Siege Besiege. And the Words in AGE.

EE. See E. EECH. See EACH.

EED. See EAD. EEK. See EAK.

EEL. See EAL. EEM. See EAM.

EEN. See EAN. EER. See EAR.

EEP. Sheep Keep Deep Weep Creep Sleep Steep Peep Sweep Asleep.

EER. See EAR. EESE. See EASE.

EET. See EAT. EETH. See EATH.

EEVE. Sea EAVE. EEZE. See EASE.

EFT. Weſt Theft Bereft Left Eft Cleft Unleft Deft. And the Terminations AFT, and IFT.

EG, EAG, EAGUE, and IGUE, Leg Beg Egg Dreg Tweag Feag League Teague Intrigue.

EIGH. See AY. EIGHT. See ATE.

EIGN. See AIN.

EIL. See AIL. EIN. See AIN.

EINT. See AINT. EIR. See AIR.

EIT. See ATE. EIVE. See EAVE.

EIZE. See EASE.

EL, ELL, and LE, preceded by a Conſonant. Well Excel Foretel Fell Hell Sell Smell Tell Befel Cell Yell Farewel Aſphodel Quell Shell Citadel Bell Dell Ell Dwell Parallel Knell Infidel Spell Swell Compel Expel Diſpel Impel Outſel Underſel Repel Rebel Sentinel Colonel Abominable Accountable Acceptable Admirable Affable Allowable Alterable Amiable Amicable Anſwerable Appeaſable Applicable Arable Article Available Barnacle Believeable Blameable Capable Changeable Charitable Canticle Chronicle Conventicle Icicle Particle Vehicle Comfortable Commendable Conformable Conquerable Conſcionable Conſiderable Conſtable Creditable Culpable Curable Damnable Deceiveable Deplorable Deſireable Deſpicable Deteſtable Diſagreeable Diſhonourable Diſputable Diſtinguiſhable Durable Equitable Eſtimable Execrable Faſhionable Favourable Fordable Formidable Governable Habitable Honourable Hoſpitable Imaginable Imitable Immoveable Immutable Impenetrable Implacable Improbable Incapable Inclinable Incomparable Inconceiveable Inconſolable Inconſiderable Incurable Indeclinable Indefatigable Indiſpenſible Indubitable Indurable Ineffable Ineſtimable Inevitable Inexcuſable Inexorable Inexpiable Inexplicable Inextricable Inextinguiſhable Inhabitable Inhoſpitable Inimitable Innavigable Innumerable Inſatiable Inſcrutable Inſeparable Inſociable Inſufferable Inſurmountable Inſuperable Inſupportable Interchangeable Intolerable Inviolable Invulnerable Irreconcileable Irrecoverable Irrefragable Irreparable Irrevocable Irreproachable Lamentable Laudable Liable Manacle Marriageable Medicinable Memorable Miracle Miſerable Moveable Invaluable Mutable Navigable Notable Obſervable Obſtacle Oracle Payable Palatable Palpable Parable Pardonable Paſſable Paſturable Peaceable Penetrable Periſhable Performable Pinnacle Pleadable Pleaſureable Portable Preferable Profitable Probable Proportionable Pliable Reaſonable Receptacle Recommendable Reconcileable Rejoyceable Redeemable Remarkable Removeable Reproveable Reputable Retrieveable Revocable Seaſonable Semblable Serviceable

Sizeable Separable Sociable Spectacle Syllable Tabernacle Tolerable Tractable Treasonable Tuneable Valuable Variable Vegetable Vehicle Venerable Unacceptable Unaccountable Unalterable Unavoidable Unblameable Unchangeable Uncharitable Uncomfortable Unconquerable Unconscionable Ungovernable Unimaginable Unpardonable Unquenchable Unreasonable Unspeakable Unsufferable Untamable Untractable Untunable Unutterable Vulnerable Accessible Combustible Comprehensible Contemptible Corruptible Credible Crucible Defensible Divisible Elegible Fallible Flexible Forcible Horrible Impassible Imperceptible Impossible Inaccessible Incompatible Incomprehensible Incorrigible Incorruptible Incredible Indelible Indivisible Inexhaustible Infallible Inflexible Insensible Intelligible Invincible Inexpressible Irresistible Legible Plausible Possible Responsible Sensible Susceptible Terrible Visible Unintelligible Surcingle Carbuncle Manciple Principle.

ELCH and ILCH. Belch Squelch. And the Termination ILCH Milch Filch Pilch.

ELD, IELD, ILD and UILD. Held Geld Upheld Withheld Beheld Field Shield Wield Yield Gild Child Mild Wild Build Rebuild. And the Participles of the Verbs in ERL, EIL, EL, IL and ILE.

ELF and ALF. Elf Shelf Self Pelf Himself Herself Itself Calf Half Behalf.

ELK. See ILK.

ELM, EALM and ILM. Helm Whelm Overwhelm Realm Film.

ELP, ALP and ULP. Help Whelp Yelp Scalp Gulp Pulp.

ELSE. See ALSE.

ELT, EALT, ILT and UILT. Felt Melt Pelt Belt Gelt Smelt Dwelt Welt Spelt Dealt Gilt Spilt Quilt Hilt Jilt Milt Guilt.

ELVE and ALVE. Delve Helve Twelve Whelve Calve Salve.

ELVES. Themselves. To which Word rhyme the Plural Number of the Nouns in ELF, and the third Person singular of the Verbs in ELVE.

EM and EMN. Stem Diadem Jerusalem Them Hem Requiem Condemn Contemn. And the Words in AIM, AM, AME, EAM, EEM, EME and IM.

EME. See EAM. EMN. See EM.

EMP. See AMP.

EMT and EAMT. Exempt Contempt Attempt Tempt Dreamt.

EN. Den Fen Ten Men When Then Agen Amen Hen Pen Wren Denizen Citizen. And the Terminations AIGN,

AIN, AN, ANE, EAN, EEN, EIGN, EIN, ENE and IN. Also the Plural Number of all the Nouns, compounded with the Word Man; as, Aldermen, &c. which see in the Termination AN.

ENCE and ENSE. Thence Fence Whence Sense Cleanse Hence Dense Condense Pence Cense Commence Consequence Continence Concupiscence Confidence Competence Conference Circumference Benevolence Beneficence Defence Dispense Abstinence Diligence Deference Expence Evidence Eminence Eloquence Excellence Incontinence Impenitence Influence Innocence Insolence Impertinence Impudence Improvidence Indifference Indigence Indolence Immense Incense Inference Intelligence Irreverence Incence Incidence Accidence Apperence Magnificence Malevolence Munificence Maleficence Negligence Pretence Pestilence Providence Penitence Pertinence Propense Prepense Preeminence Preference Prevalence Recompence Omnipotence Reference Residence Reverence Offence Suspense Tense, Violence Affluence Vehemence Effluence Frankincense. And the third Person Singular of the Verbs and Plural of the Nouns in EN, and all the other Terminations that rhyme to it. Also the Words in ANCE and INCE.

ENCH. Bench Drench Stench Trench Wench Quench Tench Wrench French Intrench Retrench. And the Terminations ANCH and INCH.

END and IEND. Attend Ascend Amend Apprehend Bend Blend Befriend Commend Contend Condescend Comprehend Distend Descend Defend Depend Discommend Dividend End Extend Expend Fore-fend Fiend Friend Intend Impend Lend Mend Mispend Offend Obtend Portend Protend Pretend Rend Recommend Reprehend Reverend Suspend Send Spend Tend Vend Transcend Unbend Dividend. And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in EN, and of all the other Terminations that rhyme to it.

ENDS. Amends. This Word rhymes to the Plural of the Nouns, and third Person Singular of the present Tense of the Verbs in END.

ENE. See EAN.

ENGE. Revenge Avenge. And the Words in ANGE and INGE.

ENGTH. Length Strength. ENSE. See ENCE.

ENT and EANT. Ascent Attent Absent Assent Augment Armipotent Bent Battlement Banishment Content Circumvent Continent Abolishment Abstinent Absent Accident Accomplishment Accoutrement Acknowledgment Admonishment Advertisement Aliment Arbitrament Argument Blandishment Aggrandizement Astonishment Benevolent Chastise-

[illegible] Competent Complement Confident Conſequent Corpulent Detriment Diffident Different Diligent Diſcernment Diſfranchiſement Diſparagement Divertiſement Document Diſcontent Deſcent Diſſent Element Event Extent Eloquent Eminent Emolument Encouragement Equivalent Eſtabliſhment Evident Excellent Exigent Experiment Extinguiſhment Foment Frequent Firmament Ferment Flatulent Fraudulent Government Indent Intent Invent Imbelliſhment Imminent Impediment Impenitent Impertinent Implement Impotent Impoveriſhment Impriſonment Improvident Impudent Incident Incompetent Inconſequent Indifferent Indigent Innocent Inſolent Inſtrument Inſufficient Intercurrent Integument Intermittent Intelligent Lament Lent Leant Languiſhment Ligament Lineament Luculent Maintenant Monument Magnificent Malecontent Malevolent Management Medicament Miſrepreſent Miſcontent Miſpent Munificent Muniment Negligent Nouriſhment Nutriment Ornament Oſtent Outwent O'erſpent Occident Omnipotent, Opulent Orpiment Prevent Portent Parliament Puniſhment Pent Preſent Penitent Permanent Pertinent Peſtilent Preſident Predicament Prevalent Profluent Prominent Provident Repent Relent Rent Repreſent Reſent Raviſhment Redolent Re-eſtabliſhment Refluent Regiment Reverent Rudiment Sacrament Sediment Sentiment Settlement Succulent, Subſequent Supplement Sent Scent Shent Spent Torment Tent Tournament Temperament Turbulent Vent Unmeant Went Underwent Unſpent Unbent Forewent Outwent Underwent Overwent Vehement Violent Virulent. And the Terminations AINT and ANT.

EP. Step Outſtep. And the Terminations AP, APE, EAP, and EEP.

EPT. Accept Adept Except Intercept Crept Kept Slept Wept Swept. And the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in EAP and IP.

ER. Err Parterre Adminiſter Prefer Aver Her Defer Deter Infer Refer Transfer Prefer Confer Arbiter Character Biographer Coſmographer Aſtronomer Geographer Hiſtoriographer Typographer Swaggerer Tillager Villager Dowager Cottager Maſſacre Victualler Remembrancer Slanderer Wanderer Iſlander Malander Warrenner Purchaſer Alabaſter Flatterer Smatterer Idolater Theatre Caterer Amphitheatre Foreigner Provender Lavender Meſſenger Paſſenger Porrenger Scavenger Challenger Carpenter Diameter Barometer, Sorcerer Artificer Officer Sacrificer Dulcimer Mariner Gardiner Examiner Cylinder Lingerer Harbinger Juniper Caniſter Miniſter Regiſter Sophiſter Presbyter Admoniſher Furbiſher Poliſher Whiſperer Scrivener Law-giver Driveller

Phi-

Philoſopher Cofferer Philologer Embroiderer Loiterer
Aſtrologer Cuſtomer Almoner Falconer Probationer Statio-
ner Coroner Commoner Confectioner Uſurer Penſioner
Executioner Waggoner Priſoner Commiſſioner Practitioner
Pariſhioner Graſhopper Paſſover Follower Sepulchre Cu-
cumber Trumpeter Thunderer Plunderer Murderer Treaſu-
rer Lecturer Interpreter Raviſher Lucifer Choriſter. Alſo
the Words in EAR, and all the other Terminations to
which it rhymes.

ERB. See ARB. ERCE. See ERSE.

ERD. See EARD. ERE. See EER.

ERGE, IRGE, and URGE. Serge Verge Emerge Clerge
Dirge Urge Purge Surge Spurge. And the Termination
ARGE.

ERM. See IRM. ERN. See EARN.

ERSE, EARSE, and IERCE. Verſe Diſperſe Herſe Ad-
verſe Averſe Interſperſe Tranſverſe Aſperſe Traverſe Con-
verſe Diſperſe Immerſe Perverſe Reverſe Univerſe Scrſe
Rehearſe Amerce Coerce Commerce Fierce Pierce Tierce.
And the Words in ARCE; together with the Plural Num-
ber of the Nouns and third Perſon Singular of the Verbs in
AIR, ARE, EAR, EER, EIR, ER and ERE.

ERT. Advert Avert Aſſert Convert Deſert Concert Di-
vert Expert Inexpert Exert Inſert Pervert Revert Subvert
Animadvert Controvert Malapert Pert Wert. Alſo the Ter-
minations ART, IRT, ORT and URT.

ERVE. Nerve Subſerve Enerve Serve Swerve Conſerve
Deſerve Diſſerve Obſerve Reſerve Preſerve. And the Words
in ARVE.

ES, ESE, and ESS. Acceſs Addreſs Antipodes Abſolute-
neſs Abuſiveneſs Adviſedneſs Adultereſs Almightineſs Aſſu-
redneſs Bleſs Backwardneſs Barrenneſs Baſhfulneſs B[illegible]
neſs Bitterneſs Bleſſedneſs Beggarlineſs Bodileſs Boiſterous-
neſs Brittleneſs Compreſs Cheſs Acquieſce Aſſeſs Careleſs
Confeſs Chearfulneſs Comelineſs Comfortleſs Contented-
neſs Cloudineſs Clowniſhneſs Covetouſneſs Courtlineſs
Craftineſs Crookedneſs Dreſs Diſtreſs Depreſs Digreſs Diſ-
poſſeſs Daintineſs Deceitfulneſs Delicateneſs Dimenſionleſs
Dizzineſs Drunkenneſs Diſſoluteneſs Drowzineſs Exceſs
Expreſs Egreſs Eagerneſs Earneſtneſs Eaſineſs Embaſſadreſs
Emptineſs Erroneouſneſs Evenneſs Exceſſiveneſs Fearfulneſs
Feebleneſs Faithfulneſs Fatherleſs Fickleneſs Fulſomeneſs
Fooliſhneſs Forgetfulneſs Forwardneſs Friendlineſs Froward-
neſs Fruitfulneſs Fulſomneſs Gheſs Ghaſtlineſs G[illegible]
Giddineſs Godlineſs Governeſs Gracefulneſs Gree[illegible]
Happineſs Heavineſs Harbourleſs Harmleſneſs Haughtineſs
Haſtineſs Heinouſneſs Hideouſneſs Hoarineſs Hollowneſs
Holi-

[illegible] Homelineſs [illegible]neſs Impreſs Ingreſs Importunateneſs [illegible]neſs Joyfulneſs Ir[illegible]omleſs Knowingneſs [illegible]neſs [illegible]fulneſs Lawfulneſs Lazineſs Licentiouſneſs Liberneſs [illegible]neſs [illegible]neſs Liveli[illegible]neſs Loftineſs Loneſomneſs [illegible]neſs Loveli[illegible]neſs Lowlineſs Lumpiſhneſs Luſtfulneſs Luſtineſs Luxuriouſneſs Meſs Maliciouſneſs Manlineſs [illegible]neſs Matchleſs Meagreneſs Mellowneſs Merrineſs [illegible]neſs Mindfulneſs Miſtineſs Moneyleſs Motherleſs Motionleſs Muſtineſs Nakedneſs Narrowneſs Naſtineſs Nauſeouſneſs Naughtineſs Needineſs Niggardlineſs Nimbleneſs Nobleneſs Noiſomneſs Nothingneſs Numberleſs Oppreſs Obſequiouſneſs Offenſiveneſs Officiouſneſs Obduratneſs Openneſs Outrageouſneſs. Preſs Poſſeſs Profeſs Painfulneſs Patroneſs Peaceableneſs Peeviſhneſs Pennyleſs Penſiveneſs Perfidiouſneſs Pitileſs Poeteſs Populouſneſs Poſitiveneſs Preciſeneſs Prioreſs Propheteſs Publickneſs Purſineſs. Queſtionleſs Quietneſs. Receſs Regreſs Redreſs Rapidneſs Raggedneſs Ranſomleſs Readineſs Reaſonleſs Reaſonableneſs Rebelliouſneſs Remedileſs Reſervedneſs Reſoluteneſs Reſpectfulneſs Reſtleſneſs Reſtiveneſs Righteouſneſs Roſineſs Rottenneſs Ruggedneſs Ruſtineſs. Streſs Succeſs Suppreſs Savageneſs Scornfulneſs Scrupulouſneſs Seemlineſs Senſeleſneſs Sea[illegible]neſs Seriouſneſs Shadineſs Shallowneſs Shamefulneſs Shameleſneſs Shepherdeſs Sicklineſs Sillineſs Sinfulneſs Skilfulneſs Slaviſhneſs Slenderneſs Slipperineſs Slothfulneſs Sluggiſhneſs Spiritleſs Sorcereſs Sordidneſs Sottiſhneſs Sparingneſs Sprightlineſs Spitefulneſs Statelineſs Steadineſs Stedfaſtneſs Stingineſs Stubbornneſs Sturdineſs Submiſſiveneſs Sullenneſs Sumptuouſneſs Supperleſs Superſtitiouſneſs Surlineſs. Tranſgreſs Tardineſs Tediouſneſs Tenderneſs Thankfulneſs Thoughtfulneſs Thirſtineſs Thriftineſs Towardlineſs Tractableneſs Truſtineſs Tutoreſs Unleſs Undreſs Nevertheleſs Valiantneſs Uglineſs Vigorouſneſs Unadviſedneſs Uncertainneſs Uncharitableneſs Uneaſineſs Unevenneſs Unfaithfulneſs Unfeignedneſs Ungodlineſs Unhappineſs Ungraciouſneſs Unhealthineſs Unlikelineſs Unluckineſs Unmannerlineſs Unmercifulneſs Unmindfulneſs Unpleaſantneſs Unreaſonableneſs Unquietneſs Unrighteouſneſs Unrulineſs Unſeemlineſs Unſkilfulneſs Unſteadineſs Unthankfulneſs Untimelineſs Untowardneſs Unwarineſs Unwholeſomneſs Unwillingneſs Unworthineſs Unweildineſs Voluptuouſneſs Votareſs Uſefulneſs Watchfulneſs Wakefulneſs Wantonneſs Warineſs Waſtfulneſs Watchfulneſs Weaponleſs Wearineſs Weightineſs Wholeſomneſs Wickedneſs Wilderneſs Willingneſs Wilfulneſs Worldlineſs Worthineſs Wretchedneſs Yellowneſs Youthfulneſs These

Dio-

Diocese. To this Termination rhyme the Words in EASE, and all the other Words that rhyme to that Ending.

ESH, and EASH. Flesh Fresh Afresh Refresh Mesh Thresh Leash. And the Terminations ASH and ISH.

ESK and ESQUE. Desk Moresque Grotesque Burlesque. And the Words in ASK and ISK.

EST. Attest Arrest Best Behest Bequest Crest Contest Detest Digest Divest Funest Guest Infest Inquest Invest Jest Impest Lest Molest Nest Obtest Pest Protest Quest Rest Request Test Suggest Chest Vest West Wrest Unwrest Manifest Interest Disinterest Almagest Anapest. And the Terminations AST, EAST, and IST, with all that rhyme to them.

ET, and EBT. Bet Beset Beget Beset Debt Abet Coronet Get Forget Sherbet Jet Overset Fret Let Wet Met Underset Regret Whet Net Pet Set Unset Curvet Yet Spet Unwet Coverlet Violet Amulet Rivulet Parapet Amulet Leveret Epithet Flagelet Cabinet Marmoset Baronet Anchoret Alphabet. And the Termination EAT, and those that rhyme to it.

ETCH. Stretch Retch Etch Fetch Sketch Vetch Wretch. And the Terminations ACH, ATCH, EACH, ICH, and ITCH.

ETE. See EAT. EUD. See EWD.

EVE. See EAVE. EUGH. See EW.

EUM. See UME. EUT. See UTE.

EW, IEW, and UE. Anew Accrue Brew Adieu Blue Blew Askew Bedew Beshrew Bestrew Clew Cue Clue Chew Drew Dew Due Ewe Eugh Imbrue Endue Ensue Eschew Few Flew Flue Foreshew. Grew Glue. Hew Hue Jew Outgrew Knew Foreknew Imbue In Lieu Mew New Pardue Pursue Purlieu Pew Slew Spew Strew Shew Spew Screw Strew Renew Rue Review Interview Subdue True Shrew Sue Thew Unsew Unknew Undrew Withdrew Counterview Rough-hew Yew Undue View Untrue Unglew. Residue. And the Terminations O, OO, OU, and OW.

EWD. Lewd Shrewd Feud. And the Participle Passive of the Verbs of the precedent Termination.

EWN. Hewn Shewn Rough-hewn Chewn, from the Verb Chew, is us'd by Sir R. Blackmore. And some of the Words iu ONE, OON, and OWN.

EX. Sex Wex Kex Vex Vext Annex Convex Perplex Complex Reflex Convex Circumflex. And the Plural Number of the Nouns and third Person Singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in ACK, AKE, EAK, ECK, EEK, and ECT.

EXT. Next Pretext Context. And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in AX and EX.

EY. See AY.

I.

IB and IBE. Bib Crib Fib Glib Nib Rib Drib Squib Bribe Ascribe Circumscribe Describe Imbibe Inscribe Prescribe Proscribe Scribe Subscribe Superscribe Transcribe Tribe Diatribe.

ICE. Advice Artifice Avarice Dice Cockatrice Cicatrice Benefice Edifice Grice Lice Mice Nice Orifice Price Precipice Prejudice Rice Sice Slice Spice Splice Sacrifice Twice Thrice Trice Vice. And the Terminations IECE, IES, IS, ISE, IZE, and OICE.

ICH. See ITCH.

ICK. Brick Chick Crick Nick Pick Prick Quick Stick Rick Thick Slick Tick Trick Lick Kick Bestick Bishoprick Cholerick Arithmetick Bailiwick Arabick Asterick Candlestick Catholick Empirick Flegmatick Heretick Lunatick Politick Rhetorick Splenatick Schismatick Turmarick. And the Terminations EAK, ECK, EEK, and IKE.

ICT. Addict Afflict Conflict Contradict Evict Inflict Strict Interdict. And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in ICK.

ID, IDE, and UIDE. Bid Did Kid Lid Forbid Amid Slid Bestrid Overbid Outdid Underbid Undid Unbid Pyramid Abide Aside Astride Beside Bestride Betide Bide Backslide Confide Chide Decide Divide Deride Glide Hide Guide Diffide Misguide Pride Ride Preside Provide Collide Bride Stride Side Slide Stride Tide Wide Subside Subdivide Regicide Homicide Parricide Fratricide. Also the Words in OID, and the Participle Passive of all the Verbs in IE or Y.

IDES. Besides Ides. And the Plural Number of the Nouns and third Person Singular of the Verbs of the foregoing Termination.

IDGE. Bridge Ridge Abbridge Quarteridge Vicaridge. And the Termination EDGE, and all that rhyme to it.

IDST. Midst Amidst. And the second Person Singular of the Verbs in ID and IDE; as Bid'st, Did'st, &c.

IE. See Y. IECE. See EASE.

IDGE. See EDGE.

IEF and EAF. Brief, Belief Chief Thief Grief Handkerchief Misbelief Relief Thief Leaf Sheaf Deaf. And the Words in IF.

IEK. See EAK. IELD. See ELD.

IEND. See END. IERCE. See ERCE.

IES.

IES. Obsequies Exequies. These Words rhyme to the Terminations ICE, IECE, IS, ISE, and IZE; and to the Plural of the Nouns, and third Person Present of the Verbs in E, EA, EE, and IE or Y.

IEST. See EAST. IEVE. See EAVE.

IEW. See EW.

IFE, and OIF. Fife Knife Life Rife Strife Wife Coif. And the Words in IFF. Cliff Whiff Skiff Stiff. Also the Termination EAF.

IFT. Drift Adrift Gift Lift Rift Sift Shrift Shift Swift Thrift Unthrift Uplift. And the Termination EFT, and Participle Passive of the Verbs in IFF.

IG. Big Dig Fig Jig Grig Pig Rig Sprig Trig Twig Whig Wig Swig Perriwig Whirligig. And the Words in EAGUE and IGUE.

IGE. Oblige Disoblige. And the Words in IEGE.

IGH. See Y. IGHER. See IRE.

IGHT. Affright Aright Alight Bright Blight Bedight Benight Delight Despight Dight Flight Fright Fight Hight Height Knight Light Might Night Plight Right Sight Spight Wight Slight Tight Spright Upright Oversight Yesternight. And the Terminations IT, ITE, and OIT.

IGN. See INE.

IGUE and EAGUE. Fatigue Intrigue League.

IKE and IQUE. Alike Belike Dike Like Pike Dislike Spike Oblique Unlike Strike Mislike Woman-like Scholar-like, and many other Words of that Nature that are made by joining the Adjective Like to Substantives.

IL and ILL. Bill Distil Daffodil Drill Dill Fill Fulfil Hill Codicil Camomil Il Kill Mill Pill Rill Still Shrill Skill Spill Squill Till Thrill Will Instil Overfil Until Utensil. And the Terminations EAL, EEL, EL, ILE, and OIL.

ILCH. See ELCH.

ILD. See ELD. But note, that three Words of this Termination, viz. Child Mild Wild rhyme to the Participle Passive of the Verbs in ILE.

ILE, OIL, and UILE. Bile Chyle Awhile Compile Defile File Isle Mile Nile Revile Reconcile Erewhile Smile Stile Style Pile Tile Vile While Crocodile Juvenile Volatile Boil Broil Coil Toil Moil Oil Quoil Soil Spoil Toil Despoil Imbroil Disembroil Parboil Recoil Turmoil Guile Beguile. Also the Termination IL.

ILK. See ELK. ILM. See ELM.

ILST. Whilst. To which rhymes the second Person Singular of the Verbs in ILE; as, Defil'st, &c.

ILT. See ELT.

ILTH.

ILTH. Filth Tilth. And the Words in EALTH.

IM, IMB, IME, and IMN. Brim Dim Grim Him Nim Rim Interim Skim Trim Swim Limb Begrime Chime Clime Crime Climb Grime Lime Mime Prime Mistime Maritime Rime Rhyme Thyme Time Sublime Hymn Limn. And the Words in EAM and EEM.

IMES. Betimes Sometimes. These two Words rhyme to the Plural of the Nouns, and third Person Singular of the Verbs of the preceding Termination.

IMP. Gimp Pimp Imp Limp Shrimp.

IMPSE. Glimpse. Which Word rhymes to the Nouns and Verbs of the last Termination, in like Manner as is above directed in the Termination IMES.

IN. Begin Bin Chin Culverin Din Fin Gin Grin In Inn Kin Pin Shin-Sin Spin Skin Thin Tin Twin Win Therein Wherein Within Unpin Underpin Assassin Capuchin Jessamin Javelin Medicin Palatin Ravelin Sanhedrin Seraphin Cherubin Kilderkin. And the Terminations EAN, EEN, and all those that rhyme to them.

INCE. Mince Prince Quince Rince Since Wince Convince Evince. Also the Words in ENCE, and the Plural of the Nouns and third Person of the Verbs in IN, and of all that rhyme to that Termination.

INCH. Clinch Flinch Pinch Inch Winch. And the Words in ENCH.

INCT. Extinct Distinct Indistinct Instinct Precinct Succinct. And the Participle Passive of the regular Verbs in INX.

IND. Bind Behind Blind Find Hind Wind Kind Grind Mind Rind Wind Unkind Unbind Unwind Mankind Womankind Human-kind Underbind Remind Rescind. And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in IN, INE, and OIN.

INE, IGN, and OIN. Brine Chine Calcine Carabine Confine Combine Countermine Dine Decline Define Divine Entwine Fine Hine Incline Inshrine Interline Line Mine Nine Opine Recline Refine Repine Pine Shrine Shine Rine Swine Fine Thine Twine Trine Vine Whine Machine Marine Fascine Supine Superfine Transmarine Ultramarine Undermine Untwine Aquiline Brigantine Columbine Concubine Discipline Eglantine Feminine Libertine Masculine Magazine Nectarine Origine Palatine Peregrine Porcupine Secandine Serpentine Turpentine Asinine Chrystalline Medecine Heroine Genuine Boline Assign Consign Design Re-sign Sign Coin Foin Groin Join Loin Adjoin Conjoin Disjoin Eloin Essoin Injoin Purloin Rejoin Subjoin Unjoin. And sometimes the Terminations EAN, EEN, and IN.

ING. Bring Cling Fling King Ring Sling Sting Swing Wing Thing Wring Sting Spring Sing Unking Underling Hinderling Glitterling Tenderling.

INGE and INDGE. Cringe Hinge Sprindge Swinge Swinge Tinge Hinge Infringe Fringe Unhinge Impinge Sindge. And the Words in ANGE and ENGE.

INK. Brink Chink Drink Link Shrink Spink Skink Wink Bethink Cinque Think Stink Slink Sink Pink Ink Clink.

INKS and INX. Methinks Linx Minx: Which rhyme to the Plural of the Nouns, and third Person singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in INK.

INT. Print Squint Asquint Dint Septuagint Imprint Calamint Balsamint Hint Mint Flint Pint Splint. And sometimes the Words in ENT.

INTH. Hyacinth Labyrinth Ninth.

INX. See INKS.

IP. Chip Dip Hip Nip Scrip Sip Slip Strip Trip Equip Whip Tip Snip Skip Clip Drip Grip Lip Pip Rip Ship Outstrip Overslip Eldership Fellowship Guardianship Horsemanship Rivalship Workmanship Mastership. And the Terminations EAP, EEP, EP and IPE.

IPE and YPE. Gripe Ripe Stripe Tripe Wipe Over-ripe Unripe Pipe Snipe Swype Type Prototype Antitype Archetype. And the Words in EAP, EEP, and IP.

IPS. Apocalyps Overships Blubberlips Eclipse. Also the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Person singular of the Verbs of the two last Terminations, and of the others that rhyme to them.

IPT. Manuscript Conscript. And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in EAP, EEP, EP, IP and IPE.

IQUE. See IKE. IR. See UR.

IRE. Admire Aspire Attire Bemire Conspire Dire Desire Expire Fire Inquire Intire Inspire Hire Gire Ire Choir Lyre, Mire Quire Require Sire Tyre Squire Wire Retire Spire Tire Acquire Transpire Respire High'r Nigh'r Fryar Brier Also the Nouns Verbal form'd from the Verbs in Y; as, Dyer Lyer Buyer, &c.

IRCH. See URCH. IRD. See URD.

IRGE. See URGE.

IRK and IRQUE. Firk Kirk Quirk Irk Shirk Smirk Stirk Cirque. And the Terminations ERK, ORK, and URK.

IRL. See URL.

IRM and ERM. Firm Affirm Infirm Confirm Term Sperm.

IRP.

IRP and URP. Chirp Uſurp.

IRQUE. See IRK. IRST. See ORST and URST.

IRT, ORT and URT. Dirt Flirt Girt Shirt Spirt Squirt Unguirt Wort Hurt Spurt Blurt Unhurt. And the Words in ERT.

IRTH. See EARTH and ORTH.

IS, ISS and IZZ. This Is Amiſs Ephemeris Bliſs Kiſs Diſmiſs Miſs Hiſs His Piſs Bepiſs Abyſs Submiſs Remiſs Analyſis Antitheſis Epitaſis Geneſis Hypotheſis Metamorphoſis Metropolis Parentheſis Periphraſis Apotheoſis Metempſychoſis Hizz Whizz. And the Termination ICE, and all the other that rhyme to it.

ISE, IZE and UISE. Ariſe Adviſe Aſſize Advertiſe Agonize Allegorize Anathematize Anatomize Apoſtatize Authorize Baptize Canonize Cantonize Catechize Cauterize Characterize Chaſtiſe Cicatrize Circumciſe Civilize Compromize Comprize Cowardiſe Criticiſe Deviſe Deſpiſe Demiſe Diſguiſe Documentize Dogmatize Exerciſe Enterpriſe Epitomize Etymologize Eternize Evangelize Exciſe Exerciſe Exorcize Familiarize Fertilize Gourmandize Idolize Immortalize Manumize Merchandize Methodize Miſadviſe Monopolize Moralize Naturalize Otherwiſe Overwiſe Overprize Pardiſe Particularize Patronize Prize Philoſophize Premiſe Pulverize Recognize Reviſe Satyrize Sermonize Scandalize Signalize Solemnize Surpriſe Riſe Size Siſe Wiſe Guiſe Trice Surmiſe Stygmatize Symbolize Sympathize Tantalize Temporize Tyrannize Unwiſe Weatherwiſe Preciſe Baſtardize Remiſe. And the Words in IGE, with all the Terminations that rhyme to them: Alſo the Plural of all the Nouns, and third Perſon ſingular of the Preſent Tenſe of all the Verbs, in IGH and Y.

ISH. Diſh Fiſh Wiſh Impoveriſh Heatheniſh Deviliſh Gibberiſh Womaniſh Feveriſh Aguiſh Yellowiſh. Mr. Dryden and our other Poets make this Termination rhyme with the Words in ISS.

ISK. Brisk Risk Friſk Whisk Disk Biſque Obelisk Baſilisk Tamarisk. And the Words in ESK.

ISM. Priſm Schiſm Chryſm Angliciſm Aphoriſm Aſteriſm Barbariſm Catechiſm Criticiſm Catholiciſm Chriſtianiſm Galliciſm Heatheniſm Helleniſm Judaiſm Latiniſm Libertiniſm Nepotiſm Oſtraciſm Paganiſm Paroxiſm Priapiſm Pedantiſm Rheumatiſm Scepticiſm Soleciſm Stoiciſm Epicuriſm Sylogiſm Witticiſm.

ISP. Liſp Criſp Wiſp.

IST. Liſt Artiſt Deſiſt Miſt Fiſt Reſiſt Twiſt Wriſt Perſiſt Conſiſt Exiſt Wiſt Inſiſt Subſiſt Untwiſt Arboriſt Alchymiſt

hymiſt Amethyſt Anatomiſt Annaliſt Antagoniſt Antichriſt Cabaliſt Catechiſt Deipnoſophiſt Dogmatiſt Emblematiſt Epigrammatiſt Epitomiſt Etymologiſt Evangeliſt Exorciſt Formaliſt Herbaliſt Humouriſt Humaniſt Gymnoſophiſt Janſeniſt Latiniſt Methodiſt Mercurialiſt Mineraliſt Monopoliſt Naturaliſt Oculiſt Organiſt Phyſiognomiſt Platoniſt Royaliſt Satyriſt Separatiſt Calviniſt. And the Terminations EAST, EST and IEST; together with the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in EASE, IECE, and ISS, and of the other Terminations that rhyme to them.

IT. Admit It Bit Beſpit Benefit Chit Cit Commit Emit Acquit Fit Flit Grit Hit Kit Knit Nit Pit Quit Omit Outwit Permit Pretermit Remit Refit Re-admit Sit Slit Spit Split Submit Perquiſit Tranſmit Tit Whit Wit Writ Unfit Unknit. And the Terminations EAT, EET, ET, ETE and ITE.

ITCH and ICH. Bitch Bewitch Ditch Flitch Hitch Itch Pitch Stitch Switch Twitch Witch Unbewitch Unſtich Nich Which Rich Enrich. And the Terminations EACH and ETCH.

ITE and OIT. Bite Blite Cite Kite Contrite Deſpite Diſunite Indite Indict Invite Excite Incite Impolite Polite Mite Quite Rite Spite Site Smite Trite White Write Requite Recite Rechabite Re-unite Tripartite Unite Bipartite Quadrupartite Expedite Appoſite Oppoſite Appetite Attrite Carmelite Catamite Chryſolite Exquiſite Favourite Hermaphrodite Hypocrite Indefinite Infinite Marcaſite Neochyte Paraſite Proſelyte Requiſite Sodomite Jebuſite Iſraelite Aconite Doit Quoit Exploit. And the Terminations IGHT and IT.

ITH and ITHE. Frith With Pith Smith Forthwith Herewith Wherewith Therewith Blithe Lithe Hithe Scythe Tithe Writhe. And the Terminations EATHE and EETH.

IVE. Alive Strive Drive Revive Thrive Hive Contrive Survive Five Cive Slive Dive Rive Shrive Thrive Wive Arrive Connive Deprive Derive Survive Gyve Give Sive Live Forgive Miſgive Overlive Outlive Ablative Accuſative Affirmative Alternative Communicative Commutative Comparative Conſecutive Contemplative Copulative Correlative Apperitive Appellative Carminative Deliberative Imitative Imperative Declarative Defenſative Definitive Demonſtrative Derivative Diminutive Diſcretive Diſtributive Donative Executive Exhortative Expletive Figurative Frequentative Fugitive Generative Genitive Inchoative Indicative Infinitive Inquiſitive Interrogative Intranſitive Laxative Lenitive Deliberative Narrative Negative Nominative Nuncupative

Nutritive Opiniative Operative Optative Positive Preparative Prerogative Preservative Primitive Privative Provocative Purgative Portative Reprosentative Relative Restorative Sensitive Significative Speculative Substantive Superlative Talkative Vegetive Vegetative Vindicative Vocative Vomitive Soporative Intuitive. And the Terminations EAVE, EEVE, EIVE and IEVE.

IX Admix Affix Flix Infix Intermix Fix Mix Crucifix Six Transfix Prolix Prefix Unfix Sardonix. And the Plural of the Nouns, and third Person singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in IX. Also the Words in Ex, and the several Terminations they rhyme to them.

IXT Betwixt Sixth. And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in IX and EX.

IZE. See ISE.

O.

O, preceded by a Consonant. See OO and OW.

OACH. Broach Coach Roach Loach Poach Abroach Approach Incroach Reproach. And the Words in AUCH and OTCH.

OAD. Goad Load Road Toad Woad Unload Overload Broad Abroad. And the Terminations AUD, OD, ODE and OOD.

OAF. Loaf Oaf. And the Terminations OFF and UFF.

OAK. Choak Cloak Croak Oak Soak Stroak. And the Words in OCK and OKE.

OAKS, Coaks, the only Primitive Word of this Termination, rhymes to the Plural of the Nouns, and third Person singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in OAK, OCK and OKE.

OAL. Foal Coal Goal Soal Shoal. And the Terminations OLE, OL, OLL, OUL and OWL.

OAM. See OME. OAN. See ONE.

OAP. See OPE. OAR. See ORE.

OARD. See ORD.

OARSE. Hoarse. This Word rhymes with those in ORCE, ORSE, OURCE and OURSE.

OAST. Coast Boast Toast Roast. And the Words in AUST and OST.

OAT. Bloat Boat Float Coat Doat Goat Groat Moat Oat Stoat Throat Ferryboat Petticoat O'erfloat. And the Words in AUGHT, OOT, OT, OTE and OUGHT.

OATH. See OTH.

OB. Bob Cob Fob Gob Hob Job Knob Lob Mob Rob Sob Throb Squob. Also the Words in AB and AUB: and the following Termination,

OBE.

OBE. Globe Lobe Probe Robe Conglobe.

OCE. See OSE.

OCK. Block Crock Clock Cock Dock Frock Flock Hock Knock Lock Mock Nock Pock Rock Shock Smock Stock Unlock Unstock Shittlecock Weathercock. And the Words in OAK, OKE, OOK and UCK.

OCT. Concoct. To this Word rhyme the Participles of the Verbs in OCK.

OD. Clod Cod Hod Nod Pod Odd Plod Rod Shod Sod Tod Trod Unshod Untrod. And the following Termination,

ODE. Abode Bode Code A-la-mode Corrode Displode Explode Mode Ode Rode Strode Episode Incommode Forebode Outrode Outstrode. And the Terminations OAD, OOD, OUD: and the Participle Passive of the Verbs in OW.

ODGE and OGE. Dodge Lodge Dislodge Podge Doge Horologe.

OE. See OW. O'ER. See ORE.

OFF, OPH and OUGH. Off Scoff Cough Trough Slough Stroph Antistroph. And the Termination AUGH.

OFT. Croft Loft Oft Soft Toft Aloft Scoff'd Cough'd.

OG. Bog Clog Cog Dog Frog Fog Hog Jog Log Nog Prog Shog Agog. And the Words in OGUE.

OGE. See ODGE.

OGUE. Brogue Rogue Vogue Disembogue Monologue Pedagogue Astrologue Prorogue Collogue Decalogue Demagogue Dialogue Epilogue Synagogue Theologue Apologue Catalogue, and the Words in OG.

OICE and OISE. Choice Joice Voice Rejoice Noise Poise Counterpoise. Also the Termination ISE, and those that rhyme to it.

OID. Void Avoid Devoid. And the Words in IDE; and the other Terminations of that Rhyme.

OIF. See IFE.

OIL. Boil Broil Coil Foil Moil Oil Soil Spoil Toil Despoil Imbroil Disimbroil Parboil Recoil Turmoil; and the Words in ILE.

OIN. See INE.

OIR. Devoir Memoir Choire. And the Words in IRE.

OINT. Joint Oint Point Anoint Appoint Disappoint Disjoint Counterpoint [illegible]. And the Termination INT.

OISE. See OICE.

OIST. Joist Hoist Moist. And the Words in IST, together with the Participle Passive of the Verbs in OICE and OISE.

OIT. See ITE.

OKE. Broke Bespoke Besmoke Choke Moke Poke

 Smoke

Smoke Spoke Joke Stroke Yoke Forespoke Invoke Provoke Revoke Awoke Artichoke Unyoke. And the Terminations OAK, OCK and OOK.

OL and OLL. Droll Knoll Roll Troll Toll Stroll Scroll Poll Control Enrol Loll Extol Capitol. And the Terminations ALL, AWL, OLE and OUL.

OLD. Bold Cold Fold Gold Hold Old Mold Scold Wold Sold Fold Behold Freehold Copyhold Infold Manifold Marigold Overbold Unfold Uphold Untold Unsoul'd Outfold Overfold Underfold Foretold With-hold. And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in OL, OLE, OUL and OWL.

OLE. Bole Dole Hole Jole Mole Pole Sole Stole Whole Cajole Console Condole Parole Patrole Pistole. And the Termination OAL and all that rhyme to it.

OLF. See ULF. OLK. See ULK.

OLM. Holm. This, the only Word of this Termination, may be rhym'd with the Words in ALM.

OL'N and AL'N. Stoll'n Swoln Fall'n Befall'n.

OLT. Bolt Colt Dolt Holt Jolt Molt Revolt Unbolt Thunderbolt. And the Words in ALT.

OLVE. Absolve Convolve Evolve Involve Devolve Dissolve Resolve Revolve Circumvolve Intervolve Solve.

OM, OAM, OMB, OME and OOM. Burthensom Christendom Cumbersom Frolicksom Humoursom Mettlesom Quarelsom Troublesom Martyrdom Wearisom Come Some Become Misbecome Overcome Hecatomb Womb Tomb Entomb Bomb Bloom Boom Broom Loom Doom Gloom Groom Room Rome Spoom Whom Dome Gnome Home Tome Foam Roam Loam Comb.

OMP. See UMP.

OMPT. There are but two Words of this Termination: viz. Prompt and Accompt. The first of them rhymes to the Participle Passive of the Verbs in AMP and UMP; the other to the Words in OUNT.

ON, OAN, ONE, OON and OWN. Amazon Garrison Anon On Don Gone Undergone Con Lexicon Oraison Cinnamon Caparison Comparison Venison Unison Gone Outgone Simpleton Foregone Overgone Undergone Skeleton Upon Juppon Done Son Won Outdone Undone Boon Moon Noon Soon Spoon Ducatoon Swoon [illegible] Lampoon Poltroon Loon Battoon Drone Cone Stone Hone [illegible] Crone Tone Throne Zone Shone Outshone Enthrone Postpone Alone Attone Dethrone Hoan Moan Groan Loan Roan Grown Mown Own Shown Sown Blown Known Unknown Flown Thrown Disown Overthrown Overblown Foreknown Overgrown Outgrown Outflown. And the Termination UN.

ONCE. See ONSE. ONCH. See UNK.

OND. Bond Fond Pond Abscond Beyond Correspond Despond Counterbond Vagabond Diamond. Also the Termination OUND. And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in OAN, ONE, ON and OWN. ONE. See ON.

ONG, ONGUE and OUNG. Along Among Belong Song Long Prong Strong Thong Throng Wrong Oblong Erelong Prolong Tongue Young. And the Words in UNG.

ONGST. Amongst. This Word rhymes to the second Person singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in ONG: As, Belong'st Throng'st, &c.

ONGUE. See ONG. ONK. See UNK.

ONSE and ONCE. Sconse Ensconse Once Nonce. And the Words in AUNCE and OUNCE. Also the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Person singular of the Verbs in ON, ONE, and the Terminations that rhyme to them.

ONT. Front Affront Confront Font Wont. And the Words in OUNT and UNT.

OO. Coo Shoo Halloo Loo Too Woo You. And the Words in O, OW, EW and UE.

OOD. Brood Food Good Hood Mood Rood Stood Wood Understood Withstood Gainstood Misunderstood Brotherhood Likelihood Livelihood Neighbourhood Sisterhood Widowhood Womanhood Seerwood. Also the Terminations UD and UDE, and the Participle Passive of the Verbs in OO, and of all the other Verbs that rhyme to that Termination.

OOF. Aloof Hoof Loof Proof Roof Woof Behoof Disproof Reproof. Also the Words in OAF, and the several Terminations that rhyme to them.

OOK. Book Brook Cook Crook Flook Hook Look Rook Shook Took Nook Mistook Overtook Undertook Overlook Unhook Forsook Betook Partook. And the Terminations OAK, OCK, OKE and UCK.

OOL. Cool Fool Pool School Spool Tool Wool Befool. And the Words in OLE, OWL and UL.

OOM. See OM. OON. See ON.

OOP. Coop Groop Hoop Loop Poop Scoop Soop Stoop Swoop Troop Whoop Droop Unhoop Cock-a-Hoop. And the Words in OAP, OP, OPE, OUP and UP.

OOR. Boor Door Floor Moor Poor Battle-door Black-a-moor. And the Terminations OAR, OR, ORE, OUR, UR and URE.

OOSE and OOZE. Goose Loose Choose Nooze Ooze Unloose Cartooze. Also the Terminations OS, OSE, OUS, OUSE and USE: And the Plural of the Nouns, and third Person singular

ſingular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs, in EW, O, OO, OW, UE, &c.

OOST. Rooſt. This Word rhymes with the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs of the foregoing Termination, and with the Words in OUST and UST.

OOT. Boot Moot Foot Root Shoot Toot Soot Coot Hoot Overſhoot Unroot, and the Terminations OAT, OT, OTE, OUT, UIT, UT and UTE.

OOTH. Booth Sooth Smooth Tooth Forſooth. And the Words in OTH, OUTH and UTH.

OOZE. See OOSE.

OP, OAP and OPE. Crop Dop Cop Drop Sop Chop Fop Hop Knop Lop Mop Prop Pop Shop Slop Top Stop Swop Unſtop Overtop Underprop Cope Hope Grope Lope Nope Pope Mope Rope Scope Slope Aſlope Ope Tope Trope Helioſcope Hydroſcope Teleſcope Elope Interlope Heliotrope Microſcope Horoſcope Baroſcope Coap Soap Moap, and the Words in OOP and OUP.

OPH. See OF.

OPSE. Copſe. To this Word rhyme the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Perſon ſingular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in OAP, OP and OPE.

OPT. Adopt. This Word rhymes with the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in OAP, OP and OPE.

OR, OAR and ORE. Abhor Admonitor Metaphor Apparitor Barretor Competitor Creditor Diſheritor Inheritor Auditor Compoſitor Impoſitor Monitor Emperor Anceſtor Solicitor Propoſitor Progenitor Servitor Expoſitor Conſpirator Orator Senator Succeſſor Confeſſor Executor Proſecutor Chancellor Counſellor Calumniator Conqueror Embaſſador Boar Roar Soar Oar Gloar Uproar Goar Bore Core Gore Frore Lore More Ore Pore Rore Score Shore Snore Sore Store Swore Tore Whore Wore Aſhore Forbore Overbore Foreſwore Afore Before Battledore Adore Explore Deplore Hellebore Heretofore Implore Providore Reſtore Sycamore And the Words in OUR.

ORB. Orb Abſorb. And the Termination URB.

ORCE, ORSE, OURCE, OURS and OURSE. Force Divorce Perforce Inforce Reinforce Corſe Worſe Horſe Remorſe Unhorſe Indorſe Courſe Source Scourſe Diſcourſe Intercourſe Recourſe Reſource Ours Yours. Alſo the Plural of the Nouns, and third Perſon ſingular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in OOR, OR, ORE, OUR and OWR.

ORCH. Torch Scorch Porch. And the Words in IRCH and URCH.

ORD and OARD. Cord Chord Lord Accord Record Harpſicord Uncord Board Hoard Aboard Sword Afford Ab-

bord

bord Word. Likewise the Terminations EARD, ERD, IRD and URD. And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in IR, OAR, OR, ORE, OUR, OWER and UR.

ORE. See OR.

ORGE. Gorge Disgorge Ingorge Regorge Forge. And the Words in URGE.

ORK. Cork Fork Ork Stork Pork Work. And the Terminations IRK and URK.

ORLD. World. This Word is rhym'd with the Participle Passive of the Verbs in EARL, IRL and URL.

ORM. Form Storm Conform Deform Perform Inform Reform Transform Uniform Misinform Unconform Multiform Worm. And sometimes the Words in ARM and IRM.

ORN. Corn Horn Scorn Thorn Born Adorn Unborn Suborn Unicorn Capricorn Shorn Torn Worn Borne Torn Sworn Forborne Overborn Overworn Forsworn Unsworn Unworn Unshorn. And the Terminations OURN and URN.

ORSE. See ORCE.

ORST. Worst. To this Word rhyme the Terminations IRST and URST. Also the Participle Passive of the Verbs in IERCE, ORCE and URSE.

ORT and OURT. Fort Port Sport Alamort Comport Deport Disport Effort Export Import Transport Purport Report Support Court Wort Short Snort Sort Consort Distort Extort Exhort Resort Retort. And the Words in IRT and URT.

ORTH and OURTH. Forth Henceforth Fourth North Worth. And the Words in EARTH and IRTH.

OSE and OZE. Close Dose Jocose Morose Globose Chose Doze Close Gloze Nose Hose Rose Froze Prose Those Appose Compose Disclose Depose Dispose Discompose Expose Foreclose Inclose Impose Interpose Oppose Presuppose Propose Recompose Repose Suppose Transpose Transprose Lose Whose. And the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Person singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in EW, OO, OW, and of the other Endings that Rhyme to them. Likewise the following Words in

OSS. Boss Cross Dross Goss Foss Gloss Gross Loss Moss Toss Imboss Engross Rhinoceros.

OST. Cost Frost Lost Tost Accost Pentecost Ghost Host Most Post Rost. And the Terminations AUST and OAST. Likewise the Participle Passive of the Verbs in OSE and OSS.

OT. Blot Cot Dot Got Hot Jot Lot Knot Not Plot Pot Rot Scot Shot Slot Snot Sot Spot Trot Wot Clot Grot Begot

got Complot Forgot Misbegot Allot Camelot Besot Bespot Moriset Gallipot Huguenot Ideot Shalot. And the Terminations AUGHT, AT, OAT, OTE, and OUGHT.

OTCH. Botch Crotch Notch. And the Terminations ATCH, AUCH, OACH, and UTCH.

OTE. Dote Flote Glote Lote Mote Note Quote Rote Store Cote Smote Vote Wrote Antidote Denote Promote Remote Devote. And the Words in OAT.

OTH and OATH. Broth Cloth Froth Moth Troth Betroth Wrath Both Loth Sloth Oath Cloath Loath Growth Undergrowth. And the Words in OUTH.

OU. See OO and OW.

OUBT. See OUT.

OUCH. Couch Crouch Mouch Ouch Pouch Slouch Avouch Vouch Touch Retouch. Also the Terminations OACH, OTCH, UCH, and UTCH.

OUD and OWD. Cloud Crowd Loud Proud Shrowd Aloud Overcloud Unshrowd Uncloud Cou'd Wou'd Shou'd. Also the Terminations OAD, ODE, and OOD; and the Participle Passive of the Verbs in EW, OO, OW, and of the Terminations that rhyme to them.

OVE. Dove Glove Love Shove Above Clove Grove Rove Stove Strove Throve Drove Wove Devove Alcove Interwove Unwove Move Prove Approve Behove Disapprove Disprove Improve Remove Reprove.

OUGH. See OF, OW, and UFF.

OUGHT. Bought Brought Fought Nought Ought Thought Sought Wrought Besought Forethought Unthought Unbought Bethought Unsought Unwrought Methought Misthought Caught Draught Fraught Naught Taught Untaught Uncaught Mistaught. And the Words in OAT, OT, and OTE.

OUL. Soul Roul Scoul Controul Bowl; and the Terminations OAL, OL, OLE and OWL.

OULD. Mould. This Word rhymes to the Participle Passive of the Verbs in OAL, OL, OLE, and OWL.

OUN. See OWN.

OUNCE. Bounce Flounce Frounce Ounce Pounce Trounce Denounce Prononnce Renounce. Also the Words in ONCE and ONSE. And the Plural of the Nouns, and third Person Singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in OAN, ON, ONE, OON, and OWN.

OUND. Bound Found Ground Hound Mound Pound Round Sound Swound Wound Abound Aground Around Compound Confound Expound Impound Profound Propound Rebound Redound Resound Superabound Surround Unsound Unbound Unfound Unwound. Also the Termi-

nations

nation OND and UND, and the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in OWN and UN.

OUNG. Young. To which rhyme the Words in ONGUE and UNG.

OUNT. Count Fount Mount Account Amount Diſcount Diſmount Miſcount Paramount Surmount Tantamount Remount. And the Terminations ONT and UNT.

OUR and OW'R. Four Lour Pour Sour Tour Our Your Hour Scour Deflour Devour Amour Paramour Bow'r Cow'r Flow'r Pow'r Show'r Tow'r. And the Terminations OAR, OOR, and ORE.

OURGE. Scourge. To which Word rhyme the Words in ORGE and URGE.

OURN. Mourn Bourn Adjourn Sojourn Rejourn. And the Words in ORN and URN.

OURS. Ours Yours. And the Terminations ORCE and ORSE. Alſo the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Perſon Singular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in OAR, OOR, OR, ORE, OUR and OW'R.

OURTH. See ORTH.

OUS. Adventurous Adulterous Ambiguous Amorous Anomalous Anonymous Bitumenous Blaſphemous Boiſterous Calamitous Clamorous Congruous Covetous Credulous Dangerous Degenerous Emulous Fabulous Frivolous Generous Glutinous Gluttonous Gratuitous Hazardous Humorous Ignivomous Impoſititious Idolatrous Incredulous Incongruous Infamous Injudicious Irriguous Lecherous Libidinous Ludicrous Lugubrious Leguminous Ludibrious Luminous Magnanimous Marvelous Miraculous Miſchievous Mountainous Mutinous Neceſſitous Numerous Obſtreperous Odoriferous Ominous Opprobrious Oraculous Perfidious Perilous Peſtiferous Poiſonous Ponderous Populous Poſthumous Prepoſterous Proſperous Pituitous Querulous Rancorous Ravenous Ridiculous Rigorous Riotous Ruinous Salutiferous Scrophulous Scandalous Scrupulous Scurrilous Sedulous Slanderous Solicitous Sulphurous Synonimous Timorous Traiterous Treacherous Tyrannous Valorous Venomous Venturous Vigorous Villanous Ulcerous Unanimous Ungenerous Voluminous. And the Words in US.

OUSE. Houſe Louſe Mouſe Souſe Chowſe Houſs. And the Terminations OOSE, OSE, OUS, and US. Alſo the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Perſon Singular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in OW, and of all [illegible]

OUT and OU[illegible] that rhyme to it.

Grout Hout Lout Out Without [illegible] Clout Gout Snout Spout Sprout Stout Devout Undevout Throughout

Doubt

Doubt Redoubt Misdoubt. And the Words in OOT and UT.

OUTH. South Mouth Youth Couth Uncouth. And the Words in OATH, OOTH, OTH and UTH.

OW, O, OE, and OUGH. Ow Crow Blow Bow Flow Glow Grow Know Low Mow Show Sow Stow Strow Throw Tow Frow Trow Snow 'Slow Bestow Foreknow Foreshow Foreslow Overflow Overgrow Overthrow Outgrow Below Alow Row Reflow Out-row O Oh So Lo No Ho Go, To and fro, Ago Forego Outgo Undergo Overgo Portico Cupolo Callico Indigo Misleto Bufalo Archipelago Incognito Toe Doe Foe Roe Sloe Tho' Altho' Hough Dough Do To Two Too Who Through Foredo Misdo Outdo Ado Undo Hitherto Thitherto You Bow Cow Brow Mow Now Prow How Plow Sow Vow Avow Allow Disallow Disavow Endow Enow Thou Bough Plough Slough. And the Words in EW, OO, and UE.

OWD. Shrowd Crowd. Also the Words in OUD, and the Participle Passive of the regular Verbs of the preceding Termination.

OWER. See OUR.

OWL. Bowl Cowl Fowl Growl Howl Owl Prowl. And the Termination OUL, and those that rhyme to it.

OWN. Brown Clown Down Grown Adown Drown Frown Town Gown Imbrown Renown Noun. And the Words in OON and ONE, and all the Terminations that rhyme to them.

OWTH. See OTH.

OWZE. Browze Towze Blowze Rowze Bowze Carowze Spouse House Espouse. And the Words in OOZE and OUSE; and the Terminations that rhyme to them.

OX. Box Fox Ox Pox Equinox Orthodox Heterodox. And the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Person Singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in OAK, OCK, and OKE.

OY. Boy Buoy Coy Cloy Hoy Joy Foy Toy Annoy Alloy Decoy Convoy Destroy Enjoy Employ Misemploy. And the Terminations IE or Y, and IGH.

IZE. See ISE.

U.

UARD. See ARD.

UB. Bub Club Chub Cub Dub Drub Grub Rub Scrub Shrub Snub Stub Tub Beelzebub Sillabub. [illegible] lowing Termination

UCE,

UCE, UICE, UISE, and USE. Sluce Spruce Truce Conduce Deduce Induce Introduce Produce Pruce Reduce Seduce Traduce Juice Cruise Chuse Muse Use Abuse Accuse Amuse Disabuse Diffuse Circumfuse Effuse Disuse Excuse Infuse Misuse Refuse Transfuse Peruse Abstruse Obtuse Profuse Recluse. Also the Termination OOSE, and the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Person singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in EW, OO, OW and UE.

UCH and UTCH. Much Such Insomuch Overmuch Touch Retouch Clutch Crutch Dutch Hutch Smutch. And the Words in OUCH, and all the other Terminations that rhyme to them.

UCK. Buck Chuck Cluck Duck Luck Muck Pluck Tuck Suck Struck Stuck Truck. And the Words in OAK, OCK, OKE, OOK, and UKE.

UCT. Conduct Deduct Instruct Obstruct Product Reconduct Aqueduct. And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in UCK.

UD and UDE. Bud Cud Scud Spud Stud Sud Mud. And the Words in OOD. Crude Rude Altitude Conclude Delude Elude Exclude Interlude Include Intrude Obtrude Seclude Aptitude Amplitude Beatitude Celsitude Certitude Dissimilitude Exactitude Fortitude Gratitude Habitude Infinitude Ingratitude Inquietude Ineptitude Lenitude Lassitude Latitude Longitude Magnitude Multitude Plenitude Promptitude Prelude Rectitude Servitude Solitude Similitude Verisimilitude Vicissitude Solicitude Turpitude. And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in EW, OO, OW, and UE.

UDGE. Budge Drudge Grudge Judge Snudge Trudge Adjudge Forejudge Prejudge. And the Termination ODGE and UGE.

UE. See EW. UEST. See EST.

UFF and OUGH. Buff Cuff Bluff Gruff Huff Muff Puff Snuff Stuff Ruff Rebuff Counterbuff Chough Rough Tough Trough Cough Enough. And the Termination OFF.

UFT. Tuft. And the Participle Passive of the preceding Termination.

UG. Bug Drug Dug Hug Jug Lug Mug Plug Pug Rug Shrug Snug Slug Smug Tug Undug.

UGE. Huge Refuge Subterfuge.

UGN. Impugn Oppugn Repugn.

UICE. See UCE. UIDE. See IDE.

UILD. Build Guild Rebuild. And the Termination ILD.

UILE. See ILE.

UILT. Guilt Quilt. And the Words in ILT.

UINT. See INT. UISE. See ISE.

UIT. See IT and UTE.

UKE. Duke Puke Rebuke Mamaluke. And the Words in OOK and UCK.

UL and ULL. Bull Cull Dull Full Gull Hull Lull Mull Pull Scull Trull Annul Disanul Mogul Beautiful Bountiful Fanciful Merciful Pitiful Plentiful Sorrowful Dutiful Undutiful Unmerciful Wonderful Worshipful. Also the Words in OOL and ULE.

ULCT. Mulct. This Word rhymes to the Participle Passive of the Verbs in ULK.

ULE. Crule Mule Pule Rule Misrule Over-rule Ridicule. And the Termination OOL.

ULF. Gulf Ingulf Wolf.

ULGE. Bulge Indulge Divulge.

ULK and OLK. Bulk Skulk Hulk Yolk Folk.

ULP. Gulp Pulp Insculp. And the Termination ELP.

ULSE. Pulse Impulse Repulse Expulse Convulse. And the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Person singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in OOL, ULL, and ULE.

ULT and OULT. Adult Exult Occult Result Insult Indult Consult Difficult Jurisconsult Moult Poult Boult. And the Words in OLT.

UM and UMB. Crum Drum Gum Hum Mum Num Plum Scum Stum Sum Swum Thrum Grum Benum Viaticum Galbanum Guaiacum Delirium Encomium Laudanum Perpendiculum Dumb Thumb Plumb Accumb Succumb: And the Terminations OAM, OM, OME and OOM.

UME. Plume Fume Spume Sume Assume Consume Perfume Presume Re-assume Resume Deplume. And the Words in OM, OMB, OME, OOM and UM.

UMP. Bump Crump Dump Trump Jump Lump Hump Mump Plump Pump Rump Stump Pomp.

UN. Bun Dun Gun Nun Pun Run Shun Stun Sun Tun Spun Begun Outrun Forerun Over-run. Also the Words in ON, and all the Rhymes included under that Termination.

UNCE. Dunce. And the Words in ONSE.

UNCH. Bunch Hunch Munch Lunch Punch.

UNCT. Adjunct Defunct. And the Participle Passive of the regular Verbs in UNK.

UND. Fund Refund. And the Terminations OND and OUND: together with the Participle Passive of the Verbs in ON, OON, UN and UNE.

UNE. June Prune Tune Importune Opportune Jejune Untune Demilune. And the Terminations EWN, OON and UN.

UNG.

UNG. Bung Clung Dung Flung Hung Rung Sprung Stung Sung Slung Sprung Swung Wrung Unstrung. And all the Words under the Termination ONG.

UNGE. Plunge Spunge Expunge.

UNGS. Lungs. To which rhyme the Plural of the Nouns, and third Person of the Verbs in ONG and UNG.

UNK. Drunk Funk Punk Slunk Stunk Shrunk Trunk Sunk Monk Conch.

UNKS. Hunks. And the Plural of the Nouns and third Persons of the Verbs of the precedent Termination.

UNT. Blunt Brunt Bunt Hunt Grunt Runt Stunt. And the Words in ONT and OUNT.

UP and UPE. Gup Sup Up Scupe Dupe. And the Termination OOP.

UPT. Abrupt Corrupt Uncorrupt Interrupt. And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in OOP and UP.

UR and IR. Blur Bur Cur Fur Knur Slur Spur Whur Concur Incur Demur Occur Fir Stir Bestir Myrrh. And the Terminations OOR, OR, ORE, OUR and URE.

URB. Curb Disturb. And the Termination ORB.

URCH. Church Lurch Birch.

URD and IRD. Curd Absurd Word Bird Third Gird Ungird. And the Termination EARD.

URE and EWER. Cure Dure Lure Pure Sure Abjure Allure Assure Demure Conjure Endure Enure Immature Immure Impure Obdure Manure Mature Obscure Procure Secure Unsure Adjure Calenture Coverture Discomfiture Distemperature Epicure Investiture Intemperature Forfeiture Miniature Furniture Nouriture Overture Pourtraiture Primogeniture Quadrature Sepulture Signature Temperature Aperture Cynosure Garniture Literature Ligature Sewer Ewer Newer Skewer Brewer. And the Terminations OUR and UR.

URF. Scurf Turf.

URGE. Purge Surge Urge Scourge Forge. And the Terminations ERGE and IRGE.

URK. Lurk Turk Work Sturk. And the Words in ERK and IRK.

URL and IRL. Burl Churl Curl Knurl Furl Hurl Purl Snurl Uncurl Unfurl Girl Twirl Whirl. And the Termination EARL.

URN. Burn Churn Spurn Turn Urn Overturn Return Atturn Counterturn. And the Words in EARN, ORN and OURN.

URSE. Burse Curse Nurse Purse Accurse Disburse Imburse Reimburse Worse. And the Terminations ORCE, ORSE, OURCE, and OURS. Likewise the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Person singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in OUR, OWR and UR, and of the Terminations that rhyme to them.

URST and IRST. Curst Burst Durst Accurst Worst First Thirst Athirst. And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in ORCE, ORSE, OURCE, and URSE.

URT. See IRT.

US. Thus Us Incubus Succubus Buss Truss Discuss Ranunculus Blunderbuss Mittimus Overplus. And the Words in OUS.

USE. See UCE.

USH. Bush Blush Brush Crush Flush Gush Hush Plush.

USK. Dusk Husk Musk Tusk Busk.

UST. Crust Dust Bust Gust Just Lust Must Rust Thrust Trust Adust Joust Adjust August Disgust Distrust Intrust Mistrust Robust Unjust. Also the Words in OOST and OUST. And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in USE.

UT. But Cut Glut Gut Hut Jut Nut Put Rut Scut Shut Slut Smut Strut Stut Abut Besmut Inglut Uncut Unshut. And the Words in OOT, OUT and UTE.

UTCH. See UCH.

UTE and UIT. Brute Flute Lute Mute Nute Sute Absolute Acute Attribute Commute Compute Confute Constitute Depute Dilute Destitute Dispute Dissolute Execute Impute Institute Irresolute Minute Persecute Pollute Prosecute Prostitute Refute Repute Resolute Resalute Salute Substitute Fruit Suit Recruit Pursuit. And the Words in OOT.

UTH. Truth Ruth Untruth Youth, and the Words in OOTH and OUTH.

UX. Flux Afflux Efflux Conflux Reflux Influx. And the Plural of the Nouns, and third Person singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in OOK, UCK, and UKE.

UZ. Buz. And the Words in OOZE and US. Also the Plural of the Nouns, and third Person of the Verbs in OO, and OW.

UZE. See UCE.

Y.

Y or IE, and IGH. Die Fly Lie Ply Hie Cry Dry Fry By Try Pry Tie Vie Fie Eye Spy I Buy Shy Sky Pie Sly Sty Thy Why Wry High Nigh Sigh Thigh Awry Ally Comply Apply Bely Imply Decry Misapply Overfly Outfly Reply

Rely

Rely Supply Decry Descry Outvie Revie Defie Deny Espy Forespy Untie Outcry Beautify Beatify Certify Charity Crucify Dignity Deify Edify Dissatisfy Dulcify Exemplify Falsify Fortify Fructify Gratify Indemnify Justify Magnify Modify Mollifie Mortify Notify Nullify Pacify Purify Petrify Putrify Qualify Rarefy Ratify Rectify Sanctify Satisfy Scarify Signify Specify Stupify Terrify Testify Verify Versify Vilify Vitrify Vivify Amplify Glorify Apostacy Confederacy Conspiracy Contumacy Curacy Democracy Extasy Effeminacy Efficacy Embassy Episcopacy Fallacy Fantasy Intimacy Intricacy Legacy Lunacy Magistracy Obstinacy Optimacy Pertinacy Prelacy Primacy Privacy Supremacy Papacy Piracy Theocracy Malady Remedy Tragedy Comedy Biography Cosmography Geography Orthography Topography Certainty Uncertainty Soveraignty Admiralty Specialty Loyalty Penalty Commonalty Fealty Ribaldry Chivalry Bigamy Poligamy Infamy Arrogancy Constancy Exorbitancy Flagrancy Fragrancy Elegancy Inconstancy Infancy Pliancy Petulancy Pregnancy Recusancy Redundancy Reluctancy Repugnancy Significancy Vacancy Vagrancy Necromancy Warranty Company Dittany Litany Miscellany Momentany Tympany Tyranny Villany Accompany Epiphany Heptarchy Anarchy Hierarchy Monarchy Lethargy Accessary Testamentary Turbary Tutelary Visionary Vocabulary Voluntary Votary Valetudinary Novelty Antipathy Apathy Sympathy Idolatry Fatherly Outlawry Galaxy Husbandry Houswifry Minstrelsy Cruelty Contumely Enemy Academy Blasphemy Prophecy Adolescency Clemency Competency Complacency Continency Contingency Corpulency Decency Deficiency Emergency Excellency Fervency Fluency Frequency Inadvertency Inconsistency Inconveniency Insufficiency Independency Opulency Regency Sufficiency Transparency Turbulency Urgency Progeny Energy Liturgy Puberty Poverty Liberty Property Adultery Archery Artery Artillery Battery Beggary Bribery Bravery Butchery Chancery Chirurgery Cojolery Adversary Anniversary Antiquary Apothecary Arbitrary Aviary Auxiliary Boundary Breviary Burglary Cautionary Commentary Commissary Contemporary Contrary Contributary Corollary Customary Confessionary Datary Diary Depository Dictionary Dignitary Dromedary Dispensary Emissary Exemplary Extraordinary Epistolary Formulary Glossary Granary Herbary Hereditary Honorary Imaginary Incendiary Infirmary Inventory Involuntary Judiciary Jugularly Lapidary Library Luminary Momentary Military Missionary Mortuary Necessary Notary Ordinary Pensionary Plagiary Plenary Plenipotentiary Prebendary Preliminary Primary Proprietary Planetary Re-

tractary Rosemary Rosary Sallary Sanctuary Sanguinary Solitary Secundary Secretary Sedentary Seminary Statuary Summary Supernumerary Supplementary Scapulary Sublunary Temporary Tributary Tumultuary Debauchery Delivery Drollery Drudgery Flattery Foppery Forgery Frippery Gallery Grocery Embroidery Imag'ry Imprimery Infantry Knavery Lechery Livery Lottery Mastery Mercury Ministry Misery Mystery Mockery Monastery Mummery Nunnery Nursery Popery Presbytery Raillery Recovery Robbery Slavery Slippery Sorcery Soldiery Thievery Treachery Trumpery Venery Witchery Discovery Tapestry Majesty Modesty Immodesty Honesty Dishonesty Amnesty Palmestry Comedy Heresy Poesy Secrecy Poetry Discourtesy Symmetry Geometry Policy Prodigy Subtlety Mutiny Destiny Ignominy Economy Chymistry Hypocrisie Ability Absurdity Avidity Activity Adversity Affability Affinity Agility Alacrity Ambiguity Amity Animosity Annuity Antiquity Assiduity Austerity Authority Acclivity Avidity Brevity Brutality Continuity Corporeity Credibility Calamity Capacity Captivity Carnosity Cavity Celerity Charity Chastity Christianity Civility Commodity Community Conformity Concavity Consanguinity Contiguity Convexity Credulity Crudity Curiosity Debility Declivity Deformity Deity Density Dexterity Dignity Disability Disparity Diversity Divinity Divisibility Diuturnity Duplicity Exiguity Exility Enmity Enormity Entity Equality Equanimity Equity Eternity Extremity Facility Falsity Familiarity Fatality Fecundity Felicity Fertility Fidelity Flexibility Formality Fragility Fraternity Frigidity Frugality Futurity Fluidity Garrulity Generosity Gentility Gratuity Gravity Hospitality Hostility Humanity Humidity Humility Hilarity Immobility Identity Illegality Imbecillity Immanity Immaturity Immensity Immortality Immunity Immutability Impartiality Impassibility Impervosity Implacability Importunity Impossibility Improbability Improbity Impunity Impurity Inhospitality Inactivity Inability Inanity Incapacity Incivility Incommodity Incomprehensibility Incongruity Incredulity Indemnity Indignity Inequality Infallibility Infelicity Inferiority Infertility Infidelity Infinity Infirmity Inflexibility Ingenuity Inhumanity Iniquity Instability Integrity Invalidity Inutility Jollity Irregularity Laity Legality Lenity Liberality Longanimity Loquacity Lubricity Latinity Levity Materiality Magnanimity Majority Malignity Maturity Mediocrity Minority Mobility Morality Mortality Multiplicity Mutability Nativity Necessity Neutrality Nicety Nobility Nonconformity Nullity Nudity Obliquity Obscenity Obscurity Opportunity Partiality Parity Perpetuity Particularity Perplexity Perspicuity

Per-

Perversity Plurality Popularity Possibility Posterity Pravity Principality Priority Privity Probability Proclivity Prodigality Profundity Propinquity Prolixity Prosperity Proximity Purity Pusilanimity Passibility Probity Propensity Puerility Quality Quantity Rarity Reality Regularity Rusticity Rapidity Stolidity Sagacity Sanctity Scarcity Scurrility Security Sedulity Seniority Sensibility Sensuality Serenity Servility Severity Simplicity Sincerity Singularity Solemnity Solidity Spirituality Stability Sterility Stupidity Sublimity Superfluity Superiority Taciturnity Temerity Tenuity Tepidity Timidity Tranquillity Trinity Vacuity Validity Vanity Ubiquity Veracity Verity Virginity Vicinity Virility Visibility Vivacity Unanimity Uniformity Unity Universality University Volubility Urbanity Utility Anxiety Contrariety Gaiety Impiety Impropriety Piety Satiety Propriety Sobriety Society Variety Custody Melody Rhapsody Analogy Apology Astrology Chronology Elogy Genealogy Martyrology Mythology Philology Tautology Theology Chronology Etymology Doxology Physiology Monopoly Melancholy Astronomy Anatomy OEconomy Phisiognomy Blazonry Acrimony Alimony Antimony Ceremony Colony Felony Gluttony Harmony Irony Matrimony Parcimony Patrimony Simony Symphony Ebony Agony Testimony Falconry Gallantry Canopy Panoply Soliloquy Colloquy Auditory Category Consistory Dormitory Allegory Commendatory Contradictory Declaratory Defamatory Derogatory Directory Armory Laboratory Factory History Inventory Introductory Interrogatory Memory Monitory Offertory Oratory Peremptory Pillory Preparatory Priory Promontory Purgatory Rectory Refectory Repository Savory Succory Theory Transitory Victory Subtlety Faculty Difficulty Calumny Injury Luxury Penury Perjury Treasury Usury Augury Century Industry Deputy. There are likewise many other Words that properly belong to this Termination: Particularly the Adverbs in LY. which are form'd by the Addition of that Syllable to all the Adjectives of the English Tongue: But their Number being so great, I have totally omitted them.

ERRATA.

Page 429. Line 2. for Breast, read Beast. P. 509. L. 20. after the Word divided, leave out my. P. 853. L. 32. for Steriity, r. Sterility. P. 701. Line 29. for such, r. seek.

THE

The NAMES of the AUTHORS, as cited by their Abbreviations, in the following Collection.

Mr. Addiſon.	Add.
Beaum. & Fletcher.	Beaum.
Mrs. Behn.	Behn.
Sir Rich. Blackmore.	Blac.
Mr. Bowles.	Bowles.
Mr. Broome.	Broome.
Mr. Brown.	Brown.
Late D. of Buckingham.	Buck
Preſent D. of Buckingham, and Marquis of Normanby.	Norm.
Mr. Butler.	Hud.
Mr. Carryl.	Car.
Mr. Cleaveland.	Cleav.
Mr. Congreve.	Cong.
Mr. Cowley.	Cowl.
Mr. Creech.	Cr.
Mr. Cromwel.	Cromw.
Mr. Crowne.	Cro.
Sir Will. D'Avenant.	D'Av.
Dr. D'Avenant.	Dr. D'Av.
Sir John Denham.	Denh.
Mr. Dennis.	Den.
Dr. Donne.	Don.
Earl of Dorſet.	Dorſ.
Mr. Dryden.	Dryd.
Mr. Dryden Jun.	Dryd. Jun.
Mr. Duke.	Duke.
Sir George Etherege.	Ether.
Mr. Euſden.	Euſd.
Mr. Farquhar.	Farq.
Mr. Flatman.	Flatm.
Dr. Garth.	Garth.
Mr. Gay.	Gay.
Lord Halifax.	Hal.
Mr. Harvey.	Harv.
Mr. Higgons.	Hig.
Mr. Hopkins.	Hopk.
Sir Robert Howard.	How.
Mr. Hughes.	Hugh.
Ben. Johnſon.	Johnſ.
Mr. Johnſon.	Joh.
Lord Lanſdown.	Lanſd.
E. of Lauderdale.	Laud.
Mr. Lee.	Lee.
Mr. Marvel.	Marv.
Mr. Milton.	Milt.
Mr. Oldham.	Oldh.
Mr. Oldiſworth.	Oldiſ.
Mr. Otway.	Otw.
Mr. Ozell.	Oz.
Mr. Parſons.	Parſ.
Mr. Philips.	Phil.
Mrs. Philips.	Orinda.
Mr. Pope.	Pope.
Mr. Prior.	Pri.
Mr. Ratcliff.	Ratc.
Mr. Ravenſcroft.	Ravenſ.
Late E. of Rocheſter.	Roch.
E. of Roſcommon.	Roſc.
Mr. Rowe.	Row.
Sir Carr Scrope.	Scro.
Sir Charles Sedley.	Sedl.
Mr. Settle.	Sett.
Shakeſpear.	Shak.
Mr. Smith.	Smi.
Mr. Southern.	South.
Spencer.	Spen.
Dr. Sprat, late Biſhop of Rocheſter.	Sprat.
Mr. Stafford.	Staff.
Mr. Steele.	Steele.
Mr. Stepney.	Step.
Mr. Stoneſtreet.	Stoneſt.
Sir John Suckling.	Suckl.
Dr. Swift.	Swift.
Mr. Tate.	Tate.
Sir William Temple.	Temp.
Mr. Tickell.	Tick.
Mr. Trapp.	Tra.
Mr. Vanbrug.	Vanb.
Mr. Waller.	Wall.
Mr. Walſh.	Wal.
Mr. Wycherly.	Wych.
Mr. Yalden.	Yald.
Mr. Young.	You.

THE

THE
British Parnassus:
Or, A Compleat
Common Place-Book
OF
ENGLISH POETRY.

ABSENCE.

ALAS, what Pains, what racking Thoughts he (proves,
Who lives retir'd from her he dearest loves,
In cruel Absence doom'd past Joys to mourn,
And think on Hours that will no more return!
Oh! let me ne'er the Pangs of Absence try;
Save me from Absence, Love, or let me die.
I all Things but thy Absence can endure; (Cong.
That's a Disease which Death alone must cure:
Let me no longer pin'd in Absence lie;
Rather than live without you, let me die. Car. Ovid.
Oh! can you think that Death is half so dreadful,
As 'tis for me to live, and live without thee. Smith. Phaed. &
Life of it self will go now thou art gone, (Hip.
Like Flies in Winter, when they lose the Sun.
Dryd. Conq. of Gran. p. 1.
She's gone, and I like my own Ghost appear: (p. 1.
It is not living when she is not here. Dryd. Conq. of Gran.
Without her Presence all my Joys are vain; (p. 1.
Empire a Curse, and Life it self a Pain. Dr. Conq. of Gran.

Pastimes and Wine, which Verse inspire,
Are irksome all, now you are gone;
Unus'd is both my Lute and Lyre,
And in full Consort I have none.
The Relish you to my Enjoyments give,
And Life, depriv'd of you, can hardly live. Chetw. H
Since from my dear Astraea's Sight
I was so rudely torn;
My Soul has never known Delight,
Unless it was to mourn:
But oh! alas! with weeping Eyes
And bleeding Heart I lie,
Thinking on her, whose Absence 'tis,
That makes me wish to die. Buck.
No Joy but you, no Life but yours I own;
I must forsake my self, when you are gone:
If you withdraw your Light, how black a Shade
Must the sad Region of my Breast invade!
The World's a Heav'n to me, when you are here;
And Heav'n will be more Heav'n to meet you there. Bl
(K. Ar
Heav'n is not but where Emily abides;
And, where she's absent, all is Hell besides. Dryd. Pal. & A
No Tongue my Pleasure nor my Pain can tell:
'Tis Heav'n to have thee, and without thee Hell. Otw. Orp
With thee to live is Paradise alone;
Without the Pleasure of thy Sight is none. Dryd. State of In
The Trees are wither'd all, their Leaves are gone,
As if for thee they put their Mourning on. Scrope. Ovid
For thee the fading Trees appear to mourn,
And Birds defer their Songs till thy Return. Pope Ovid
Parch'd are the Plains, and frying is the Field;
Nor with'ring Vines their juicy Vintage yield:
But if returning Phyllis bless the Plain,
The Grass revives, the Woods are green again,
And Jove descends in Show'rs of kindly Rain. Dryd. Virg
But, if Alexis from our Mountains fly,
Ev'n running Rivers leave their Channels dry. Dryd. Vi
For him the feather'd Choirs neglect their Song;
For him the Limes their pleasing Shades deny;
For him the Lillies hang their Heads, and die:
Ye Flow'rs, that droop, forsaken by the Spring;
Ye Birds, that, left by Summer, cease to sing;
Ye Trees, that fade, when Autumn's Heats remove;
Say, is not Absence Death to those who love? Pope.
——— When forc'd from Delia's Sight,
Nor Plaies at Morn, nor Consorts at Night delight:

Ev'n Spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But, bless'd with her, 'tis Spring throughout the Year. Pope.
With thee conversing, I forget all Time,
All Seasons and their Change; all please alike:
Sweet is the Breath of Morn, her Rising sweet,
With Charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful Land he spreads
His orient Beams on Herb, Tree, Fruit and Flow'r,
Glist'ring with Dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft Show'rs; and sweet the Coming on
Of grateful Ev'ning mild; the silent Night,
With this her solemn Bird; and this fair Moon;
And these the Gems of Heav'n, her starry Train:
But neither Breath of Morn, when she ascends
With Charm of earliest Birds; nor rising Sun
On this delightful Land; nor Herb, Fruit, Flow'r,
Glist'ring with Dew; nor Fragrance after Show'rs;
Nor grateful Ev'ning mild; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn Bird; nor Walk by Moon;
Or glitt'ring Star-light, without thee is sweet. Milt. Par. Lost.
——— The Roses hang their Heads, and pine;
And, 'till you come, in vain perfume the Air. Temp. Hor.
Fair Galatea, with thy silver Feet,
O, whiter than the Swan, and more than Hybla sweet;
Tall as a Poplar, taper as the Bole,
Come, charm thy Shepherd, and restore my Soul;
Come, when my lated Sleep at Night returns, (Virg.
And crown the silent Hours, and stop the rosy Morn. Dryd.
What shall I do? Oh, how alone am I!
I walk, methinks, as half of me were lost. Otw. C. Mar.
My Eyes are ravish'd of what they long to see;
My Ears of the dear Words they wish to hear;
My longing Arms, of the Embraces they covet:
Forgive me, Heav'n, if, when I these enjoy,
So perfect is the Happiness I find,
That my Soul, satisfied, feels no Ambition,
To change these humble Joys for Joys above. Roch. Valent.
Oh! 'tis in vain to struggle with Desires,
Strong as my Love to thee: For, ev'ry Moment
I'm from thy Sight, the Heart within my Bosom
Moans like a tender Infant in its Cradle,
Whose Nurse had left it: Come, and with the Songs
Of gentle Love perswade it to its Peace. Otw. Ven. Pres.
Moments to absent Lovers tedious grow:
'Tis not how Time, but how the Mind, does go. Sedl. Ant.
(& Cle.

Fly swift, ye Hours; ye sluggish Minutes fly;
Bring back my Love, or let her Lover die:
Make haste, O Sun, and, to my Eyes, once more,
My Celia, brighter than thy self, restore:
In spight of thee, 'tis Night when she's away;
Her Eyes alone can the glad Beams display,
That make my Sky look clear, and guide my Day:
O, when will she lift up her sacred Light,
And chase away the flying Shades of Night?
With her how fast the flowing Hours run on!
But, oh! how long they stay when she is gone!
So slowly Time, when clogg'd with Grief, does move;
So swift, when borne upon the Wings of Love. ——

Fly swift, ye Minutes, and contract the Space
Of Time, that holds me from her dear Embrace:
When I am there, I'll bid you kindly stay;
I'll bid you rest, and never glide away. Oldh.

Move swiftly, Sun, and fly a Lover's Pace;
Leave Weeks and Months behind thee in thy Race. Dryd. (C. of Gran. p. 2.

An Age, in her Embraces past,
Would seem a Winter's Day;
Where Life and Light, with envious Haste,
Are torn and snatch'd away:
But oh! how slowly Minutes rowl,
When absent from her Eyes,
That fed my Love, which is my Soul;
It languishes and dies:
For then no more a Soul, but Shade,
It mournfully does move;
And haunts my Breast, by Absence made
The living Tomb of Love. Roch.

—— The Wound was made by her bright Eyes,
And festers by her Absence. —— Dryd. Temp.

—— The Deer once shot, the Hunter may
Securely trust him, tho' he run away:
For, flying with his Wound, the Arrow more
Vexes and galls him, than it did before:

Absence from her you love, if Love be true,
Is a thin Cloud between the Sun and you:
It never takes the Object from your Eye,
But rather makes you closer descry:
On her in Absence you must ever think:
For 'tis a kind of seeing when you wink. D'Aven.

Love's a high mettled Hawk, that beats the Air,
But soon grows weary when the Game's not near.
Dryd. Sir M. Mar-all.

Absence

Absence alone can make our Sorrows less;
And not to see what we can ne'er redress. Dryd. Ind. Emp.
My Heart can Danger, but not Absence, bear:
To Love 'tis War, but Adamant to Fear. Sedl. Ant. & Cleop.
——— To short Absence I could yield:
For short Retirement urges sweet Return. Milt. Par. Lost.
By a short Absence mutual Joys encrease:
'Tis from the Toils of War we value Peace.
When Jove a while the fruitful Show'r restrains, (Ovid.
The Field, on his Return, a brighter Verdure gains. King.

Death of ACHILLES.

The Sire of Cygnus, Monarch of the Main,
Mean time, laments his Son in Battel slain,
And vows the Victor's Death, nor vows in vain.
For nine long Years the smother'd Pain he bore;
Achilles was not ripe for Fate before:
Then, when he saw the promis'd Hour was near,
He thus bespoke the God that guides the Year:
Immortal Offspring of my Brother Jove,
My brightest Nephew, and whom best I love;
Whose Hands were join'd with mine to raise the Wall
Of tott'ring Troy, now nodding to her Fall.
Dost thou not mourn our Pow'r employ'd in vain;
And the Defenders of our City slain?
To pass the rest, cou'd noble Hector lie
Unpity'd, drag'd around his native Troy?
And yet the Murd'rer lives: Himself by far
A greater Plague, than all the wasteful War.
He lives, the proud Pelides lives, to boast
Our Town destroy'd, our common Labour lost!
O, cou'd I meet him! But I wish too late;
To prove my Trident is not in his Fate.
But let him try, for that's allow'd, thy Dart,
And pierce his only penetrable Part.
Apollo bows to the superior Throne;
And, to his Unkle's Anger, adds his own:
Then, in a Cloud involv'd, he takes his Flight,
Where Greeks and Trojans mix'd in mortal Fight;
And found out Paris, lurking where he stood,
And stain'd his Arrows with Plebeian Blood.
Phœbus to him alone the God confess'd;
Then to the recreant Knight he thus address'd.

Doſt thou not bluſh, to ſpend thy Shafts in vain
On a degen'rate and ignoble Train?,
If Fame, or better Vengeance be thy Care,
There aim; and, with one Arrow, end the War:
He ſaid, and ſhew'd from far the blazing Shield,
And Sword, which, but Achilles, none cou'd wield;
And how he mov'd a God, and mow'd the ſtanding Field.
The Deity himſelf directs aright
Th' invenom'd Shaft, and wings the fatal Flight.
Thus fell the Foremoſt of the Grecian Name;
And he, the baſe Adult'rer, boaſts the Fame:
A Spectacle to glad the Trojan Train;
And pleaſe old Priam, after Hector ſlain:
If by a Female Hand he had foreſeen
He was to die, his Wiſh had rather been,
The Lance and double Ax of the fair Warrior Queen.
And now the Terror of the Trojan Field,
The Grecian Honour, Ornament, and Shield,
High on a Pile th' unconquer'd Chief is plac'd:
The God, that arm'd him firſt, conſum'd at laſt:
Of all the mighty Man, the ſmall Remains
A little Urn, and ſcarcely fill'd, contains:
Yet, great in Homer ſtill, Achilles lives;
And, equal to himſelf, himſelf ſurvives. Dryd. Ovid.

ACHITOPHEL.

Of theſe the falſe Achitophel was firſt;
A Name to all ſucceeding Ages curſt!
For cloſe Deſigns, and crooked Counſels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of Wit:
Reſtleſs, unfixt in Principles and Place;
In Pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of Diſgrace:
A fiery Soul, which, working out its Way,
Fretted the Pigmy Body to Decay,
And o'erinform'd the Tenement of Clay.
A daring Pilot in Extremity;
Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves went high,
He ſought the Storm; but, for a Calm unfit,
Would ſteer too nigh the Sands, to boaſt his Wit:
O, why wou'd he, with Wealth and Honour bleſt,
Refuſe his Age the needful Hours of Reſt;
Puniſh a Body, which he cou'd not pleaſe,
Bankrupt of Life, yet prodigal of Eaſe;
And all, to leave, what with his Toil he won,
To that unfeather'd, two-leg'd Thing, a Son?

Got, while his Soul did huddled Notions try,
And born a shapeless Lump, like Anarchy.
In Friendship false, implacable in Hate,
Resolv'd to ruin, or to rule, the State.
Then, seiz'd with Fear, yet still affecting Fame,
Usurp'd a Patriot's all-atoning Name.
Yet Fame deserv'd no Enemy can grudge;
The Statesman we abhor, but praise the Judge:
In Israel's Courts near sate an Abethdin,
With more discerning Eyes, or Hands more clean:
Unbrib'd, unsought, the Wretched to redress,
Swift of Dispatch, and easy of Access.
O! had he been content to serve the Crown,
With Virtues only proper to the Gown;
Or had the Rankness of the Soil been freed
From Cockle, that oppress'd the noble Seed;
David for him his tuneful Harp had strung,
And Heav'n had wanted one immortal Song. Dr. Abs. & Ach.
A Martial Hero first, with early Care,
Blown, like a Pigmy by the Winds, to War:
A beardless Chief; a Rebel e'er a Man;
So young his Hatred to his Prince began.
Next this, (how wildly will Ambition steer!)
A Vermin, wriggling in th'Usurper's Ear;
Bart'ring his venal Wit for Sums of Gold,
He cast himself into the Saint-like Mold;
Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while Godliness was Gain;
The loudest Bagpipe of the squeaking Train:
But, as tis hard to cheat a Juggler's Eyes,
His open Lewdness he could ne'er disguise:
There split the Saint; for hypocritick Zeal
Allows no Sins, but those it can conceal:
Whoring to Scandal gives too large a Scope;
Saints must not trade; but they may interlope.
Th'ungodly Principle was all the same;
But a gross Cheat betrays his Part'ner's Game:
Besides, their Pace was formal, grave, and slack;
His nimble Wit out-run the heavy Pack,
Yet still he found his Fortune at a Stay,
Whole Crowds of Blockheads choaking up his Way;
They took, but not rewarded, his Advice:
Villain and Wit exact a double Price.
Pow'r was his Aim; but, thrown from that Pretence,
The Wretch turn'd loyal in his own Defence,
And Malice reconcil'd him to his Prince.
Him, in the Anguish of his Soul, he serv'd;
Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.

Behold him now exalted into Trust,
His Counsel's oft convenient, seldom just;
Ev'n in the most sincere Advice he gave,
He had a Grudging still to be a Knave.
The Frauds he learnt in his Fanatick Years,
Made him uneasy in his lawful Gears.
At best, as little honest as he could,
And, like white Witches, mischievously good.
To his first Bias longingly he leans,
And rather would be Great by wicked Means.
Thus, fram'd for Ill, he loos'd our triple Hold;
Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold.
From hence those Tears! That Ilium of our Woe!
Who helps a pow'rful Friend, forearms a Foe.
What Wonder if the Waves prevail so far,
When he cut down the Banks that made the Bar?
Seas follow but their Nature to invade,
But he by Art our native Strength betray'd:
So Sampson to his Foe his Force confess'd,
And, to be shorn, lay slumb'ring on her Breast.
But when this fatal Counsel, found too late,
Expos'd its Author to the publick Hate;
When his just Sovereign, by no impious Way,
Could be seduc'd to arbitrary Sway;
Forsaken of that Hope, he shifts the Sail,
Drives down the Current with a pop'lar Gale,
And shews the Fiend confess'd, without a Veil.
He preaches to the Crowd, that Power is lent,
But not convey'd, to Kingly Government;
That Claims successive bear no binding Force;
That Coronation Oaths are Things of Course,
Maintains, the Multitude can never err;
And sets the People in the Papal Chair.
The Reason's obvious; Int'rest never lies;
The Most have still their Int'rest in their Eyes,
The Pow'r is always theirs, and Pow'r is ever wise.
Thus this new Jehu spurs the hot-mouth'd Horse,
Instructs the Beast to know his native Force,
To take the Bit between his Teeth, and fly
To the next headlong Steep of Anarchy. *Dryd. Med.*

ACIS, changed into a River.

Strait issued from the Stone a Stream of Blood,
Which lost the Purple, mingling with the Flood.

Then,

Then, like a troubled Torrent, it appear'd;
The Torrent too, in little Space, was clear'd.
The Stone was cleft, and, thro' the yawning Chink,
New Reeds arose on the new River's Brink.
The Rock, from out its hollow Womb, disclos'd
A Sound, like Water in its Course oppos'd:
When, wondrous to behold! full in the Flood,
Up starts a Youth, and Navel-high he stood.
Horns from his Temples rise, and either Horn
Thick Wreaths of Reeds, his native Growth, adorn:
Were not his Stature taller than before,
His Bulk augmented, and his Beauty more,
His Colour blue, for Acis he might pass;
And Acis, chang'd into a Stream, he was:
But mine no more; he rowls along the *Plains* (by Galatea.
With rapid Motion, and his Name retains. (Dr. Gr. spoken

ACTÆON.

Actæon was the first of all his Race,
Who griev'd his Grandsire for his borrow'd Face:
Condemn'd by stern Diana to bemoan
The branching Horns, and Visage, not his own;
To shun his once lov'd Dogs, to bound away,
And from their Hunter to become their Prey.
—— The Man began to disappear
By slow Degrees, and ended in a Deer.
A rising Horn on either Brow he wears,
And stretches out his Neck, and pricks his Ears;
Rough is his Skin, with sudden Hairs o'ergrown,
His Bosom pants with Fears before unknown.
Transform'd at length, he flies away in Haste,
And wonders why he flies away so fast;
But as, by Chance, within a neighb'ring Brook,
He saw his branching Horns, and alter'd Look,
Wretched Actæon! in a doleful Tone,
He try'd to speak, but only gave a Groan:
And, as he wept, within the wat'ry Glass,
He saw the big round Drops, with silent Pace,
Run trickling down a savage hairy Face.
—— —— —— He behind him spies
His op'ning Hounds, and now he hears their Cries.
He bounded off with Fear, and swiftly ran
O'er craggy Mountains, and the flow'ry Plain;

Through Brakes and Thickets forc'd his Way, and flew
Through many a Ring, where once he did pursue.
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new Misfortune, and to tell his Name;
Nor Voice, nor Words, the brutal Tongue supplies,
From shouting Men, and Horns, and Dogs, he flies,
Deafen'd and stun'd with their promiscuous Cries.
When now the fleetest of the Pack, that press'd
Close at his Heels, and sprung before the rest,
Had fasten'd on him, strait another Pair
Hung on his wounded Haunch, and held him there,
'Till all the Pack came up, and every Hound
Tore the sad Huntsman, grov'ling on the Ground,
That now he seem'd but one continu'd Wound.
He feels his rav'nous Dogs with Fury tear
Their panting Lord, disguis'd in a Deer. Add. Ovid.

ADAM, in Paradise.

In all the Joys that happy Minds attain,
Bless'd Adam first began to live and reign:
He to fair Eden's Paradise resorts,
Where ev'ry Sense its proper Pleasure courts;
The joyful Spring, by soft Favonius fann'd,
Diffus'd her Riches with a wanton Hand;
From new-born Flow'rs luxurious Odours fly,
And heavenly Landskips meet his ravish'd Eye;
The twining Branches weave him shady Bow'rs,
And Honey-Dews fall in delicious Show'rs:
Birds with their Songs their Sovereign salute,
From Boughs, which bend beneath their golden Fruit.
Pure Streams to him their cristal Waters bring,
And the glad Fish leap up to see their King.
The harmless Beasts their humble Homage paid,
And the sole Monarch of the World obey'd.
Uninterrupted Peace his Mind possess'd,
And Joys unutterable fill'd his Breast.
A Day serene smil'd on his Godlike Mind,
Free from black Clouds, and undisturb'd with Wind:
No Guilt, no Frown from Heaven disturbs his Soul,
Calm as deep Rivers in still Ev'nings roul;
No Storms of Passion, such as us molest,
Annoy the peaceful Region of his Breast;
No boiling Lust swell'd th'overflowing Blood,
To bear down Reason with th'impetuous Flood:

His

His spotless Mind knew yet no other Fire,
Than those pure Flames which heav'nly Minds inspire.
O happy Man, above Description bless'd,
Had he maintain'd the Station he possess'd! Blac. P. Arth.

Fall of ADAM.

When Adam fell, strait troubled Nature moan'd,
And, shaking with a strong Convulsion, groan'd:
Ev'n Paradise look'd sad, the Herds repin'd,
And lofty Cedars shook without a Wind:
The Roses fade, the Golden Apples turn'd
Pallid, and all the sick Creation mourn'd.
To the thick Trees in vain fall'n Adam made,
To hide his blacker Guilt beneath their Shade;
The Serpent's Venom spreads through all his Veins,
And Sins Contagion unresisted reigns:
A Death-like Damp shoots through his poison'd Blood,
And Fears cold Chains arrest the beating Flood.
Black Thoughts of Vengeance seize his guilty Heart,
And Conscience wounds him with her poison'd Dart.
Where Peace dwelt undisturb'd, and smiling Light,
Confusion now, Chaos, and horrid Night;
Black frowning Clouds, and murm'ring Thunders, roul
O'er the vext Region of his guilty Soul.
Fierce driving Storms, and bleak tempestuous Wind,
Beat on the wasteful Desart of his Mind:
Revenge, Despair, Grief, Jealousy, and Fear,
Have in their Turn supream Dominion there:
Reason, dethron'd, must the Commands obey
Of this wild Rout, that holds the Sov'reign Sway.
 As when a Planet, once all fair and bright,
Sickens, and shines with pale and faded Light,
By some fierce Storm, bred in its Bowels, rent,
As Clouds are by the Thunder in them pent;
The mighty Orb, disjointed, cracks; and all
The broken Parts in noisy Ruin fall:
Sometimes it blazes with a dismal Light,
And then, grown dim, seems lost and drown'd in Night;
Then, sinking, does the Starry Sky forsake,
Contented some inferiour Seat to take.
So Man, seduc'd by the Impostor, fell
From Heav'ns bright Coasts to the black Verge of Hell.
(Blac. P. Arth.

ADONIS.

So when bright Venus yielded up her Charms,
The blest Adonis languish'd in her Arms:
His Arrows scatter'd, and his Bow unstrung:
Obscure in Coverts lie his dreaming Hounds,
And bay the fancy'd Boar with feeble Sounds.
For nobler Sports he quits the savage Fields,
And all the Hero to the Lover yields. Smith Phaed. & Hip.

Kill'd by a Boar,

On the cold Mountain lies the wretched Youth,
Kill'd by a savage Boar's unpitying Tooth;
In his white Thigh the fatal Stroke is found;
Nor whiter was the Tooth which gave the Wound.
From the wide Wound fast flows the streaming Gore,
And stains that Skin which was all Snow before.
His Breath with quick short Tremblings comes and goes,
And Death his fainting Eyes begins to close.
From his pale Lips the ruddy Colour's fled,
Fled; and has left his Kisses cold and dead.
Deep in his Thigh, deep went the killing Smart;
But deeper far it went in Venus Heart:
There lies he steep'd in Gore, there lies he drown'd
In purple Streams, that gush from his own Wound.
There lies he, like a pale and wither'd Flow'r,
Which some rude Hand had cropp'd before its Hour:
Yet Smiles and Beauties still live in his Face;
Them Death has never frighted from their Place. Oldh. Bion.

ADULTERY.

The Stain of Violation is upon thee,
The ruddy spot sits, ardent on thy Face:
Thy Cheeks are burning with th' Adult'rer's Mark,
His Print is on thy Lips; thy melted Eyes
Yet glow with languish'd Lustre—— Lansd. Her. Love.
Just reeking from my Arms! O thou Adulteress,
Whose Name to mention sure would fire my Lungs,
And blister up my Tongue! Insatiate Scylla,
Bark'st thou for more? Then let the Furies seize thee,

Whose burning Lust dances to the lowest Hell,
Smokes to the Heav'ns, with [illegible]
Had she not fallen thus, Oh! [illegible] Worlds
Could ne'er have [illegible] for Heav'n's in her,
And Joys, which [illegible] Lee, Cæf. Borg.
For, I would chuse to [illegible] at a Door,
Make my loath'd Meals out of the common Basket,
With dungeon Villains; wallow in the Straws,
And get my Bread by pois'ning my firm Limbs,
Ere pass an Hour with her I have espous'd,
If, but in Thought, consenting with another. Lee, Cæf. Borg.
——— ——— All Women will deny:
What have we for your Truth, but your bare Words?
The subtle Path is trodden without Print,
Not the least Footstep to betray the Flight. Lansd. Her. Love.

ÆNEAS.

So, when in hostile Fire rich Asia's Pride,
For ten Years Siege had fully satisfy'd,
Æneas stole an Act of higher Fame,
And bore Anchises through the wand'ring Flame;
A nobler Burden, and a richer Prey,
Than all the Grecian Princes bore away.
Go, pious Prince, in Peace, in Triumph go;
Enjoy the Conquest of thy Overthrow.
T'have sav'd thy Troy would far less glorious be;
By this thou overcom'st their Victory. Cowl. Davids.
Not Greece, nor hostile Juno, could destroy
The Hero that abandon'd burning Troy:
He 'scap'd the Dangers of the dreadful Night, (of Guise.
When, loaded with his Gods, he took his Flight. Dryd. D.
To false Æneas when 'twas given by Fate
To tread the Paths of Death, and view the Stygian State,
Forsaken Dido was the first that stood
To strike his Eye; her Bosom bath'd in Blood,
Fresh from her Wound: Pale Horrour and Affright
Seiz'd the false Man; confounded at the Sight,
Trembling he gaz'd, and some false Words he spoke;
Some Tears he shed, which, with disdainful Look,
Unmov'd she heard and saw, nor heeded more,
Than the firm Rock, when foaming Tempests roar:
With one last Glance his Falshood she upbraids, (Ench.
Then suddenly retires, and seeks eternal Shades. Lansd. Brit.

Not

Not great Æneas stood in plainer Day,
When the dark mantling Mist dissolv'd away,
He to the Tyrians shew'd his sudden Face,
Shining with all his Goddess Mother's Grace;
For she her self had made his Count'nance bright,
Breath'd Honour on his Eyes, and her own purple Light. Dr.

ÆOLUS.

Then th'angry Goddess, on swift Vengeance bent,
To Æolus's blust'ring Kingdom went;
Where he the Winds in rocky Caves constrains,
And curbs their Fury with strong Bars and Chains;
Which justling Storms with Indignation bear,
And with a murm'ring Noise the Mountain tear.
High on his Throne their King their Force allays,
And with his Sceptre raging Tempests sways;
Which did he not, th'Earth, and Sea, and Heav'n,
Would thro' the empty Space be rent and driv'n:
But this th'Almighty fearing, he confin'd (Laud. Virg.
The Winds to gloomy Caves, which lofty Mountains bind.
Great Æolus, whose Empire's absolute
O'er Winds and Waves. ——— Laud. Virg.
The stormy God. ——— Laud. Virg.

ÆTNA.

Lost in the gloomy Horrours of the Night,
We struck upon the Coast where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waste, its Entrails fraught with Fire,
That now casts out dark Fumes, and pitchy Clouds,
Vast Show'rs of Ashes hov'ring in the Smoak;
Now belches molten Stones, and ruddy Flame
Incens'd, or tears up Mountains by the Roots;
Or flings a broken Rock aloft in Air:
The Bottom works with smother'd Fire, involv'd
In pestilential Vapours, Stench and Smoke.
'Tis said, that Thunder-struck Enceladus,
Grov'ling beneath th'incumbent Mountain's Weight,
Lies stretch'd supine, eternal Prey of Flames;
And when he heaves against the burning Load,
Reluctant to invert his broiling Limbs,
A sudden Earthquake shoots thro' all the Isle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under Ground;

Then

Then pours out Smoke in wreathing Curls convolv'd, (Virg.
And shakes the Sun's bright Orb, and blots out Day. Add.
——— ——— Thund'ring Ætna,
Whence to the Clouds Coals, mix'd with Smoke, arise;
Whence sulph'rous Flames in Whirlings blast the Skies.
Oft from its Bowels mighty Stones are thrown,
And moulder'd Rocks thro' spacious Air are blown:
Oft from its Hollow dreadful Groans are sent ———
By raging Flames, in its deep Caverns pent. Laud. Virg.
Nigh, livid Seas of kindled Sulphur flow,
And, whilst enrag'd the firy Surges glow,
Convulsions in the lab'ring Mountains rise;
And hurl their melted Vitals to the Skies. Garth.
But Snow on Ætna does unmelted lie,
Whence rowling Flames and scatter'd Cinders fly:
The distant Country in the Ruin shares;
What falls from Heav'n the burning Mountain spares. Wall.
Nor Ætna, vomiting sulphureous Fire,
Will ever belch; for Sulphur will expire,
The Veins exhausted of the liquid Store: (Dryd. Ovid.
Time was she cast no Flames; in Time will cast no more.

AFFLICTION.

The Sun, who with one Look surveys the Globe,
Sees not a Wretch like me; and could the World
Take a right Measure of my State within,
Mankind must either pity me, or scorn me. Dr. Maid. Queen.
——— ——— ——— All Days to me
Henceforth are equal ——— ——— ———
To morrow, and the next, and each that follows,
Will undistinguish'd roul, and but prolong
One hated Line of more extended Woe. Cong. Mour. Bride.
O Lucia, Lucia, might my big-swoln Heart
Vent all its Griefs, and give a Loose to Sorrow,
Martia could answer thee in Sighs, keep pace
With all thy Woe, and count out Tear for Tear. Add. Cato.
All comfortless, as when a Father mourns
His Children, all in View destroy'd at once. Milt. Par. Lost.
——— ——— From his wakeful Eyes
Inquietude dispel'd the Sweets of Slumber:
As when the gloomy Thunderer prepares
To drown the World with Deluges of Rain;
Or sends his stormy Hail, or fleecy Snows,
To cloath the Surface of the hoary Earth;

Or,

Or, when he's ready to excite to Arms
Two Nations, and disclose the Jaws of War;
Thro' all the Heav'ns the dreadful Lightnings play,
Nor cease, nor pause, but Flash succeeds on Flash:
So, ———
Sighs after Sighs burst from his manly Breast,
O'ercast his Look, and shake his very Soul.
——— ——— With Grief o'erwhelm'd he lies,
And, with wild Sorrow frantick, from his Head
Tears his dishevel'd Locks; he inward groans,
And, in his sore Distress, with loud Complaints,
Makes his Address to Jove, and mourns his Woes. Br. Hom.

Me Jove afflicts with Troubles without Number,
Which ne'er will cease, until forgot in Death.
I'm sore distress'd, forlorn, and void of Hope,
And Sleep is grown a Stranger to my Eyes.
——— ——— My tortur'd Heart
Sinks, overwhelm'd with Cares that wrack my Breast;
Grief discomposes and distracts my Thoughts;
My panting Heart, as if it would force its Prison,
Bounces and beats against my Sides; my Strength
Fails me thro' Grief; and ev'n my Feet refuse
To bear so great a Load of Wretchedness. Broome, Hom.

One Woe still treads upon another's Heel. Shak. Haml.

And where Misfortunes great and many are,
Life grows a Burden, and not worth our Care. Dryd.
(Conq. of Gran. p. 2.

But know, young Prince, that Valour soars above
What the World calls Misfortune and Affliction:
These are not Ills; else they would never fall
On Heav'ns first Fav'rites, and the best of Men.
The Gods, in Bounty, work up Storms about us,
That give Mankind Occasion to exert
Their hidden Strength, and throw out into Practice
Virtues, which shun the Day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth Seasons, and the Calms of Life. Add. Cato.

The gen'rous Mind is by its Suff'rings known,
Which no Affliction tramples down;
But, when oppress'd, will upward move,
Spurn its own Clog of Cares, and soar above:
Thus the young Royal Eagle tries
On the Sun-beams his tender Eyes;
And, if he shrinks not at th'offensive Light,
He's then for Empire fit, and takes his soaring Flight.
Tho' Cares Assault thy Breast on ev'ry Side,
Yet bravely stem th'impetuous Tide;

No tributary Tears to Fortune pay,
Nor add to any Loss a nobler Day;
    But with kind Hopes support thy Mind,
    And think thy better Lot behind:
Amidst Afflictions let thy Soul be great,
And show thou dar'st deserve a better Fate. Yald.
  Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our Sorrows,
But to the Gods permit th' Event of Things:
Our Lives, discolour'd with our present Woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier Hours.
So the pure limpid Stream, when foul with Stains
Of rushing Torrents, and descending Rains,
Works it self clear, and, as it runs, refines;
'Till, by Degrees, the floating Mirrour shines;
Reflects each Flow'r, that on the Borders grows,
And a new Heav'n in its fair Bosom shows. Add. Cato.
  But silent Patience in Affliction's Cure,
And they still conquer most, who most endure. D'Aven.
  'Tis noble to endure, and not resent (Rhodes.
The Bruises of Affliction's heavy Hand. D'Aven. Siege of
  They feel not Joy, who have not Sorrow felt:
We thro' Afflictions make our Way to Heav'n. D'Aven. Law
(against Lovers.
  And struck with Rays of prosp'rous Fortune blind,
We Light alone in dark Afflictions find. Dryd.
  Calamity alone's the perfect Glass, (against Lovers,
Wherein we truly see and know our selves. D'Aven. Law
  Distress is Virtue's Opportunity. South. Fate of Capua.
  Common Disasters Sorrow raise,
But Heav'n's severest Frowns amaze.
  —— Afflictions spring not from the Earth,
Nor to the Ground owe a spontaneous Birth;
Yet Men to Woe, as to their Centre tend,
As Streams to Seas, as Flames to Heav'n ascend. Blac. Job.
  Calamity, that severs worldly Friendship. Beaum. Doub.
(Mar.
  A Soul exasperated in Ills falls out
With every Thing, its Friend, it self —— Add. Cato.
  A Sad prophetick Spirit dwells with Woe. Rowe, Luc.

AFFRONT.

  Young Men soon give, and soon forget, Affronts;
Old Age is slow in both. —— —— Add. Cato.

On Adamant our Wrongs we all engrave,
But write our Benefits upon the Wave. King, Ovid.
——— It wounds indeed,
To bear Affronts too great to be forgiven,
And not have Power to punish: —— Dryd. Span. Fryar.

AFRICAN.

——— Behold the African,
That traverses the vast Numidian Desarts
In Quest of Prey, and lives upon his Bow:
Coarse are his Meals, the Fortune of the Chase;
Amidst the running Stream he slakes his Thirst;
Toils all the Day, and, at th' Approach of Night,
On the first friendly Bank he fits him down,
Or rests his Head upon a Rock till Morn;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted Game,
And if, the following Day, he chance to find
A new Repast, or an untasted Spring,
Blesses his Stars, and thinks it Luxury. Add. Cato.

AGAMEMNON.

Ev'n he, the King of Men, the foremost Name
Of all the Greeks, and most renown'd by Fame;
The proud Revenger of another's Wife;
Yet by his own Adult'ress lost his Life:
Fell at his Threshold, and the Spoils of Troy
The foul Polluters of his Bed enjoy. Dryd. Virg.

The four AGES of the World.

A beauteous Scene adorns the foremost Page,
Where Nature's Bloom presents the Golden Age:
The Golden Leaf to Silver soon resigns,
And fair the Sheet, but yet more faintly shines:
Of baser Brass the next denotes the Times;
An impious Page, deform'd with deadly Crimes:
The fourth yet wears a worse and browner Face,
And adds to gloomy Days an Iron Race. Cong.
The Golden Age to Silver was debas'd;
To Copper that; our Metal came at last. Dryd. Ovid.

Golden AGE.

The last great Age, foretold by sacred Rhymes,
Renews its finish'd Course: Saturnian Times
Rowl round again; and mighty Years, begun
From their first Orb, in radiant Circles run:
The base degen'rate Iron Offspring ends:
A Golden Progeny from Heav'n descends. Dryd. Virg.
The sharpen'd Share shall vex the Soil no more,
But Earth unbidden shall produce her Store;
The Land shall laugh; the circling Ocean smile;
And Heav'ns Indulgence bless the holy Isle. Dryd.

AJAX killing himself.

—— The Master of the sevenfold Shield:
He, who could often, and alone, withstand
The Foe, the Fire, and Jove's own partial Hand,
Now cannot his unmaster'd Grief sustain,
But yields to Rage, to Madness, and Disdain:
Then snatching out his Fauchion, Thou, said he,
Art mine: Ulysses lays no Claim to thee.
O often try'd, and ever trusty Sword,
Now do thy last kind Office to thy Lord.
'Tis Ajax who requests thy Aid, to show,
None but himself himself could overthrow.
He said; and, with so good a Will to die,
Did to his Breast the fatal Point apply,
It found his Heart, a Way till then unknown,
Where never Weapon enter'd but his own.
No Hand could force it thence, so fix'd it stood,
Till out it rush'd, expell'd by Streams of spouting Blood:
The fruitful Blood produc'd a Flow'r, which grew
On a green Stem; and of a purple Hue:
Like his, whom unaware Apollo slew.
Inscrib'd in both, the Letters are the same;
But those express the Grief, and these the Name. Dryd. Ovid.

Transformation of ALCYONE and CEYX.

She said, and to the neighb'ring Mole she strode,
Rais'd there to break th' Incursions of the Flood;

Head.

Headlong from thence to plunge her self she springs;
But shoots along, supported on her Wings.
A Bird, new-made, about the Banks she plies,
Not far from Shore, and short Excursions tries;
Nor seeks in Air her humble Flight to raise,
Content to skim the Surface of the Seas:
Her Bill, tho' slender, sends a creaking Noise,
And imitates a lamentable Voice.
Now, lighting where the bloodless Body lies,
She, with a fun'ral Note, renews her Cries:
At all her Stretch her little Wings she spread,
And with her feather'd Arms embrac'd the Dead.
Then, flick'ring to his pallid Lips, she strove
To print a Kiss, the last Essay of Love.
Whether the vital Touch reviv'd the Dead,
Or that the moving Waters rais'd his Head
To meet the Kiss, the Vulgar doubt alone:
For sure a present Miracle was shewn.
The Gods their Shapes to Winter-Birds translate, ——
But both obnoxious to their former Fate.
Their conjugal Affection still is ty'd;
And still the mournful Race is multiply'd.
They bill, they tread; Alcyone, compress'd,
Sev'n Days sits brooding on her floating Nest.
A wintry Queen: Her Sire at length is kind,
Calms ev'ry Storm, and hushes ev'ry Wind;
Prepares his Empire for his Daughter's Ease,
And for his hatching Nephews smooths the Seas. Dryd. Ovid.

ALECTO.

The Daughter of the Night. Dryd. Virg.

That baleful Fury, who delights in War,
In Envy, Mischief, Anger, and Despair.
Such horrid Shapes the Hellish Monster takes,
Teeming with crawling Swarms of hissing Snakes,
Ev'n Pluto and her Sisters hate the Fiend. Laud. Virg.

Smear'd as she was with black Gorgonian Blood,
The Fury sprang above the Stygian Flood;
And, on her wicker Wings, sublime thro' Night
She to the Latian Palace took her Flight:
There sought the Queen's Apartment; stood before
The peaceful Threshold, and besieg'd the Door.
From her black bloody Locks the Fury shakes
Her darling Plague, the Fav'rite of her Snakes:

With

With her full Force she threw the pois'nous Dart,
And fix'd it deep within Amata's Heart.
Unseen, unfelt, the firy Serpent skims
Betwixt her Linnen, and her naked Limbs;
His baleful Breath inspiring, as he glides,
Now, like a Chain, around her Neck he rides;
Now, like a Fillet, to her Head repairs,
And with his circling Volumes folds her Hairs:
At first the silent Venom slid with Ease,
And seiz'd her cooler Senses by Degrees:
Then, e're th'infected Mass was fir'd too far,
In plaintive Accents she began the War.
But when she saw her Reasons idly spent,
She flew to Rage; for now the Snake possess'd
Her vital Parts, and poison'd all her Breast.
She raves; she runs with a distracted Pace,
And fills, with horrid Howls, the publick Place. Dryd. Virg.
  And now the Goddess, exercis'd in Ill,
Who watch'd an Hour to work her impious Will,
Ascends the Roof, and to her crooked Horn
Adds all her Breath; the Rocks and Woods around,
And Mountains tremble at th' Infernal Sound.
The sacred Lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline Fountain, and sulphureous Nar,
Shake at the baleful Blast, the Signal of the War.
Young Mothers wildly stare, with Fear oppress'd,
And strain their helpless Infant to their Breast. Dryd. Virg.
  The sullen Fiend, her sounding Wings display'd; (Virg.
Unwilling left the Light, and sought the neather Shade. Dryd.
  To this Infernal Lake the Fury flies, (Virg.
Here hides her hated Head, and frees the lab'ring Skies. Dryd.

AMAZON.

  On Death and Wounds Camilla looks with Joy,
Free'd from a Breast, the fiercer to destroy,
Now, thick as Hail, her fatal Darts she flings;
The two-edg'd Ax now on their Helmets rings:
Her Shoulders bore Diana's Arms and Bow;
And if, too strongly press'd, she fled before the Foe,
Her Shafts, revers'd, did Death and Horrour bear,
And found the Rash, who durst pursue the Fair.
Near her fierce Tulla and Tarpeia ride,
And bold Larina, conqu'ring by her Side.

These, above all, Camilla's Breast did share,
For Faith in Peace, and Gallantry in War. Staff. Virg.
  Italians all, in Peace their Queen's Delight;
In War the bold Companions of the Fight. Dryd. Virg.
  Such were the Thracian, Amazonian Bands,
When first they dy'd with Blood Thermodoons Sands.
Such Troops Hippolita her self did head,
And such the bold Penthesilea led;
When Female Shouts alarm'd the trembling Fields, (Virg.
And glaring Beams shot bright from Maiden Shields. Staff.
  Above the rest the Volscian Amazon
Contains an Army in her self alone;
And heads a Squadron terrible in Fight,
With glitt'ring Shields, in brazen Armour bright. Dryd. Virg.
  A Golden Belt her naked Breast sustains,
With Men, a Maid in Arms a Fight maintains. Laud. Virg.
  With fatal Certainty Thalestris knew
To send the Arrow from the twanging Yew:
And, great in Arms, and foremost in the War,
Bonduca brandish'd high the British Spear. Prior.
  But canst thou wield the Sword, and bend the Bow,
With active Force repel the sturdy Foe?
When the loud Tumult speaks the Battel nigh,
And winged Deaths in whistling Arrows fly.
Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted, stay;
Perform thy Part, and share the dang'rous Day. Prior.

AMBITION.

  Ambition is the Mind's Immodesty;
For all Ambition is but Hope's Excess. D'Aven.
  What is Ambition, but Desire of Greatness?
And what is Greatness, but Extent of Pow'r?
But Lust of Pow'r's a Dropsy of the Mind,
Whose Thirst encreases, while we drink to quench it;
'Till, swoll'n, and stretch'd by the repeated Draught,
We burst, and perish. ———— Hig. Gen. Conq.
  Ambition is an Idol, on whose Wings
Great Minds are carry'd only to Extreams;
To be sublimely great, or to be Nothing. South. Loy. Broth.
  The Love of Glory, ————
Which in great Souls still rages to a Fault; (& Arm.
The Crime of Angels, and of Men like Angels. Den. Rin.

In War, Men Envy still Ambition names;
Ambition, Valour; but 'tis Valour's shame,
When Envy feeds it more than noble Fame. D'Aven.

Ambition has its Lust as well as Love. How. D. of Lerma.

Ambition, like a wanton Woman's Haste, (Lerma.
Invites new Slaves, grown weary of the last. How. D. of

Ambition, the Disease of Virtue, bred,
Like Surfeits, from an undigested Fulness, (Sophy.
Meets Death in that, which is the Means of Life. Denh.

Ambition! dang'rous Sickness of the Great! D'Aven. Circe

Others Ambition, that imperious Dame,
Exposes cruelly, like Gladiators, here
Upon the World's great Theatre:
Thro' Dangers and thro' Blood they wade to Fame,
To purchase grinning Honour, and an empty Name. Oldh.

Ambition is a God-like Fault;
Or rather, 'tis no Fault in Souls born Great,
Who dare extend their Glory by their Deeds. Dryd. K. Arth.

Where does proud Ambition dwell?
In the lowest Rooms of Hell:
Who are the Pillars of Ambition's Court?
Grim Deaths and scarlet Murthers it support.
What lies beneath her Feet? Her Footsteps tread
On Orphan's tender Breasts, and Brothers dead. Dryd. Temp.

Ambition, like a Torrent, ne'er looks back:
It is a Swelling, and the last Affection
A high Mind can put off: It is a Rebel
Both to the Soul and Reason; and inforces
All Laws, all Conscience; treads upon Religion,
And offers Violence to Nature's self. Johns. Cat.

The Search of Glory and of Fame is endless: (Pyrrhus.
New Countreys will afford new Conquests still. Hopkins.

For dire Ambition will admit no Bounds;
There are no Limits to aspiring Crowns.
The Spaniard, by his Europe Conquests bold,
Sail'd o'er the Ocean for the Indian's Gold:
The Carthaginian Hero did not stay,
Because he met vast Mountains in his Way:
He pass'd the Alps like Mole-hills: Such a Mind,
As thinks on Conquest, will not be confin'd. Dar.

The greedy Wolves th' unguarded Sheep devour
But while their Hunger lasts, and then give o'er:
Man's boundless Avarice his Want exceeds,
And, on his Neighbours, round about him, feeds.
His Pride and vain Ambition are so vast,
That, Deluge-like, they lay whole Nations waste.

The Beasts and Monsters Hercules oppress'd,
Might, in that Age, some Provinces infest.
These more destructive Monsters are the Bane
Of ev'ry Age, and in all Ages reign. Wall.

Who falls in Fight cannot himself accuse;
And he dies bravely who a Crown pursues. Dryd. Auren.

——————— Already Cæsar
Has ravag'd more than half the Globe; and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive Sword:
Should he go farther, Numbers would be wanting
To form new Battels, and support his Crimes.
Ye Gods, what Havock does Ambition make
Among your Works! ——————— Add. Cato.

Ah! curst Ambition, to thy Lure we owe
All the great Ills that Mortals bear below:
Curs'd by the Hind, when to the Spoil he yields
His whole Year's Harvest, and his ripen'd Fields;
Curs'd by the Maid, torn from her Lover's Side,
When left a Widow, tho' not yet a Bride;
By Mothers curst, when Floods of Tears they shed,
And scatter useless Roses on the Dead. Tickell.

If the successful Troublers of Mankind,
With Laurel crown'd, so great Applause do find;
Shall the vext World less Honour yield to those,
That stop their Progress, and their Rage oppose?
Next to that Pow'r, which does the Ocean awe,
Is, to set Bounds, and give t' Ambition Law. Wall.

——— O fling away Ambition;
By that Sin fell the Angels: How then can Man,
The Image of his Maker, hope to win by't? Shak. Hen. 8.

AMELLUS.

——— There grows a Flow'r in marshy Ground,
Its Name Amellus, easy to be found.
A mighty Spring works in its Root, and cleaves
The sprouting Stalk, and shews it self in Leaves.
The Flow'r it self is of a Golden Hue,
The Leaves inclining to a darker Blue:
The Leaves shoot thick about the Flow'r, and grow,
Into a Bush, and shade the Turf below.
The Plant in holy Garlands often twines
The Altar's Posts, and beautifies the Shrines:
Its Tast is sharp; in Vales new-shorn it grows,
Where Mella's Stream in wat'ry Mazes flows. Add. Virg.

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The Flow'r it self is glorious to behold,
And shines on Altars like refulgent Gold. Dryd. Virg.

AMIEL.

Indulge one Labour more, my weary Muse,
For Amiel; who can Amiel's Praise refuse?
Of antient Race by Birth, but nobler yet
In his own Worth, and without Title great:
The Sanhedrim long Time as Chief he rul'd,
Their Reason guided, and their Passion cool'd:
So dext'rous was he in the Crown's Defence,
So form'd to speak a loyal Nation's Sense,
That, as their Band was Israel's Tribes in small,
So fit was he to represent them all.
Now rasher Charioteers the Seat ascend,
Whose loose Careers his steady Skill commend.
They, like th' unequal Ruler of the Day,
Misguide the Seasons, and mistake the Way;
While he, withdrawn, at their mad Labour smiles,
And safe enjoys the Sabbath of his Toils. Dryd. Abs. & Ach.

Temple of AMMON.

Now to the sacred Temple they draw near,
Whose only Altars Lybian Lands revere.
There, but unlike the Jove by Rome ador'd,
A Form uncouth, stands Heav'ns Almighty Lord.
No Regal Ensigns grace his potent Hand,
Nor shakes he there the Lightning's flaming Brand:
But, ruder to behold, a horned Ram,
Belies the God, and Ammon is his Name.
There no proud Domes are rais'd, no Gems are seen
To blaze upon his Shrines with costly Sheen:
But plain, and poor, and unprophan'd he stood;
Such, as to whom our great Forefathers bow'd.
Here, and here only, thro' wide Lybia's Space,
Tall Trees the Land, and verdant Herbage grace.
Here the loose Sands by plenteous Springs are bound,
Knit to a Mass; and moulded into Ground.
Here smiling Nature wears a fertile Dress,
And all Things here the present God confess.

Before the Temple's Entrance, at the Gate,
Attending Crowds of Eastern Pilgrims wait,
And from the horned God expect Relief. Rowe Luc.
Canst thou believe the vast Eternal Mind
Was e'er to Syrts and Lybian Sands confin'd?
That he would chuse this Waste, this barren Ground,
To teach the thin Inhabitants around,
And leave his Truth in Wilds and Desarts drown'd?
Is there a Place that God would chuse to love
Beyond this Earth, the Seas, yon' Heav'n above,
And virtuous Minds, the noblest Throne for Jove?
Why seek we farther then? Behold around,
How all thou see'st does with the God abound:
Jove is alike in all, and always to be found. Rowe. Luc.

AMSANCTUS.

In midst of Italy, well known to Fame,
There lies a Lake, Amsanctus is the Name.
Below the lofty Mounts; on either Side,
Thick Forests the forbidden Entrance hide:
Full in the Centre of the sacred Wood,
An Arm arises of the Stygian Flood?
Which, breaking from beneath with bell'wing Sound,
Whirls the black Waves and rattling Stones around.
Here Pluto pants for Breath from out his Cell,
And opens wide the grinning Jaws of Hell. Dryd. Virg.

ANGEL.

From a fair Cloud, which rather op'd, than broke,
A Flash of Light, rather than Lightning, came;
So swift, and yet so gentle was the Flame.
Upon it rode, and, in his full Career,
Seem'd to my Eyes no sooner there than here:
The comeliest Youth of all th' Angelick Race;
Lovely his Shape, ineffable his Face:
His Beams of Locks fell part dishevel'd down,
Part upwards curl'd, and form'd a nat'ral Crown.
His Coat and flowing Mantle were so bright,
They seem'd both made of woven silver Light. Cowl.
——————— A glorious Light now shone,
And, lo! an Angel Post comes hast'ning down

From Heav'n: I see him cut the yielding Air
So swift, he seems at once both here and there.
So quick, my Sight in the Pursuit was slow,
And Thought could scarce so soon the Journey go.
No angry Message in his Looks appears;
His Face no Signs of threat'ning Vengeance wears:
Comely his Shape, of Heav'nly Mien and Air,
Kinder than Smiles of beauteous Virgins are.
Such he was seen by the bless'd Maid of old,
When he th' Almighty Infant's Birth foretold. Oldh.
From the bright Empire of eternal Day,
Where waiting Minds for Heav'ns Commission stay,
Amariel flies: A darted Mandate came (Tyr. Love.
From that great Will, which moves this mighty Frame. Dryd.
——— Behold, a Heav'nly Light
Shoots smiling thro' the Grove with silent Flight:
The Trees admire the Glory on them shed,
And seem to start, and humbly bow their Head.
Celestial Sweetness, mild and God-like Grace,
Ineffable, sate blooming on his Face.
His Cheeks such Beauty shew'd, such Light and Joy his Eyes,
As from full Bliss, fresh Youth, and Strength immortal rise.
The purest Piece of Heav'n's etherial Blue,
In a rich Mantle, from his Shoulders flew.
Celestial Linnen, finely spun, and wove
On Looms Divine, by all the Skill above,
Bleach'd on th' Empyreal Plains till white as Snow,
Made the long Robe, which to his Feet did flow.
Immortal Gold, illustrious as the Morn,
And dazling Gems, by high Archangels worn,
With pond'rous Pearls from Heav'n's bright Eastern Shore,
Adorn the shining Garments that he wore.
A purple Girdle, from the Morning Skies,
New rent, around his Starry Vesture ties.
Thus he appear'd; and, with the Light he gave,
And unknown Fragrancy, fill'd all the Cave. Blac. P. Arth.
Behold a glorious Form, like some inferior God:
——— ——— ——— Celestial Lustre spread
From his immortal Eyes and radiant Head;
A Heav'nly Bloom adorn'd his youthful Face. Blac. K. Arth.
Immortal Life his Heav'nly Mould did move, (Arth.
And thro' his radiant Limbs the vital Glory strove. Blac. K.
A suddain Glory, like the Virgin Day,
Dawn'd in the Place, and did mild Light display.

Odours Divine, ineffable Perfume,
Was suddenly diffus'd around the Room:
Such as are breath'd from fresh celestial Bow'rs,
From bless'd Junquils, and Heav'nly Jess'min Flow'rs:
Then, dress'd in airy Garments to be seen,
Her Guardian Angel now approach'd the Queen:
His Neck and Hands were both divinely fair,
And his long Robe, that hung, neglecting Care,
Was white as Snow, new moulded in the Air:
Unfading Youth, a fresh Empyreal Red,
And blooming Honours on the Seraph spread. Blac. Eliza.
So Angels, when they stoop to mortal Sight,
Strike us with Awe; yet ravish with Delight. Lee Nero.
Mortals, in Sight of Angels, mute become:
The nobler Nature strikes th' inferior dumb. Dryd. Auren.
——— Th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,
Not in his Shape celestial; but as Man
Clad to meet Man: over his lucid Arms
A military Vest of Purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the Grain
Of Sarra, worn by Kings and Heroes old
In Time of Truce: Iris had dipt the Woof:
His starry Helm unbuckled shew'd him prime
In Manhood, where Youth ended: By his Side,
As in a glist'ring Zodiack hung the Sword;
Satan's dire dread, and in his Hand the Spear. Milt. Par. Lost.
Now from th' immortal Battlements of Heav'n
He with expended Pinions wings his Way,
Bright as the Morn, and swifter than its Ray. Blac. Eliza.
And now a Stripling Cherube he appears,
Not of the Prime, yet such as in his Face
Youth smil'd celestial, and to ev'ry Limb
Suitable Grace diffus'd. ———
Under a Coronet his flowing Hair
In Curls on either Cheek play'd: Wings he wore
Of many a colour'd Plume sprinkled with Gold:
His Habit fit for speed succinct; and held
Before his decent Steps a silver Wand. Milt. Par. Lost.
Like to a Man in Shew and Shape he far'd,
But full of Heav'nly Majesty and Might:
A Stripling seem'd he thrice five Winters old,
And radiant Beams adorn'd his Locks of Gold:
Of silver Wings he took a shining Pair,
Fringed with Gold, unwearied, nimble, swift,
With these he parts the Winds, the Clouds, the Air,
And over Seas and Earth himself does lift.

Thus clad he cut the Spheres and Circles fair,
And the pure Skies with sacred Feathers cleft:
On Libanon at first his Foot he set,
And shook his Wings with roary May-dews wet. Fairf. Tass.
And as he flew, the Darkness of his Way,
And the black Horrours of the dreary Sky,
He, shaking his eternal Wings, dispers'd:
Old Night illustrated her dusky Face
With Rays, which his celestial Eyes diffus'd:
Thus, breaking thro' a Storm, the Lord of Day
The Clouds with Purple and with Gold adorns:
And thus a Star from the nocturnal Heav'n
Into the Lap of our great Mother falls. Den. Tass.
So the keen Bolt a Warriour-Angel aims,
Array'd in Clouds; and wrapt in mantling Flames;
He bears a Tempest on his sounding Wings,
And his red Arm the forky Vengeance flings.
At length, Heav'ns Wrath appeas'd, he quits the War,
To roul his Orb, and guide his destin'd Star;
To shed kind Fate, and lucky Hours bestow,
And smile propitious on the World below. Tickell.
Ye sacred Envoys of th'eternal King. Oldh.
Wing'd Squadrons of the God of War,
Who conquer wheresoe'er you are. Rosc.
———— Behold the Cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubim: Four Faces each
Had, like a double Janus; all their Shape
Spangled with Eyes, more numerous than those
Of Argus; and more wakeful than to drowze,
Charm'd with Arcadian Pipe, the past'ral Reed
Of Hermes, or his opiat Rod. ——— Milt. Par. Lost.
Around in Throngs the prostrate Seraphs lay,
Absorpt in Glory, and Excess of Day. Blac. Job.
From the celestial Host a glorious Band
Of Seraphs was detach'd by high Command.
Hither the shining Warriours strait repair;
Drawn out in long Array, amidst the Air,
Their Blades, divinely temper'd, flam'd on high,
And blazing Shields inlighten all the Sky.
Th' Angelick Cuirassiers in Armour shone
Of Adamant, from Rocks Empyreal hewn.
High milk-white Plumes, like snowy Clouds, arise
From their bright Crests, and nod against the Skies;
Rich Helmets, of immortal beaten Gold,
Adorn their Heads: Brass of etherial Mould,

Refin'd above, their jointed Gauntlets made;
Brass, that the Teeth of Time can ne'er invade.
Broad silver Belts, richly embroider'd o'er,
Rare Seraph's Work, their shining Shoulders bore; (Arth.
And round them Sky-dy'd purple Scarfs they wore. Blac. P.

——— ——— All in bright Array
The Cherubim descended; on the Ground
Gliding meteorous: As Ev'ning Mist,
Ris'n from a River, o'er the Marish glides,
And gathers Ground fast at the Lab'rers Heels,
Homeward returning. ——— Milt. Par. Lost.

——— ——— Then all
The Multitude of Angels, with a Shout
Loud as from Numbers, without Number, sweet
As from blest Voices, utt'ring Joy; Heav'n rung
With Jubile, and loud Hosannas fill'd
Th' eternal Regions: lowly reverent
Tow'rds either Throne they bow, and to the Ground
With solemn Adoration down they cast
Their Crowns, inwove with Amarant and Gold,
Immortal Amarant, a Flow'r which once
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life,
Began to bloom; but soon for Man's Offence
To Heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,
And flow'rs aloft shading the Fount of Life,
And where the River of Bliss thro' midst of Heav'n
Rouls o'er Elysian Flow'rs her amber Stream;
With these, that never fade, the Spirits elect
Bind their resplendent Locks inwreath'd with Beams.
Now, in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a Sea of Jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial Roses smil'd.
Then, crown'd again, their Golden Harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that, glitt'ring by their Side
Like Quivers hung; and with Preamble sweet
Of charming Symphony they introduce
Their sacred Song, and waken Raptures high:
No Voice exempt, no Voice but well could join
Melodious Part; such Concord is in Heav'n! Milt. Par. Lost,

——— ——— Th' Empyreal Host
Of Angels, by Imperial Summons call'd,
Innum'rable before th' Almighty's Throne
Forthwith from all the Ends of Heav'n appear'd:
Under their Hierarchs in Order bright
Ten thousand thousand Ensigns high advanc'd,
Standards, and Gonfalons, 'twixt Van and Reer,

Stream in the Air, and for Distinction serve
Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees:
Or in their glitt'ring Tissues bear imblaz'd
Holy Memorials, Acts of Zeal and Love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in Orbs
Of Circuit inexpressible they stood,
Orb within Orb, ———
Then all the Angels, Progeny of Light,
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs,
That Day, as other solemn Days, all spent
In Song and Dance about the sacred Hill;
Mystical Dance, which yonder starry Sphere
Of Planets and of Fix'd in all her Wheels
Resembles nearest; Mazes intricate,
Eccentrick, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem;
And in their Motions Harmony Divine
So smooths her charming Tones, that God's own Ear
Listens delighted. ——— ——
Forthwith from Dance to sweet Repast they turn
Desirous; all in Circles as they stood,
Tables are set, and on a suddain pil'd
With Angels Food; and rubied Nectar flows
In Pearl, in Diamond, and massy Gold;
Fruit of delicious Vines, the Growth of Heav'n:
On Flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh Flowrets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in Communion sweet
Quaff Immortality and Joy. ———
Wide over all the Plain, and wider far
Than all this globous Earth in Plain outspread,
Such are the Courts of God! th' Angelick Throng,
Dispers'd in Bands and Files, their Camp extend
By living Streams among the Trees of Life;
Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,
Celestial Tabernacles, where they slept,
Fann'd with cool Winds, save those who in their Course
Melodious Hymns about the Sov'reign Throne
Alternate all Night long. ——— Milt. Par. Lost.

ANGER.

Anger is the Disease of Beasts untam'd: (Gond.
Their Wrath is Hunger, but in Man 'tis Pride. D'Aven.
The youthful Warriour's most excus'd Disease. D'Aven.
(Gond.

He carries Anger as the Flint bears Fire,
Which, much inforc'd, will shew a hasty Spark,
And strait is cold again. Shak. Jul. Cæs.

I know you, Troilus, you are hot and fiery;
You kindle at a Wrong, and catch it quick,
As Stubble does the Flame. Dryd. Troil & Cres.

My Heart swells at him, and my Breath grows short:
But whether Fear or Anger chooks it up,
I cannot tell. ——— ——— Dryd. Riv. Lad.

This said, his Grief to Anger turn'd,
Which in his manly Stomach burn'd:
Thirst of Revenge, and Wrath, in Place
Of Sorrow, now began to blaze. Hud.

——— ——— Racks of Fury,
Like hurry'd Clouds over the Face of Heav'n,
Before a Tempest, in his Looks appear. Suckl. Bren.

——— ——— Frowning he went;
His Eyes, like Meteors, roul'd, then darted down
Their red and angry Beams, as if his Sight
Would, like the raging Dog-Star, scorch the Earth,
And kindle Rivers in its Course. Cong. Mourn. Bride.

With Fury toss'd, his Face inflam'd with Ire,
His burning Eyes dart glaring Sparks of Fire:
As when a Bull for Fight his Horns prepares,
Bellows aloud, and with bent Forehead dares
A sturdy Oak: He spurns the Ground in Rage,
And pushes at the Winds ere he engage. Laud. Virg.

——— The Master of the sev'nfold Shield,
Upstarted fierce, and kindled with Disdain;
Eager to speak, unable to constrain
His boiling Rage, he roul'd his Eyes around. Dryd. Ovid.

The glooming Sire, too sensible of Wrong,
To vent his Rage in Words, restrain'd his Tongue. Dryd.
Bocc. Sig. & Guisc.

Then soon to deadly Pale he chang'd his Look:
He trembled ev'ry Limb, and felt a Smart, (Pal. & Arc.
As if cold Steel had glided thro' his Heart. Dryd. Chau.

Upstarted from his Throne the King of Men,
His Breast with Fury fill'd, his Eyes with Fire; (Hom.
Which rouling round he shot in Sparkles on the Sire. Dryd.

——— His Rage ascended to his Eyes
From his close Breast, which hid till then the Flame;
And, like stir'd Fire, in Sparkles upward flew. D'Aven. Gond.

——— He, with indignant Looks,
And threat'ning Accents terribly begun. Broome. Hom.

These Words, so full of Malice, mix'd with Art:
Inflam'd with Rage the youthful Hero's Heart. Then

Then, groaning from the Bottom of his Breast,
He heav'd for Vent, and thus his Wrath express'd. Dr. Vir.
Burning with Fury, from his Eyes the Flames
Like Lightning flew: Sorrow, immix'd with Rage,
Possess'd his Soul ———— Oldisw. Hom.
She this Way moves, with a disorder'd Haste;
Her Brows the stormy Marks of Anger bear. Dryd. Auren.
O do not look so terribly upon me, (Ven. Pres.
How your Lips shake, and all your Face disorder'd! Otway
I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To Pray'rs than Winds and Seas; yet Winds to Seas
Are reconcil'd at length, and Sea to Shore:
Thy Anger, unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal Tempest, never to be calm'd. Milt. Sam. Agon.

Weeping for Anger.

Now Tears of Rage, not Pity, drown'd her Eyes. D'Aven.
Unable to express his Indignation,
Speechless he stood, and told his Rage by Tears. Old. Hom.
The sullen Tyrant slept not all the Night,
But, lonely walking by a winking Light,
Sobb'd, wept, and groan'd, and beat his wither'd Breast.
Then all at once his Grief and Rage appear'd,
And Floods of Tears ran trickling down his Beard. Dryd.
(Bocc. Sig. & Guisc.

ANGLER.

In genial Spring, beneath the quiv'ring Shade,
Where cooling Vapours breathe along the Mead,
The patient Fisher takes his silent Stand,
Intent, his Angle trembling in his Hand:
With Looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly Breed,
And eyes the dancing Cork, and bending Reed.
Our plenteous Streams a various Race supply,
The bright-ey'd Perch, with Fins of Tyrian Dye;
The silver Eel, in shining Volumes roul'd;
The yellow Carp, in Scales bedropp'd with Gold;
Swift Trouts, diversify'd with crimson Stains;
And Pikes, the Tyrants of the wat'ry Plains. Pope.

ANNIVERSARY.

The Sun, revolving thro' th'Etherial Space,
The shining Circle of the Year has fill'd. Dryd. Virg.

And now the rising Day renews the Year. Dryd. Virg.
—— The revolving Sun
His crooked Race has thro' the Zodiack run. Blac. P. Arth.
Ten Times the Sun had pass'd his oblique Way,
By Turns contracting and increasing Day,
Darting to either Pole a warmer Ray. Blac. P. Arth.

ANT.

A frugal People, and inur'd to Sweat;
Lab'ring to gain, and keeping what they get. Stoneſt. Ov.
As when the Ants invade a Heap of Wheat,
Mindful of Winter goes the dusky Train
Thro' Lawns, to fill their empty Stores with Grain,
Bearing through narrow Paths, some guard the Prey,
Some with more Labour weighty Ears convey;
Some to their Task the straggling Troops confine;
Some push the Slow: Thus all in Labour join. Laud. Virg.
Thus, with fam'd Providence, the slender Ant,
The great Example of good Management,
Whilst the fair Season lasts, and lavish'd Grain
Profusely on the Floors unwatch'd remain,
Industriously his little Garner fills,
And the Provisions for his Winter steals:
Grateful he takes what the Occasion grants,
And with his present Waste supplies his future Wants.
—— And when the Winter sharper grows,
And the decaying Year turns hoar with Snows;
When Nature's Penury can nought afford,
The little Beast lives, wanton on his Hoard,
On what, with anxious Care, his prudent Foresight stor'd.
The wiser Emmet ——
In Summer-time ranges the Fallows o'er,
With Pains and Labour, to lay in his Store;
But, when the bluſt'ring North, with ruffling Blasts,
Saddens the Year, and Nature overcasts,
The prudent Insect, hid in Privacy,
Enjoys the Fruits of his past Industry.
No Ant of Sense was e'er so awkward seen,
To drudge in Winter, loiter in the Spring. Oldh.

ANTÆUS.

As when, Earth's Son, Antæus ——
—— In Irassa strove

With

With Jove's Alcides, and, oft foil'd, still rose,
Receiving from his Mother Earth new Strength,
Fresh from his Fall, and fiercer Grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in th'Air, expir'd and fell. Milt. Par. Reg.

MARK ANTHONY.

I love this Man, who runs to meet his Ruin,
And sure the Gods, like me, are fond of him:
His Virtues lie so mingled with his Crimes,
It would confound their Choice to punish one,
And not reward the other. ———
Virtue's his Path; but sometimes 'tis too narrow
For his vast Soul; and then he starts out wide,
And bounds into a Vice, that bears him far
From his first Course, and plunges him in Ills:
But, when his Danger makes him find his Fault,
Quick to observe, and full of sharp Remorse,
He censures eagerly his own Misdeeds,
Judging himself with Malice to himself,
And not forgiving what as Man he did,
Because his other Parts are more than Man.
Can any Roman see, and know him now,
Thus alter'd from the Lord of half Mankind;
Unbent, unsinew'd, made a Woman's Toy,
Shrunk from the vast Extent of all his Honours,
And cramp'd within a Corner of the World?
O Anthony!
Thou bravest Soldier, and thou best of Friends!
Bounteous as Nature! next to Nature's God!
Could'st thou but make new Worlds, so would'st thou give (them,
As Bounty were thy Being; Rough in Battel
As the first Romans, when they went to War;
Yet, after Victory, more pitiful,
Than all their praying Virgins left at Home.
Behold, ye Pow'rs,
To whom you have intrusted Humane Kind:
See Europe, Africk, Asia, put in Balance,
And all weigh'd down by one light, worthless Woman!
I think the Gods are Anthony's, and give,
Like Prodigals, this nether World away,
To none but wasteful Hands.
But you, ere Love misled your wand'ring Eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of humane Race,
Fram'd in the very Pride and Boast of Nature,

So perfect, that the Gods, who form'd you, wonder'd
At their own Skill, and cry'd, a lucky Hit
Has mended our Design. Their Envy hinder'd,
Else you had been immortal, and a Pattern,
When Heaven would work for Ostentation Sake,
To copy out again. Dryd. All for Love.

ANTIPODES.

Ev'n as our Shadows in smooth Streams appear,
So Feet to Feet some Animals walk there,
Yet can no sooner fall into those Skies
That lie beneath, than we to Heav'n can rise :
When Phœbus climbs their East, the feeble Light
Of Stars peeps forth, and beautifies our Night. Creech Lucr.
For when Aurora leaves our Northern Sphere,
She lights the downward Heav'n, and rises there ;
And when on us she breaths the living Light,
Red Vesper kindles there the Tapers of the Night. Dr. Virg.

APOLLO.

The Bowyer God ——— Dryd, Hom.
—— Behold Apollo, arm'd
With his dread Bow, and never erring Darts. Broome Hom.
See ! the far-shooting Son of Great Latona ! Oldis. Hom.
God of the silver Bow, whose Eyes survey
The sacred Cilla : Thou, whose awful Sway
Crysa the blest, and Tenedos, obey. Dryd. Hom.
Apollo, O thou greatest Deity !
Patron of bless'd Soractis, and of me ;
For we are all thy own : Whole Woods of Pine
We heap in Piles, which to thy Glory shine ;
And, when we trample on the Fire, our Soles,
By thee preserv'd, contemn the glowing Coals. Staff. Virg.
O Father Phœbus! whether Lycia's Coast
And snowy Mountains thy bright Presence boast ;
Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
And bathe in silver Dews thy yellow Hair ;
Or, pleased to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus and the sandy Shore ;
Or chuse thy Seat in Ilion's proud Abodes,
The shining Structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods.
By thee the Bow and mortal Shafts are borne ;
Eternal Charms thy blooming Youth adorn.

Skill'd in the Laws of secret Fate above,
And the dark Counsels of Almighty Jove.
Thou dost the Seeds of future War foreknow,
The Change of Sceptres, and impending Woe:
Thy Rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire
T'excel the Musick of thy heav'nly Lyre;
Thy Shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty Flame,
Th'immortal Victim of thy Mother's Fame:
Thy Hand slew Python, and the Dame who lost
Her num'rous Offspring for a fatal Boast.
In Phlegyas' Doom thy just Revenge appears,
Condemn'd to Furies, and eternal Fears;
He views the Food, would taste, yet dares not try,
But dreads the mould'ring Rock, that trembles from on high.
Or, if the Style of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple Rays th'Achæmenes adore;
Or great Osyris, who first taught the Swain,
In Pharian Fields, to sow the golden Grain;
Or Mitra, to whose Beams the Persian bows,
And pays in hollow Rocks his awful Vows;
Mitra, whose Head the Blaze of Light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling Heifer's Lunar Horns. Pope. Stat.
  Hear me, O hear me; thou, tho' far remote,
Canst hear the humble Suppliants who invoke thee. Ol. Hom.
  —— Fair-hair'd Latona's Son,
Great God, whose shining Arrows are so dreadful;
Thou, who fam'd Cilla dost protect, and Chrysa;
Whom Tenedos obeys, Smyntheus Apollo! Ozell Hom.

Temple of APOLLO *at Cumæ.*

  The pious Prince ascends the sacred Hill,
Where Phœbus is ador'd, and seeks the Shade
Which hides from Sight his venerable Maid:
Deep in a Cave the Sybil makes abode,
Thence full of Fate returns, and of the God.
Thro' Trivia's Grove they walk, and now behold,
And enter now, the Temple roof'd with Gold.
When Dædalus, to shun the Cretan Shore,
His heavy Limbs on jointed Pinions bore,
The first who sail'd in Air, 'tis sung by Fame,
To the Cumæan Coast at length he came,
And, here alighting, built this costly Frame.
Inscrib'd to Phœbus, here he hung on high
The Steerage of his Wings, that cut the Sky:

Then

Then o'er the lofty Gate his Art emboss'd
Androgeos' Death, and Off'rings to his Ghost:
Sev'n Youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet
The Fate appointed by revengeful Crete:
And, next to these, the dreadful Urn was plac'd,
In which the destin'd Names by Lots were cast;
The mournful Parents stand around in Tears,
And rising Crete against their Shore appears.
There too, in living Sculpture, might be seen
The mad Affection of the Cretan Queen;
Then, how she cheats her bellowing Lover's Eye;
The rushing Leap; the doubtful Progeny;
The lower Part a Beast, a Man above;
The Monument of their polluted Love.
Not far from thence he grav'd the wond'rous Maze,
A thousand Doors, a thousand winding Ways:
Here dwells the Monster, hid from humane View,
Not to be found, but by the faithful Clue,
'Till the kind Artist, mov'd with pious Grief,
Lent to the loving Maid this last Relief,
And all those erring Paths describ'd so well,
That Theseus conquer'd, and the Monster fell.
Here hapless Icarus had found a Part,
Had not the Father's Grief restrain'd his Art:
He twice essay'd to cast his Son in Gold,
Twice from his Hands he drop'd the forming Mould.

Cave of the Sybil.

A spacious Cave within its farmost Part
Was hew'd aud fashion'd, by laborious Art,
Thro' the Hill's hollow Sides: Before the Place
A hundred Doors a hundred Entries grace;
As many Voices issue, and the Sound
Of Sybil's Words as many times rebound. Dryd. Virg.

APOTHECARY's-HALL.

Nigh where Fleet-Ditch descends in sable Streams,
To wash his sooty Naiads in the Thames,
There stands a Structure, on a rising Hill,
Where Tyros take their Freedom out to kill:
Some Pictures, in these dreadful Shambles, tell,
How, by the Delian God, the Python fell;
And how Medea did the Philtre brew,
That could in Æson's Veins young Force renew;

How

How sanguine Swains their am'rous Hours repent,
When Pleasure's past, and Pains are permanent:
And how frail Nymphs, oft, by Abortion, aim
To lose a Substance, to preserve a Name. Garth.

APOTHEOSIS.

Daphnis, the Guest of Heav'n, with wond'ring Eyes,
Views, in the Milky Way, the Starry Skies:
And, far beneath him, from the shining Sphere,
Beholds the moving Clouds, and rowling Year.
For this, with chearful Cries the Woods resound,
The purple Spring arrays the various Ground,
The Nymphs and Shepherds dance, and Pan himself is crown'd.
The Wolf no longer prowls for nightly Spoils,
Nor Birds the Sprindges fear, nor Stags the Toils;
For Daphnis reigns above, and deals from thence
His Mother's milder Beams, and peaceful Influence.
The Mountain Tops unshorn, the Rocks rejoice,
The lowly Shrubs partake of human Voice;
Assenting Nature, with a gracious Nod,
Proclaims him, and salutes the new-admitted God.
Be still propitious, ever good to thine;
Behold, four hallow'd Altars we design,
And two to thee, and two to Phœbus, rise;
On each is offer'd annual Sacrifice:
The holy Priests, at each returning Year,
Two Bowls of Milk, and two of Oil, shall bear;
And I my self the Guests with friendly Bowls will chear.
Two Goblets will I crown with sparkling Wine,
The gen'rous Vintage of the Chian Vine,
These will I pour to to thee, and make the Nectar thine,
In Winter shall the genial Feast be made
Before the Fire, by Summer in the Shade.
Damætas shall perform the Rites divine,
And Lyctian Ægon in the Song shall join.
Alphesibæus, tripping, shall advance,
And mimick Satyrs in his antick Dance,
When to the Nymphs our annual Rights we pay,
And when our Fields with Victims we survey;
While salvage Boars delight in shady Woods,
And finny Fish inhabit in the Floods;
While Bees on Thyme, and Locusts feed on Dew;
Thy grateful Swains these Honours shall renew:
Such Honours as we pay to Pow'rs divine,
To Bacchus and to Ceres, shall be thine:

Such annual Honours shall be giv'n, and thou
Shalt hear, and shalt condemn thy Suppliants to their Vow.
(Dryd. Virg.

APPLAUSE.

Your native Town you enter'd like a Pilgrim,
And had no Welcome home; whilst he return'd,
Tort'ring the Air with Noise; and patient Fools,
Whose Children he had slaughter'd, tore their Throats,
With shouting his Applause,—— Shak. & Tate Coriol.

From neighb'ring Groves Shouts of Applause rebound,
The Hills and Shores repeat the joyful Sound. Laud. Virg.

Applauding Hums the crowded Valley fill'd.
And now loud Shouts ran thro' th'applauding Field.
(Laud. Virg.

——— ——— The vaulted Firmament,
With loud Acclaims, and vast Applause, is rent. Dryd.
(Chauc. Pal. & Arc.

The conscious Rocks loud Acclamations reach,
And Joys luxurious rend the ouzy Beach:
The Cliffs and Hills my echo'd Thoughts rehearse,
Applaud my Subject, and approve my Verse. Brown.

——— Murmurs rise, with mix'd Applause,
Just as they favour, or dislike, the Cause. Dryd. Virg.

ARACHNE, *chang'd into a Spider.*

Like Autumn Leaves, she sheds her falling Hairs,
With these her Nose, and next, her rising Ears;
Her Head to the minutest Substance shrunk,
And the strong Juice contracts her changing Trunk;
Strait to her Sides her slender Fingers clung,
And there her nimble Feet in Order hung:
Her bloated Belly swells to larger Size,
Which now with smallest Threads her Work supplies:
The Virgin in the Spider still remains,
And in that Shape her former Art retains. Gay. Ovid.

ARBOUR.

——— ——— I took the Way,
Which thro' a Path, but scarcely printed, lay:
In narrow Mazes oft it seem'd to meet,
And look'd, as lightly press'd by Fairy Feet.
At last it led me where an Arbour stood,
The sacred Receptacle of the Wood.

I, seiz'd at once with Wonder and Delight,
Gaz'd all around me, new to the transporting Sight.
'Twas bench'd with Turf, and, goodly to be seen,
The thick young Grass arose in fresher Green.
The Mound was newly made: No Sight could pass
Betwixt the nice Partitions of the Grass;
The well united Sods so closely lay,
And all around the Shades defended it from Day:
For Sycamours with Eglantine were spread,
A Hedge about the Sides, a Cov'ring over Head:
And so the fragrant Brier was wove between,
The Sycamour and Flow'rs were mix'd with Green,
That Nature seem'd to vary the Delight,
And satisfy'd at once the Smell and Sight.
The Master Workman of the Bow'r was known
Thro' Fairy Lands, and built for Oberon:
He twining Leaves with such Proportion drew,
They rose by Measure, and by Rule they grew;
No mortal Tongue can half the Beauty tell,
For none but Hands divine could work so well.
Both Roof and Sides were like a Parlour made,
A soft Recess, and a cool Summer Shade:
The Hedge was set so thick, no foreign Eye
The Persons plac'd within it could espy;
But all that pass'd without with Ease was seen,
As if nor Fence nor Tree was plac'd between.
'Twas border'd with a Field; and some was plain
With Grass; and some was sow'd with rising Grain,
That, now the Dew with Spangles deck'd the Ground,
A sweeter Spot of Earth was never found:
I look'd, and look'd; and still with new Delight,
Such Joy my Soul, such Pleasures fill'd my Sight:
And the fresh Eglantine exhal'd a Breath,
Whose Odours were of Pow'r to raise from Death.
Nor sullen Discontent, nor anxious Care,
Ev'n tho' brought thither, could inhabit there;
But thence they fled, as from their mortal Foe,
For this sweet Place could only Pleasure know.
Thus, as I mus'd, I cast aside my Eye,
And saw a Medlar Treee was planted nigh;
The spreading Branches made a goodly Shew,
And full of op'ning Blooms was ev'ry Bough.
A Goldfinch there I saw with gawdy Pride
Of painted Plumes, that hopp'd from Side to Side,
Still pecking as she pass'd, and still she drew
The Sweets from ev'ry Flow'r, and suck'd the Dew:

Suffic'd at length, she warbled in her Throat,
And tun'd her Voice to many a merry Note,
But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
Yet such as sooth'd my Soul, and pleas'd my Ear.
Her short Performance was no sooner try'd,
Then she I sought, the Nightingale, reply'd;
So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
That the Grove echo'd, and the Valleys rung:
On the green Bank I sate, and listen'd long,
Nor till her Lay was ended could I move,
But wish'd to dwell for ever in the Grove:
Only methought the Time too swiftly pass'd,
And ev'ry Note I fear'd would be the last.
My Sight, and Smell, and Hearing, were employ'd,
And all three Senses in full Gust enjoy'd:
Single, and conscious to my self alone,
Of Pleasures to th'excluded World unknown:
Pleasures, which no where else were to be found,
And all Elysium in a Spot of Ground. Dryd. Chauc. The (Flower and the Leaf.

ARCHER, ARCHERY, and ARROW.

——— ——— Great Archer he!
As many Shafts as his full Quiver held,
So many Fates he drew, so many kill'd:
Quick and unerring they as darted Eye-beams, flew,
As if he gave them Sight and Swiftness too; (Oldh.
Death took her Aim from his, and by't her Arrows threw.
The fam'd Cydonian Warriours (Phoed. & Hip.
From twanging Eughs shall send their fatal Shafts. Smith.
——— ——— Well skill'd to draw
The twanging Bow, and send the fatal Dart. Broome.
——— ——— He opes his Quiver;
And draws a Shaft which ne'er before had serv'd;
Swift as the Wind, sad Source of future Woe!
——— ——— He drew the Nerve with so much Strength,
The Shaft-Head kiss'd the Bow, the String his Pap;
Round came the yielding Horn, the Bow-string twang'd,
Out flew the Shaft, and whizz'd among the Throng,
Impatient to discharge its dire Commission. Ozell. Hom.
——— ——— ——— She strongly drew
Till both Horns met; the winged Arrow flew
Whizzing thro' Air: At once he heard it part,
And felt the Arrow sticking in his Heart. Laud. Virg.

For

For Bows the Strength of brawny Arms imploy.
Emblems of Valour, and of Victory. Dryd. Chauc. the
(Flower and the Leaf.

Nor Ismarus was wanting to the War,
Directing ointed Arrows from afar,
And Death with Poison arm'd. ——— Dryd. Virg.
Their Height above the feather'd Arrow soars,
Shot from the toughest Bow; and, by the Brawn
Of expert Archers, with vast Vigour drawn. Dryd. Virg.
Like Flights of Arrows from the Parthian Bows,
When from afar they gaul th' embattel'd Foes. Dryd. Virg.
Next by the Heroes Orders they expose
The Gifts, and to the Sports invite their Bows.
Sergestes Mast they from the Galley tore,
And, that erected on the neighb'ring Shore,
With Cords upon the Top a Dove they tie,
The living Mark at which their Arrows fly.
Strait all with Vigour bend their yielding Bows,
And each his Arrows from his Quiver chose:
Hyrtacides the first his Shaft lets fly;
Whizzing in Air, and quiv'ring thro' the Sky,
It struck the Mast, which trembled with the Wound;
The Pigeon flutters, and loud Shouts resound:
Bold Mnestheus strongly drew, and with his Eye
Directs his Aim and Arrow to the Sky.
The Bird he miss'd, too eager in his Haste,
But cut the Knots, which ty'd it to the Mast:
She stretch'd her Wings, and to a Cloud they climb.
Eurytion, standing ready, watch'd his Time,
And pierc'd the Dove, upon her Wings display'd;
She dies aloft, and quickly strikes the Ground,
And renders back the Arrow in the Wound.
Hopeless of Victory, Acestes now
Remains alone; yet draws his sounding Bow
To boast his Art, and lets his Arrow fly:
The chasing Arrow, firing as it flies,
Leaves flaming Tracks behind, and burning Skies;
'Till, spent in Wind, the fainting Blazes fail,
Like falling Stars, which draw a glaring Trail. Laud. Virg.

ARISTOTLE.

The mighty Stagyrite first left the Shore,
Spread all his Sails, and durst the Deeps explore:
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the Light of the Mæonian Star.

Poets

Poets, a Race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of savage Liberty,
Receiv'd his Laws; and stood convinc'd, 'twas fit
Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit. Pope.

ARMS and ARMOUR.

Liberal Nature did dispense
To all Things Arms for their Defence;
And some She Arms with Sinewy Force,
And some with Swiftness in the Course;
Some with hard Hoofs, or forked Claws,
And some with Horns, or tusked Jaws;
And some with Scales, and some with Wings,
And some with Teeth, and some with Stings:
Wisdom to Man she did afford,
Wisdom for Shield, and Wit for Sword:
What to beauteous Womankind,
What Arms, what Armour has sh'assign'd?
Beauty is both; for with the Fair,
What Arms, what Armour can compare?
They are all Weapon, and they dart,
Like Porcupines, from ev'ry Part. Cowl. Anac.

Whilst Cruelty was not improv'd by Art,
And Rage not furnish'd yet with Sword nor Dart;
With Fists, or Boughs, or Stones, the Warriors fought:
These were the only Weapons Nature taught. Creech. Lucr.

——— ——— ——— They were
Not arm'd, like Soldiers, marching in a War,
But Countrey Hinds, alarmed from afar
By Wolves loud Hunger, when the well-known Sound
Raises th' affrighted Villages around.
Some Goads, Flails, Plough-Shares, Forks, or Axes bore,
Made for Life's Use, and better Ends before:
Some knotted Clubs, and Darts, or Arrows dry'd
I' th' Fire, the first rude Arts that Malice try'd,
Ere Man the Sin of too much Knowledge knew,
And Death, by long Experience, witty grew. Cowl. Dav.

Ingenious to their Ruin, ev'ry Age
Improves the Arts and Instruments of Rage.
Death-hast'ning Ills Nature enough has sent,
And yet Men still a thousand more invent. Wall.

Now they put on the dreadful Pomp of Arms. Bro. Hom.

In Arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample Shield in Air,

Within

Within whose Orb the thick Bull-hides were roul'd,
Pond'rous with Brass, and bound with ductile Gold;
And, while two pointed Jav'lins arm his Hands,
Majestick moves along, and leads his Lycian Bands. Pope
(Hom. spoken of Sarpedon.

I fell'd along a Man of bearded Face,
His Limbs all cover'd with a shining Case;
So wond'rous hard, and so secure of Wound, (Ind. Emp.
It made my Sword, tho edg'd with Flint, rebound. Dryd.

He saw his Face, with Steel o'erspread,
And his high Plume, that nodded o'er his Head.

——— His burnish'd Helm, that shone from far;
The Pride of Warriors, and the Pomp of War. Dryd. Hom.

As when a fierce wide-wasting Fire devours
Some vast prodigious Forest on a Mountain,
Illuminating the far distant Fields; so shone (Hom.
The Splendour of their Arms, reflecting up to Heav'n. Ozell.

Forth from his Cask and Buckler flash'd, continual,
A Fire, like that of the bright Autumn-Star,
Which sheds a livelier and more sparkling Light,
When it ascends from bathing in the Ocean:
Such was the Lustre that environ'd Diomed, (Hom.
And such the Brightness, gleaming from his Arms. Ozell.

Then o'er his Back a Leopard's Hide he cast,
Distinct with Spots; a Helm of polish'd Brass
Shone on his Head with formidable Brightness:
And in his Hand a mighty Spear he bore: (Hom.
Thus arm'd, with martial Stalk, he strode along. Broome

Him, clad in Arms, before his Tent they found,
Stretch'd on the Earth: On ev'ry Side him lay
Sleeping his brave Companions of the War:
Their Shields sustain'd their Heads, and near them stood
Upright their Spears; and from them stream'd a Flame,
As Lightning dreadful, which, to fright the World,
The Thund'rer launches from his angry Arm. Broome Hom.

——— ——— His Arms are Gold,
Wond'rous, and dazle the Beholders Sight: (Hom.
To bear such Arms, the Gods are only worthy. Broome

He in refulgent Brass himself array'd:
Around his Legs he bound his brazen Greaves, ———
Close, and compact with Clasps of polish'd Silver:
Then put a Breast-plate on his manly Breast. Broome Hom.

Ten Pales the Breast-Plate held of burnish'd Steel;
Twelve were of Gold, and twenty were of Tin:
On either Side, three dreadful Dragons Forms
Seem'd even to hiss, and dart their forky Stings:

Their

Their Bodies were distinct with various Dyes,
And shone like Rainbows, which the Arm of Jove
Paints in the Heav'ns, and stretches in the Clouds,
As Signs for ever to the Race of Man.
A Sword he took, lustred with Studs of Gold;
The Scabbard Silver, and the Belt was Gold.
He bore a vast Circumf'rence of a Shield,
Moony and large, that cover'd his whole Body:
Around it were ten Orbs of polish'd Brass,
And in it twenty Bosses of white Tin,
And in the Middle one of burnish'd Steel.
There was the Gorgon, dreadful to behold,
Casting her hideous Eyes around, engrav'd:
And near the Gorgon, Rout, and ghastly Fear:
A Strap of Silver grac'd the wond'rous Shield,
O'er which, in various Folds, a frightful Dragon
Twisted his Spires; three Heads the Monster bore,
Crown'd with the dreadful Pride of rising Crests.
Then on his Head he plac'd a massy Helmet;
Four Crests adorn'd it, and four lofty Plumes
Wav'd terrible, and nodded in the Air.
Two Spears he bore, pointed with shining Brass,
That cast a dreadful Brightness to the Skies. Broome Hom.

He dress'd himself in Arms; two dreadful Spears
Aloft he bore, and rush'd again to Battel.
As when the Thund'rer, from Olympus' Heights,
Launches the Lightning from his angry Arm,
Portending Ruin to the Race of Men;
It bursts the Clouds; aud, flashing thro' the Skies,
Drives a long Trail of Light from Pole to Pole:
So shone Idomeneus's beamy Arms,
And shed a dreadful Glory o'er the Plain. Broome Hom.

Innumerable Spears, the Spoils of War,
My Tent contains: ———
Precious they are, and shed a Lustre round
Th'illuminated Walls. ———
Spears, and Shields, and gorgeous Helms,
And golden Breast-plates glitter in my Tent;
And dazle with their Beams Beholders Eyes. Broome Hom.

——— They bore Arms
Unfit and useless in the standing Fight.
No brazen Helms, with horrid Pride adorn'd
Their Heads; no Shields their Breasts, no Spears their Hands:
Expert they come to draw the twanging Bow,
Or from the Sling precipitate the Stones. Broome Hom.

He

He arm'd his Shoulder with a fourfold Shield;
A Helmet dreadfully adorn'd his Head,
Whose plumy Crests wav'd horrible in Air:
Then took a Spear, and strode again to War. Broome Hom.
Priam beheld him coming in his Armour:
He glitter'd, like an Autumn Star, that shoots
Its Rays above the Ocean, and displays
Fresh Light, superior to the lesser Studs,
That grace the Shade: Such is Orion's Dog,
Lively and bright, but fatal Star to Mortals,
Presaging Drought and Fevers to Mankind:
Such Horrours and such Rays from great Achilles
Shone, thro' the Plains advancing. ——— Oldisw. Hom.
Æneas' crested Helm flam'd glaring bright;
His golden Shield reflects a dazling Light:
Thus blazing Comets in the Night appear
In sanguine Fires; and thus the threat'ning Star
Of Sirius fills the Air with dismal Lights; (Virg.
And anxious Men with Plagues and Famine frights. Laud.
He tries his Armour, where rich Metals shine,
And Flow'rs of Gold with Leafs of Silver twine:
Upon his Head his crested Helmet ty'd,
Adorn'd with Plumes in Indian Purple dy'd;
He fits his Shield, and girds his flaming Blade, (Virg.
Which Vulcan for his Sire of Stygian Temper made. Laud.
In Arms he stood all terrible and gay;
As Eryx, or Mount Athos, or the Head
Of Appennine, which leafy Oaks o'ershade;
And proudly mounts aloft his ancient Brow
Above the Clouds, white with eternal Snow. Laud. Virg.
——— Impatient to revenge
Patroclus's Death, Achilles seiz'd his Arms,
The Work and Gift of Vulcan: Then put on
His Buskins, which by golden Buckles hung:
Then his bright Breast-plate, and his Belt that bore
His deadly Sword; and next his Buckler took;
That cast a beamy Splendour like the Moon:
As when some Lantern, from a lofty Hill,
Or Tow'r, along the Ocean spreads its Lustre,
To light the Mariners, by Tempests toss'd
Far from the Shore, on which they wish to land;
Such Beams from great Achilles's Buckler shone.
Then on his manly Head he plac'd his Helmet,
On which the Crest resembled some red Star,
Threat'ning Mankind: The Plume of fine wrought Gold
Nodded above, and floated in the Wind. Oldisw. Hom.

As bold Mirmillo the grey Dawn descries,
Arm'd Cap-a-pe, where Honour calls, he flies;
And finds the Legions planted at their Post;
Where Querpo in his Armour shone the most:
His Shield was wrought, if we may credit Fame,
By Mulciber, the Mayor of Bromingham:
A Foliage of dissembled Senna Leaves,
Grav'd round its Brim, the wond'ring Sight deceives:
Emboss'd upon its Field, a Battel stood
Of Leeches, spouting Hemorrhoidal Blood:
The Artist too express'd the solemn State
Of grave Physicians, at a Consult met;
About each Sympton how they disagree;
And how unanimous in Case of Fee.
And whilst one Assassin another plies
With starch'd Civilities, the Patient dies.
Beneath this blazing Orb bright Querpo shone,
Himself an Atlas, and his Shield a Moon:
A Pestle, for his Truncheon, led the Van;
And his high Helmet was a Close-stool Pan:
His Crest an Ibis, brandishing her Beak,
And winding in loose Folds her spiral Neck.
This when the young Querpoides beheld,
His Face in Nurses Breast the Boy conceal'd;
Then peep'd, and with th' effulgent Helm would play:
But, as the Monster gap'd, he'd shrink away. Garth.

A trusty Coat of Mail to me he sent,
Thrice chain'd with Gold, for Use and Ornament. Dr. Virg.

A Coat of Mail, which brave Demoleus wore,
In War for his Defence, for Ornament in Peace:
Rich was the Gift, and glorious to behold;
But yet so pond'rous with its Plates of Gold, (Virg.
That scarce two Servants could sustain the Weight. Dryd.

The Coat of Mail was wrought with Plates of Gold,
And Chains of Iron link'd its treble Fold;
Both to adorn in Arms, and to defend. Laud. Virg.

Light Demi-Lances from afar they throw,
Fasten'd with Leathern Thongs to gaul the Foe:
Short crooked Swords in closer Fight they wear;
And on their warding Arm light Bucklers bear. Dryd. Virg.

The Heroe arms in haste: his Hands infold
His Thighs with Cuisses of refulgent Gold:
Inflam'd to fight, and rushing to the Field,
That Hand sustaining the celestial Shield.
This gripes the Lance, and with such Vigour shakes,
That to the Rest the beamy Weapon quakes. Dryd. Virg.

His vig'rous Limbs had dazling Armour on,
And round his Head his polish'd Helmet shone:
His conqu'ring Sword hung down with awful Grace,
And Scars of Honour seam'd his manly Face.
His warlike Hand grip'd his Vulcanian Shield,
With rare Devices pourtray'd on the Field:
With martial State he strides along the Room,
And shakes at ev'ry Step his lofty Plume. Blac. Pr. Arth.

His Helm of polish'd Steel, brac'd round his Head,
Did o'er the Field a glorious Terrour spread:
Bright Stones and high-rais'd Needle-work adorn
The shining Belt, across his Shoulders worn:
His fatal Sword, the Bane of Gothick Pride,
With fearful Grace hung by his warlike Side. Blac. K. Arth.

Prince Arthur rose, and arm'd himself for Fight:
Pieces with silver Studs his Legs incas'd;
And Plates of Gold his warlike Thighs embrac'd.
Then on his Head he lac'd his burnish'd Helm,
Whence flashing Brightness did the Sight o'erwhelm:
Like some celestial Orb, his blazing Shield
Darted amazing Lustre thro' the Field:
And next he girded on his martial Side
His faithful Sword, so oft in Battel try'd.
Thus arm'd, the Hero mounts his bound'ring Steed:
With his strong Arm he grip'd his trembling Spear:
His very Friends, tho' pleas'd, yet seem'd to fear:
And, as he spur'd his Courser, and advanc'd,
Unsuff'rable Splendour from his Armour glanc'd:
As glorious Michael, when the Foe alarms
The blissful Realms, clad in celestial Arms;
Bright as the Sun, leads forth th' Angelick Host,
To chase th' Invaders from the Heav'nly Coast:
In such illustrious Arms the Prince was seen;
His warlike Grace was such, and such his Godlike Mien.
(Blac.) P. Arth.

With his strong Arm he grasp'd his spacious Shield;
Where a fierce Dragon guarded all the Field:
So bright it blaz'd, the Metal, when it came
Red from the Forge, did scarce more fiercely flame.
Then his long Spear he grip'd, which shone from far
Bright, as if pointed with a Morning Star.
Such fearful Splendour from his Armour glanc'd! Bl. K. Arth.

His Arms cast round a Splendour, quick as Lightning,
Bright as the rising Flames, or orient Sun. Bropme. Hom.

ARMY.

To Morrow's Dawn ſhall cover all your Plain;
Bright Arms ſhall flaſh upon you from afar; (p. 1.
A Wood of Lances, and a moving War. Dryd. C. of Gran.
The dreadful Plains an Iron Harveſt yield;
And poliſh'd Steel gleams fiercely thro' the Field. Laud. Virg.
We ſaw them from afar: The ſetting Sun
Plays on their ſhining Arms and burniſh'd Helmets,
And covers all the Field with Gleams of Fire. Add. Cato.
The dreadful Plains with glaring Armour ſhine. Laud. Vir.
As when the Northern Wind impetuous drives
Thick Flakes of Snow, that whiten the bright Air:
So look'd the ſhining Breaſt-plates, Shields and Casks,
And Spears:
The Blaze to Heav'n aſcended, and the Earth
Smil'd with new Glory, clad in ſmiling Braſs, (Hom.
Under the trampling Troops and Steeds reſounding. Oldiſw.
Now all the Field reſounds with loud Alarms:
Each Army does for bloody Toil prepare,
And draw their Troops out to renew the War:
The thund'ring Courſers ſhake the trampled Ground,
And warlike Clamours from the Hills rebound:
Amidſt the Plain the rapid Chariots fly,
And with thick Clouds of Duſt annoy the Sky. Blac. P. Arth.
Their various Arms afford a pleaſing Sight;
A peaceful Train they ſeem, in Peace prepar'd for Fight.
Betwixt the Ranks the proud Commanders ride,
Glitt'ring with Gold, and Veſts in Purple dy'd. Dryd. Virg.
Like Fields of Corn their armed Squadrons ſtand,
As thick and numberleſs they hide the Land. Cowl. David.
As from a hollow Rock are ſeen to iſſue
Legions of Bees, follow'd by other Legions;
Flying in Cluſters on the vernal Flow'rs;
Some here, ſome there, inceſſantly diſperſing:
So from all Sides the Troops in Shoals advance,
Haſt'ning along in numberleſs Platoons. Ozel. Hom.
As in the Meads of Aſia, on Cayſter's Banks,
Innumerable Flocks of wild Geeſe, Cranes, or Swans,
Are ſeen to light upon the Earth with Cries,
Which make the Meadows ring again. ——
Some ſettling e're the reſt are half-way down;
So did the Squadrons and Battalions move
From out their Camp:
The Earth groan'd horribly beneath the Feet
Of Men and Horſes. ——

They

They ſtood upon Scamander's ſpacious Meadows,
As num'rous as the Leaves and Flow'rs of Spring. Ozel. Hom.
They fate to view the Army in the Midſt,
Pleas'd with the fine Appearance of the Troops,
Whoſe Shields and Helmets, and reſplendent Spears,
Reflected Horrour thro' the glitt'ring Plains.
As when the Eaſtern Blaſts rowze the calm Ocean,
And roul the Waves in Ranks, with Light and Shade
Caſting alternate Horrours: So the Trojan,
And Grecian Hoſt appear'd in dreadful Order. Ozel. Hom.
Not thicker Billows beat the Lybian Main,
When pale Orion ſets in wint'ry Rain;
Not thicker Harveſts on rich Hermus riſe,
Or Lycian Fields, when Phoebus burns the Skies;
Than ſtand theſe Troops: their Bucklers ring around;
Their Trampling turns the Turf, and ſhakes the ſolid Ground.
Dryd. Virg.

A Cloud of Foot ſucceeds, and fills the Fields
With Swords, and pointed Spears, and clatt'ring Shields.
Dryd. Virg.

Hail to the Sun! from whoſe returning Light
The chearful Soldiers Arms new Luſtre take:
To deck the Pomp of Battel, O, my Friends,
Was ever ſuch a glorious Face of War?
See, from this Height, how all Galatia's Plains
With Nations numberleſs are cover'd o'er;
Who, like a Deluge, hide the Face of Earth,
And leave no Object in the vaſt Horizon,
But glitt'ring Arms and Skies. —— Rowe Tamerl.
Behold the Saxon Groſs begins to move:
Their Infantry embattel'd, ſquare and cloſe,
March firmly on to fill the middle Space,
Cover'd by their advancing Cavalry.
By Heav'n, 'tis beauteous Horrour. Dryd. K. Arth.
—— As when the Wolves have chas'd a Stag,
And ſlain him on the Mountains; gorg'd with Blood,
They form a Troop, and to the Springs repair
To quench their Heat: Then from their ſparkling Eyes
Emit freſh Flames, the Marks of inward Fury:
In ſuch Array, all eager for the Fight,
Embattel'd by their Chief, the Troops aſſembled. (Hom. Oldiſw.
———— Their Ranks they cloſ'd,
And wedg'd each other in: As when the Builder
Cements the fitted Stones, compact and ſolid,
Defenſive againſt Winds and Storms: So cloſe
The firm Battalions knit themſelves together;
And, joining Shield to Shield, Helmet to Helmet,

And Man to Man, one warlike Body form'd:
So thick they stood, their Plumes each other met,
And, like a Forest, wav'd before the Wind. Oldisw. Hom.

Their swarthy Hosts would darken all the Plain,
Doubling the native Horrours of the War,
And making Death more grim. ——— Add. Cato. Spoken of an Army of Negroes.

As when some Shepherd from a Rock's high Prospect
Spies a thick Vapour forming from the Deep,
And driv'n by boist'rous Zephyr tow'ards the Shore;
Blacker than Night the Cloud at Distance seems,
And brings a furious Tempest in its Womb:
The Shepherd at the Sight is froze with Fear,
And to some shelt'ring Cave compels his Flock:
So look'd these thick Battalions as they mov'd,
Clad in brown Arms, and bristling with their Pikes. (Hom. Ozel.

Cluster'd like Flies, that hover in the Spring
Around a Pail, that foams with snowy Milk. Oldisw. Hom.

Now from the Hills th' embattel'd Saxon swarms,
And covers all the Plain with hostile Arms:
As when the great Commanders Orders give
To quit the straight Dominions of their Hive:
The Bees pour out a num'rous Colony,
From their sweet Cells; the busy Youth on high
Wheel in the Air, and darken all the Sky:
While brazen Pans charm and compose their Heat,
In some tall neighb'ring Tree they fix their Seat:
Thither th' unnumber'd Vulgar strait resort;
And clust'ring Crowds surround their Monarch's Court:
So thick the Saxons on the Field appear,
Foll'wing their Leaders with an endless Reer,
As, when the Sea grown black, the hazy Sky
And rising Winds foretel a Tempest nigh,
Th' experienc'd Mariners, with hasty Care,
Furl their spread Sails, and for a Storm prepare:
Strait, in the black Horizon, to the Skies
The dusky Billows threat'ning Heads arise;
Th' unnumber'd Troops upon each other throng,
And with a gloomy Aspect march along;
Advancing, they their boundless Front extend
O'er all the Main, and fearful Wreck portend;
The Saxon Host thus in its March appears;
And, where it came, thick Groves of bristling Spears,
Broad Ir'n Backs, and Breast-plates, brazen Shields,
Mail-Coats, and burnish'd Helms o'erspread the Fields:
Chariots of War in Clouds of Dust advance,
And, tossing up their Foam, the thund'ring Coursers prance.
Their

Their Armies Wings stretch'd out, they to the Foes
A long-extended Ridge of War oppose,
The British Squadrons, tho' outnumber'd far,
Run boldly on the horrid Edge of War.
Both Armies thus rang'd in Battalia stood;
And Death prepar'd her thirsty Jaws for Blood. Blac. P. Arth.

Fame, thro' the little City, spreads aloud
Th' intended March, amid the fearful Crowd:
The War at hand appears with more Affright,
And rises ev'ry Moment to the Sight.
The trembling Wives the Walls and Turrets crowd,
And follow, with their Eyes, the dusty Cloud;
Which Winds disperse by Fits; and shew from far
The Blaze of Arms, and Shields, and shining War:
The Troops, drawn up in beautiful Array,
O'er heathy Plains pursue the ready Way:
Repeated Peals of Shouts are heard around,
The neighing Coursers answer to the Sound;
And shake with horny Hoofs the solid Ground. Dryd. Virg.

——— ——— Anon they move
In perfect Phalanx to the Dorian Mood
Of Flutes and soft Recorders; such as rais'd
To Height of noblest Temper Heroes old
Arming to Battel; and instead of Rage
Delib'rate Valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With Dread of Death to Flight or foul Retreat;
Nor wanting Pow'r to mitigate and swage,
With solemn Touches, troubled Thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and Doubt, and Fear, and Sorrow, and Pain,
From mortal and immortal Minds. Thus they,
Breathing united Force, with fixed Thought
Mov'd on in Silence to soft Pipes, that charm'd
Their painful Steps o'er the burnt Soil; and now,
Advanc'd in View, they stand, a horrid Front
Of dreadful Length and dazling Arms, in Guise
Of Warriours old, with order'd Spear and Shield,
Awaiting what Command their mighty Chief
Had to impose: He thro' the armed Files
Darts his experienc'd Eye, and soon traverse
The whole Battalion views, their Order due,
Their Visages and Stature as of Gods:
Their Number last he sums. And now his Heart
Distends with Pride, and hard'ning in his Strength
Glories: For, never since, created Man
Met such imbody'd Force, as, nam'd with these,
Could merit more than that small Infantry,
Warr'd on by Cranes; tho' all the Giant Brood

Of Phlegra with th' heroick Race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each Side
Mix'd with auxiliar Gods. ——— Milt. Par. Loſt.

Thus, under heavy Arms, the Youth of Rome
Their long laborious Marches overcome;
Chearly their tedious Travels undergo,
And pitch their ſudden Camp before the Foe. Dryd. Virg.

Doubling their Speed, they march with freſh Delight,
Eager for Glory, and require the Fight. Add.

The Steeds with raging Hoofs the Ground did tear,
And Chariots with their Thunder fill'd the Air:
The Troops, advancing o'er the Hills, did choak
The Concave of the Sky with Duſt and Smoke:
Thro' which their Armour's glancing Luſtre ſhow'd,
Like radiant Sun-beams, breaking thro' a Cloud:
The deep Brigades compos'd an endleſs Throng,
And with an awful Slowneſs march'd along:
Drawn out in Order, they diſplay'd from far
The ſullen Pomp and the rough Looks of War:
As when ſhort Days and cold autumnal Air
To ſome new Seat warn Swallows to repair;
The chatt'ring Race around their Leaders fly,
And at their Summons rendezvous on high,
And with their Numbers darken all the Sky.
So thick the Franks did on their March appear; Arth.
So black and wide their Front, ſo long their Rear. Blac. K.

As when the Southern Wind involves the Mountains
With a thick Fog, unwelcome to the Shepherd,
But to the Thief more uſeful than the Night;
For then the ſharpeſt Eye can ſcarce exceed
So far as a ſtrong Arm can throw a Stone:
So did the March of the two Armies raiſe
Whirlwinds of Duſt, that fruſtrated the Sight. Ozel. Hom.

——— When two embattel'd Armies rage,
And in a ſpacious Plain at laſt engage,
When all run here and there; the furious Horſe
Beat o'er the trembling Fields with nimble Force:
Strait dreadful Sparklings from their Arms appear,
And fill with a ſtrange Light the wond'ring Air:
Earth groans beneath their Feet; the Hills around, Lucr.
Flatt'ring the Noiſe, reſtore the dreadful Sound. Creech.

A R T.

Art is but Nature's Ape, and plays her Ill. D'Aven. Gond.

And Art, to ſtifle Nature, ſtrives in vain:
For ev'ry Thing, that's from its Centre borne,
Still thither tends, ſtill thither will return:

So

So from its Orb a Comet glaring flies,
With unauspicious Beams, thro' distant Skies;
But soon reverting to its native Sphere,
Owns the attractive Force and Vortex there. ——

ASCARIDES.

Two Brothers, nam'd Ascarides, arose:
Both had the Volubility of Tongue;
In Meaning faint, but in Opinion strong. Garth.

ASTONISHMENT.

This is a Sight, that, like the Gorgon's Head,
Runs thro' my Limbs, and stiffens me to Stone.
He blushes, and would speak, and wants a Voice;
And stares, and gapes, like a forbidden Ghost,
'Till he be spoke to first. Dryd. Cleom.
What means that ghastly Look?
Hast thou the Furies seen? Why stand'st thou speechless?
What means that deep-fetch'd Groan? Why does Despair
Stare thro' thy haggard Eyes? Den. Iphig.
—— Thy late dreadful Tale
Had rais'd such various Furies in my Soul,
As left me impotent of Thought or Speech. Den. Lib. Ass.
Fixt in Astonishment, I gaze upon thee,
Like one just blasted by a Stroke from Heav'n,
Who pants for Breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful Looks: a Monument of Wrath! Add. Cato.
—— He stood amaz'd,
Astonished and blank, while Horrour chill
Ran thro' his Veins, and all his Joints relax'd:
From his slack Hand the Garland wreath'd for Eve
Down dropt, and all the faded Roses shed:
Speechless he stood and pale. —— Milt. Par. Lost.
He would have cry'd; but, hoping that he dreamt,
Amazement ty'd his Tongue, and stopp'd th' Attempt.
Dryd. Bocc. Sig. & Guisc.
O my Heart pants, and ev'ry Nerve is shaken:
Upon my Forehead sits a Damp like Death:
My Blood runs cold; I feel the Channel freeze:
Scarce will my trembling Limbs support my Weight,
But shake like Cowards on a Day of Battel. Lansd. Her. Love.
A Death like Cold seiz'd on me: From my Brow,
Like Southern Dew, the liquid Drops did flow:
Stiff and unmov'd I lay; and, on my Tongue,
My dying Words, when I would speak them, hung:

As when imperfect Sounds from Children fall, (Theoc.
When in their Dreams they on their Mothers call. Bowles.
Amazement is the ugliest Shape of Fear. D'Aven.
—— (Siege of Rhodes.

ASTROLOGY, and ASTRONOMY.

He shews them now Tow'rs of prodigious Height,
Where Nature's Friends, Philosophers, remain,
To censure Meteors in their Cause and Flight,
And watch the Winds Authority on Rain.
Others, with optick Tubes, the Moon's scant Face
(Vast Tubes which, like long Cedars, mounted lie)
Attract thro' Glasses to so near a Space,
As if they came not to survey, but pry. D'Aven.
Why does the constant Sun
With measur'd Steps his radiant Journey run?
Why does he order the diurnal Hours
To leave Earth's other Part, and rise in ours?
Why does he wake the correspondent Moon,
And fill her willing Lamp with liquid Light,
Commanding her with delegated Pow'rs
To beautify the World, and bless the Night?
Why does each animated Star
Love the just Limits of its proper Sphere?
Why does each consenting Sign
With prudent Harmony combine,
In Turns to move, and subsequent appear,
To gird the Globe and regulate the Year?
Man does with dang'rous Curiosity
These unfathom'd Wonders try:
With fancy'd Rules, and arbitrary Laws,
Matter and Motion he restrains;
And study'd Lines and fictious Circles draws:
Then, with imagin'd Sovereignty,
Lord of his new Hypothesis he reigns:
He reigns! How long? 'Till some Usurper rise,
And he too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wise,
Studies new Lines, and other Circles feigns.
From this last Toil again what Knowledge flows?
Just as much, perhaps, as shews
That all his Predecessor's Rules
Were empty Cant, all Jargon of the Schools;
That he on t'other's Ruin rears his Throne,
And shews his Friend's Mistake, and thence confirms his
(own. Prior.

Th'Egyp-

Th'Egyptians say, the Sun has twice
Shifted his Setting and his Rise;
Twice has he risen in the West,
As many Times set in the East:
But whether that be true, or no,
The Devil any of you know.
Some hold the Heav'ns, like a Top,
Are kept by Circulation up;
And, were't not for their Wheeling round,
They'd instantly fall to the Ground.
Plato believ'd, the Sun and Moon
Below all other Planets run.
Some Mercury, some Venus seat,
Above the Sun himself in Height.
The learned Scaliger complain'd
'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,
That in Twelve hundred Years and odd,
The Sun had left his antient Road,
And nearer to the Earth is come,
'Bove fifty thousand Miles from Home:
Swore 'twas a most notorious Flam,
And he that had so little Shame,
To vent such Fopperies abroad,
Deserv'd to have his Rump well claw'd:
Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore
That he deserv'd the Rod much more,
That durst upon a Truth give Doom,
He knew less than the Pope of Rome.
Cardan believ'd, great States depend
Upon the Tip o'th' Bear's Tail's End;
Which, as she whisk'd it tow'rds the Sun,
Strew'd mighty Empires up and down;
Which, others say, must needs be false,
Because your true Bears have no Tails.
Some say, the Zodiack Constellations
Have long since chang'd their antique Stations
Above a Sign, and prove the same
In Taurus now, once in the Ram:
Affirm the Trigons chopp'd and chang'd,
The wat'ry with the fi'ry rang'd:
Then how can their Effects still hold
To be the same they were of old?
This, tho' the Art were true, would make
Our modern Soothsayers mistake,
And in one Cause they tell more Lies,
In Figures and Nativities,

Than th'old Chaldean Conjurers,
In many Hundred thousand Years.
Besides their Nonsense in Translating,
For Want of Accidence and Latine.
Like Idus & Calendæ, english'd
The Quarter Days, by skilful Linguist:
And yet with Canting, Slight, and Cheat,
'Twill serve their Turn to do the Feat;
Make Fools believe in their Foreseeing
Of Things before they are in Being;
To swallow Gudgeons ere they're catch'd,
And count their Chickens ere they're hatch'd:
Make them the Constellations prompt,
And give them back their own Accompt;
But still the best to him that gives
The best Price for't, or best believes. Hud.
Were the Stars only made to light
Robbers and Burglarers by Night?
To wait on Drunkards, Thieves, Gold-Finders,
And Lovers, solacing behind Doors;
Or giving one another Pledges
Of Matrimony under Hedges?
Or Witches simpling, and, on Gibbets,
Cutting, from Malefactors, Snippets;
Or, from the Pillory, Tips of Ears
Of Rebel-Saints and Perjurers?
Only to stand by and look on,
But not to know what's said or done?
Is there a Constellation there,
Who was not born and bred up here?
And therefore cannot be to learn,
In any inferior Concern.
Were they not, during all their Lives,
Most of 'em, Pirates, Whores, and Thieves?
And is it like they have not still
In their old Practices some Skill?
Is there a Planet, that by Birth
Does not derive his House from Earth?
And therefore probably must know
What is, and has been, done below.
Who made the Balance, or whence came
The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?
Did we not here the Argo rig,
Make Berenice's Periwig?
Whose Liv'ry does the Coachman wear?
Or who made Cassiopeia's Chair?
And therefore, as they came from hence,
With us may hold Intelligence. Hud.

But

But sure the heav'nly Movers little care,
Whether our Motion here be false or true;
For we proceed, whilst they are regular,
As if we Dice for all our Actions threw.
We seem surrender'd to indiff'rent Chance, (Gond.
Ev'n Death's grave Work looks like fantastick Play. D'Av.
So, by the Course of the revolving Spheres,
Whene'er a new discover'd Star appears,
Astronomers, with Pleasure and Amaze,
Upon that Infant Luminary gaze;
They find their Heav'n enlarg'd, and wait from thence
Some blest, some more than common, Influence:
But suddenly, alas! the fleeting Light,
Retiring, leaves their Hopes involv'd in endless Night.——

ATALANTA.

He sung the Lovers Fraud, the longing Maid,
With Golden Fruit, like all the Sex, betray'd. Dr. Ving.
When Crowds of Suitors Atalanta try'd,
She Wealth and Beauty, Wit and Fame defy'd;
Each daring Lover with advent'rous Pace,
Pursu'd his Wishes in the dang'rous Race:
Like the swift Hind the bounding Damsel flies:
She gains the Goal, the distanc'd Lover dies. Gay.

ATE.

Amidst the Crowd infernal Ate shakes
Her Scourge aloft, and Crest of hissing Snakes. Dr. Ving.
———————— The Daughter of great Jove,
Ate, the Goddess of Revenge, ————
Who never from her curs'd Designs desists,
But, scorning with her Feet to touch the Earth,
Flies round the Heads of Men, instilling Strife,
And arming Parties to each other's Ruin. Oldisw. Hom.
Jove, catching Ate by the hated Head,
Then swore, she never should return to Heav'n,
To vex the Gods; then whirl'd her round, and flung her
To Earth, where now she plagues unhappy Mortals. Ol. Ho.

ATHEIST.

He with Contempt on blest Religion trod,
Mock'd all her Precepts, and renounc'd his God:
As awful Shades, and Horrors of the Night,
Disturb the Mother, and the Child affright,

Who

Who see dire Spectres, thro' the gloomy Air,
In threat'ning Forms advance; and, shudd'ring, hear
The Groans of wand'ring Ghosts, and Yellings of Despair.
From the same Spring, he says, Devotion flows;
Conscience of Guilt from Dread of Vengeance rose:
Religion is the Creature of the Spleen,
And troubled Fancy forms the World unseen:
That tim'rous Minds, with self-tormenting Care,
Create those awful Phantoms which they fear. Blac. Creat.

ATLAS.

——— See Atlas' lofty Top,
Whose rocky Sides support the Starry Skies:
His hoary Head with piny Forests crown'd,
Which Clouds and never-clearing Mists surround,
And stormy Show'rs: There windy Tempests blow
His Shoulders, cover'd with eternal Snow:
And from his aged Chin great Rivers rise:
His horrid Beard hangs dangling full of Ice. Laud. Virg.
I'll hold thee up, firmer than Atlas stands,
And prop a richer Heav'n with mortal Hands. Lee, Glor.

ATTENTION.

——— They, list'ning all around,
Attend, insatiate, and devour the Sound. Cong.
My Soul is wrapt in dreadful Expectation, (Virg.
And listens to thee, as if Fate were speaking. Den. Ap. &c
I'll lie, and listen here as rev'rently
As to an Angel. If I breathe too loud, ——— (no King.
Tell me; for I would be as still as Night. Beau. King and
Still as a Statute, lo!
I stand, nor shall the Wind presume to blow.
Speak, and it shall be Night; not one shall dare
To sigh, tho' on the Rack he tortur'd were,
Nor for his Soul whisper a dying Pray'r. Lee, Sophon.
O, I will hea'ken, like a doating Mother, (of Lerma.
To hear her Children prais'd by flatt'ring Tongues. How, D.
The Angel ended, and in Adam's Ear
So charming left his Voice, that he a while (Par. Lost.
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear. Milt
——— All deep Attention paid,
And silent sate, and hush'd as Midnight Shade. Bl. K. Arth.
When Venulus began, the murm'ring Sound
Was hush'd, and sacred Silence reign'd around. Dryd. Virg.

When

—— When he speaks,
The Air, a charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in Mens Ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd Sentences. Shak. Hen. V.
Th'attentive Queen
Dwelt on his Accents. Smith, Phæd. & Hip.
—— She, with a greedy Ear,
Devour'd up my Discourse. Shak. Othello.
—— Sure 'tis the Calm of Nature:
So hush'd a Silence, as if all the Gods L. J. Brut.
Look'd down, and listen'd to what we were saying. Lee.
At first soft Whispers thro' th'Assembly went;
With silent Wonder then they watch'd th'Event;
All hush'd —— Dryd. Chauc. Pal. & Arc.
Then thus to both reply'd th'Imperial God,
Who shakes Heav'ns Axles with his awful Nod:
When he begins, the silent Senate stand
With Rev'rence list'ning to the dread Command:
The Clouds dispel, the Winds their Breath restrain,
And the hush'd Waves lie flatted on the Main. Dryd. Virg.
To him the salvage Linxes list'ning stood,
The Rivers rose on Heaps, and stop'd the running Flood,
The hungry Herd refuse their needful Food. Dryd. Virg.
He bow'd, and spoke: The Winds forgot to roar,
And the hush'd Waves glide softly to the Shore. Pope.

AVENTINUS.

Next Aventinus drives his Chariot round
The Latian Plains, with Palms and Lawrel crown'd.
Proud of his Steeds, he smoaks along the Field;
His Father's Hydra fills his ample Shield;
A hundred Serpents hiss about the Brims:
The Son of Hercules he justly seems,
By his broad Shoulders and gigantick Limbs,
Of heav'nly Part, and Part of earthly, Blood,
A mortal Woman mixing with a God:
For strong Alcides, after he had slain
The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain
His lowing Herds; and thence in Triumph led,
On Tuscan Tyber's flow'ry Banks they fed:
Then on Mount Aventine the Son of Jove
The Priestess Rhea found, and forc'd to Love.
Like Hercules himself his Son appears,
In salvage Pomp a Lion's Hide he wears;
About his Shoulders hangs the shaggy Skin,
The Teeth and gaping Jaws severely grin.

Thus

Thus, like the God his Father, homely dress'd,
He strides into the Hall, a horrid Guest. Dryd. Virg.

AVERNI.

Muse, of th'Averni sing; and whence the Name,
And whence the Rage, and hurtful Nature came:
So call'd, because the Birds, that cut the Sky,
If o'er those Places they but chance to fly,
By noxious Steams oppress'd, fall down, and die:
Death meets them in the Air, and strikes them dead;
They fall with hanging Wing, and bended Head;
And strike the pois'nous Lake, or deadly Field:
Such Vapours boiling Springs near Cumæ yield. Cree. Lucr.
—— Here the Road
To Hell lies open, and the dark Abode,
Which Acheron surrounds, th'innavigable Flood. Dr. Virg.
You must not fansy these the Gates of Hell;
That there the smutty Gods and Manes dwell,
And thro' those Places draw the wand'ring Souls,
As Deer suck Serpents from their lurking Holes. Cr. Lucr.

AVERSION.

Lead me o'er Bones and Skulls, and mould'ring Earth
Of human Bodies: For I'll mix with them;
Or wind me in the Shrowd of some pale Corse
Yet green in Earth, rather than be the Bride
Of Garcia's more detested Bed —— Cong. Mourn. Bride.
As well the noble Salvage of the Field
Might tamely couple with a fearful Ewe;
Tigers ingender with the tim'rous Deer;
Wild muddy Boars defile the cleanly Ermine;
Or Vultures sort with Doves, as I with thee. Lee, Mith.
No! were we join'd, ev'n tho' it were in Death,
Our Bodies burning in one Fun'ral Pile,
The Prodigy of Thebes would be renew'd,
And my divided Flames should break from thine. Dr. D. Seb.

AUGUR.

Calchas, the Sacred Seer, who had in View
Things present and the Past, and Things to come foreknew,
Supream of Augurs —— —— Dryd. Hom.
The Holy Chalchas, who reads ev'ry Page
Of secret Fate, and knows the Hearts of Gods. Lansd.
Her. Love.
O thou,

O thou, who know'st, beyond the Reach of Man,
The Laws of Heav'n, and what the Stars decree;
Whom Phœbus taught unerring Prophecy,
From his own Tripod, and his holy Tree:
Skill'd in the wing'd Inhabitants of Air,
What Auspices their Notes and Flights declare. Dryd. Virg.
He mark'd the Tracks of ev'ry Bird that flew,
And sure Presages from their flying drew. Dryd. Ovid.
Vers'd in Portents, experienc'd, and inspir'd
To tell Events, and what the Fates requir'd. Dryd. Virg.
He Heav'n interprets, and the wand'ring Stars;
From offer'd Entrails Prodigies expounds,
And Peals of Thunder, with presaging Sounds. Dryd. Virg.
Some frantick Augur has observ'd the Skies:
Some Victim wants a Heart, or Crow flies wrong.
Shall I go publish Hector dares not fight,
Because a Madman dreamt he talk'd with Jove?
What could the God see in a brain-sick Priest,
That he should sooner talk to him than me? Dryd. Troil. & Cress.
Now, Dotard, now; thou blind old Wizard, Prophet,
Where are your boding Ghosts, your Altars now,
Your Birds of Knowledge, that in dusky Air
Chatter Futurity ——— Lee. Oedip.

AURORA.

So, when Aurora first salutes the Sight,
Pleas'd, we behold the tender Dawn of Light;
But when with riper Red she warms the Skies,
In circling Throngs the wing'd Musicians rise,
And the gay Groves rejoice in Symphonies.
Each pearly Flow'r with painted Beauty shines,
And ev'ry Star its fading Fire resigns. Garth.
Like bright Aurora, whose refulgent Ray
Foretels the Fervour of ensuing Day,
And warns the Shepherd with his Flocks Retreat
To leafy Shadows from the threaten'd Heat. Wall.
Thus breaks Aurora thro' the Veil of Night,
Thus fly the Clouds, divided by her Light,
And ev'ry Eye receives a new-born Sight. Cong. Old Bat.
Aurora now had left Tithonus' Bed,
And o'er the World her blushing Rays had spread. Den. Vir.
—— Behold the fair Aurora rise,
And gild with purple Beams the blushing Skies:
The warbling Lark salutes her chearful Ray,
And welcomes with his Song the rising Day.

The rising Day ambrosial Dew distills;
Th'ambrosial Dew with balmy Odours fills
The Flow'rs; the Flow'rs rejoice, and Nature smiles. Br.
So, when Aurora first unseals her Eyes,
A purple Dawn invests the blushing Skies. Gay, Ovid.

AUTUMN.

Next Autumn, when the Sun's withdrawing Ray
The Night enlarges, and contracts the Day,
To crown his Labour, to the Farmer yields
The yellow Treasures of his fruitful Fields;
Ripens the Harvest for the crooked Steel,
(While bending Stalks the rural Weapon feel)
The fragrant Fruit for the nice Palate fits,
And to the Press the swelling Grape submits. Blac.
Our Woods, with Juniper and Chestnuts crown'd,
With falling Fruits and Berries paint the Ground, (Virg.
And lavish Nature laughs, and strews her Stores around. Dr.

B.

BABE.

MAN at his Birth, unhappy Son of Grief,
Is helpless cast on the wild Coasts of Life,
In want of all Things whence our Comforts flow,
A sad and moving Spectacle of Woe!
Infants in ill-presaging Cries complain,
As conscious of a coming Life of Pain:
All Things mean-time to Beasts kind Nature grants,
Prevents their Suff'rings, and supplies their Wants;
Brought forth, with Ease, they grow, and skip, and feed,
No dandling Nurse, or gingling Gugaw need:
In Caves they lurk, or o'er the Mountains range,
Nor ever thro' the Year their Garments change:
Unvers'd in Arms, and ignorant of War,
They need no Forts, and no Invasion fear:
Whate'er they want, from Nature's Hand they gain,
The Life she gave, she watches to maintain. Blac. Lucr.
With Throes and Pangs into the World we come,
The Curse and Burthen of the Womb;
Nor wretched in our selves alone,
Our Mothers Labours introduce our own.
In Cries and Tears our Infancy we waste,
Those sad prophetick Tears that flow
By Instinct of our future Woe,
And ev'n our Dawn of Life with Sorrow's overcast. Yald.

——— As soon as born, he helpless lies,
And mourns his Woes in ill-presaging Cries;
But does not Nature for the Child prepare
The Parents Love, the Nurses tender Care,
Who, of their own forgetful, seek his Good, (Blac.
Infold his Limbs in Bands, and fill his Veins with Food?
The lovely Babe was born with ev'ry Grace;
Ev'n Envy must have prais'd so fair a Face:
Such was his Form, as Painters, when they show
Their utmost Art, on naked Loves bestow;
And, that their Arms no Diff'rence might betray,
Give him a Bow, or his from Cupid take away. Dryd. Ovid.
When humbly on the Royal Babe we gaze,
The manly Lines of a Majestick Face
Give awful Joy: 'Tis Paradise to look
On the fair Frontispiece of Nature's Book:
If the first op'ning Page so charms the Sight,
Think how th'unfolded Volume will delight!
See how the venerable Infant lies
In early Pomp; how thro' the Mother's Eyes
The Father's Soul, with an undaunted View,
Looks out, and takes our Homage as his Due.
See on his future Subjects how he smiles,
Nor meanly flatters, nor with Craft beguiles;
But, with an open Face, as on his Throne,
Assures our Birthrights, and assumes his own. Dryd.
(spoken of the Prince of Wales.

BACCHANALS.

Like Bacchanals the beaten Ground they shake,
As when of old the trembling Earth they trod
In measur'd Rounds, to please the lustful God:
When their lewd Songs to Priapus they sung,
And Groves obscene with sounding Cymbals rung.
She, like a Fury, roams about the Town,
And then she, madding, roves o'er Hills and Plains;
In Woods she sacred Rights to Bacchus feigns,
To shaded Hills her Daughter she conveys,
And Evoë roars aloud; Bacchus, she said,
Bacchus is only worthy of the Maid:
To thee she Dances leads, for thee her flowing Hair
She feeds, and bears for thee an Ivy Spear.
Like Madness all the Latine Matrons seiz'd,
They quit their own, to seek new Dwellings pleas'd;

To

To wanton Winds expose their trembling Hair,
While some with Howlings rend the trembling Air,
And wrapp'd in Skins, they Vine-leav'd Lances bear.
The Queen a Torch amidst the giddy Throng
Sustains, and sings young Turnus' nuptial Song;
And then she darts her sanguine Looks around,
And of a sudden cries with dreadful Sound,
Io, ye Latine Dames, if Parents Care
Can touch your Hearts, with me unbind your Hair,
And Bacchus' Rites pursue: Thro' Woods and Wilds
They run; Alecto drives them thro' the Fields. Laud.

BACCHUS.

O Bacchus, God of Joys and friendly Cheer. Dryd. Virg.
——— Thou Son of Semele,
The Joy of Man, and Pleasure of the Gods. Broome.
O thou, whose Bounty makes our Fields abound;
For thee the Seasons smile, our teeming Ground
And foamy Vessels with thy Gifts are crown'd.
Great Liber come, and lay thy Buskins by,
With me thy Thighs in bleeding Clusters die. Laud. Virg.
In jolly Hymns they praise the God of Wine,
Whose earthen Images adorn the Pine,
And there are hung on high, in Honour of the Vine.
A Madness so devout the Vineyard fills,
In hollow Valleys, and on rising Hills:
On whate'er Side he turns his honest Face,
And dances in the Wind, those Fields are in his Grace.
To Bacchus therefore let us tune our Lays,
And in our Mother Tongue resound his Praise:
Thin Cakes in Chargers, and a guilty Goat,
Dragg'd by the Horns, be to his Altar brought;
Whose offer'd Entrails shall his Crime reproach,
And drip their Fatness from the Hazel Broach. Dryd. Virg.
'Twas Bacchus first who prun'd the climbing Vine,
And taught the Grape to stream with gen'rous Wine. Gay.
The God we now behold with open'd Eyes,
A Herd of Lynx and Panthers round him lies,
In glaring Forms: The grapy Clusters spread
Around his Brows, and dangle on his Head. Add. Ovid.
——— Thro' prostrate Greece young Bacchus rode,
And howling Matrons solemniz'd the God:
All Ranks and Sexes to his Orgies ran,
To fill the Pomps, and mingle in the Train. Add. Ovid.
Fierce Tigers Daphnis taught the Yoke to bear;
And first with curling Ivy dress'd the Spear:

Daphnis did Rites to Bacchus firſt ordain;
And holy Revels for his reeling Train. Dryd. Virg.

B A L M - T R E E.

Balm ſlowly trickles thro' the bleeding Veins
Of happy Shrubs, in Idumæan Plains. Dryd. Virg.
The ſoft Idume weeps her od'rous Tears. Dryd. Virg.
Such Nature in that gen'rous Plant is found,
Whoſe ev'ry Breach does with a Salve abound;
And wounds it ſelf to cure another's Wound:
Glad with Expence of Blood to ſerve their Uſe;
In Pity to Mankind it ſheds its Juice:
First, with kind Tears our Maladies bewails,
And after heals:
And makes thoſe very Tears the Remedy produce. Oldh.
So ſov'raign are thoſe Drops, the Balm-Tree ſweats.
Dryd. Riv. Lad.

B A R B I C A N *Play-Houſe.*

Cloſe to the Walls, which fair Auguſta bind,
The fair Auguſta, much to Fears inclin'd,
An ancient Fabrick, rais'd t'inform the Sight,
There ſtood of Yore, and Barbican it hight:
A Watch-Tow'r once; but now, ſo Fate ordains,
Of all the Pile an empty Name remains.
From its old Ruins Brothel-Houſes riſe,
Scenes of lewd Loves, and of polluted Joys:
Where their vaſt Courts the Mother-Strumpets keep,
And, undiſturb'd by Watch, in Silence ſleep.
Near theſe, a Nurſery erects its Head,
Where Queens are form'd, and future Heroes bred;
Where unfledg'd Actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where Infant Punks their tender Voices try,
And little Maximins the Gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in Buskins here,
Nor greater Johnſon dares in Socks appear:
But gentle Simkin juſt Reception finds
Amidſt this Monument of vaniſh'd Minds:
Pure Clinches the Suburbian Muſe affords,
And Panton, waging harmleſs War with Words. Dryd. Mac. Flec.

BARZILLAI.

In this short File Barzillai first appears;
Barzillai, crown'd with Honours and with Years:
Long since, the rising Rebels he withstood
In Regions waste, beyond the Jordan's Flood:
Unfortunately brave to buoy the State;
But, sinking underneath his Master's Fate,
In Exile with his God-like Prince he mourn'd,
For him he suffer'd, and with him return'd.
The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's Art:
Large was his Wealth, but larger was his Heart:
Which well the noblest Objects knew to chuse,
The fighting Warriour, and recording Muse.
His Bed could once a fruitful Issue boast;
Now more than half a Father's Name is lost:
His eldest Hope, with ev'ry Grace adorn'd,
By me, so Heav'n will have it, always mourn'd,
And always honour'd, snatch'd in Manhood's Prime,
By' unequal Fates, and Providence's Crime:
Yet not before the Goal of Honour won
All Parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son;
Swift was the Race, but short the Time to run.
O narrow Circle, but of Pow'r Divine,
Scanted in Space, but perfect in thy Line!
By Seas, by Land, thy matchless Worth was known;
Arms thy Delight, and War was all thy own:
O ancient Honour, O unconquer'd Hand,
Whom Foes, unpunish'd, never could withstand!
But Israel was unworthy of his Name:
Short is the Date of all immod'rate Fame.
Now, free from Earth, thy disencumber'd Soul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the Clouds and starry Pole:
Here stop, my Muse; here cease thy painful Flight;
No Pinions can pursue immortal Height. Dryd. Abs. & Ach.

BASTARD.

Thou, Nature, art my Goddess: To thy Law
My Services are bound; Wherefore should I
Stand in the Plague of Custom, and permit
The Curiosity of Nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen Moonshines
Lag of a Brother? Why Bastard? Wherefore base,
When my Dimensions are as well compact,

My

My Mind as gen'rous, and my Shape as true
As honest Madam's Issue? Why brand they us
With Base, with Baseness, and with Bastardy?
Who in the lusty Stealth of Nature take
More Composition and fierce Quality,
Than does, within a dull, stale, tir'd Bed,
Go to th' creating a whole Tribe of Fops,
Got between Sleep and Waking. *Shak. K. Lear.*

BATCHELOUR.

——— Thus loose I move,
Free and unbounded taste the Sweets of Life,
Love where I please, and never know the Strife,
That's bred by that domestick Plague, call'd Wife.
Otw. Friendsh. in Fash.

For who, that has the Joys of Freedom known,
Would chuse to put the Marriage Fetters on?
To bind himself a Galley-Slave for Life,
And drag about that galling Load, a Wife?
Th' unmarry'd Youth no anxious Cares molest,
No Sorrows discompose his peaceful Breast;
His Heart and Thoughts are, as his Person, free,
And Pleasure courts him with Variety;
With sparkling Wines he oft revives his Soul,
And drowns all Trouble in the Cordial Bowl;
Then finds some Nymph, who freely yields her Heart,
And strives to ease the faithful Lover's Smart,
Who thinks her Kindness Charm enough to move,
And scorns all other Bonds, but those of Love:
Nor Love's ungrateful to the willing Maid;
Debts, that have least of Force, are surest paid;
But, when oblig'd to kiss, Men soon grow tir'd,
And hate those Pleasures they before admir'd.

BATHILLO.

Last rose Bathillo, deck'd with borrow'd Rays,
Renown'd for other's Projects, others Lays:
A gay, pragmatical, pretending Tool,
Opiniatively wise, and pertly dull.
A Demi-Statesman, talkative and loud,
Hot without Courage, without Merit proud,
A Leader fit for the unthinking Crowd.
With dapper Gesture, but with haughty Look,
His lewd Associates vainly he bespoke.

BATHING.

She, bathing, stood far in the crystal Stream:
It must be she; that naked, dazling Sweetness:
The very Figure of the Morning Star,
That, dropping Pearls, and shedding dewy Sweets,
Fled from the greedy Waves, when I approach'd. Lee
(Theod.

——— The Streams my Fair betray'd:
To my fond Eyes she all transparent stood.
She blush'd: I smil'd at the slight-cov'ring Flood:
Thus thro' the Glass the lovely Lilly glows:
Thus thro' the ambient Gem shines forth the Rose. ———

BATTEL.

Sound all our Trumpets there: To Arms! To Arms!
Beat the big Drum! Speak ev'ry Voice of War! Hopk. Pyrr.

And now on either Side the Trumpets blow,
Signal of Onset, Resolution firm
Inspiring, and pernicious Love of War.
The adverse Fronts in rueful Conflict meet,
Collecting all their Might. Phil.

Iron and Lead, from Earth's dark Entrails torn,
Like Show'rs of Hail, from either Side are borne:
So high the Rage of wretched Mortals goes,
Hurling their Mother's Bowels at their Foes. Wall.

To charge the Foe the eager Britons flew,
And missive Fires and Hand-Granadoes threw:
Sent whistling Show'rs of Lead, and Storms of artful Fire;
Volley for Volley gave, and Wound for Wound:
Redoubled Volleys rent the ambient Air,
And flying Clouds, now faster flew for Fear.

The Muskets Vollies and the Shouts of War,
The Soldiers Cries, the Drums and Trumpets Voice,
A horrid Medley made of loud discordant Noise:
Dreadful Confusion, complicated Sounds,
And confluent Horrours scare the list'ning Towns:
Echos with Echos combat in the Skies;
Clamours with Clamours meet, and Cries with Cries:
On rouling Waves of Air and adverse Tides
Borne to and fro triumphant Uproar rides:
Rencount'ring Sounds th' etherial Deep embroil,
From Heav'n to Earth, from Earth to Heav'n recoil:
Unseen Destruction, swiftly, sharp the Skies,
In leaden Tempests back and forward flies:
Their pond'rous Balls in Vollies they unload;
And massy Deaths in Flame and Smoke explode:

On either Side thus terribly they fir'd,
Neither advanc'd, and neither Foe retir'd:
On the same Ground insensible they stood,
Fearless of Death, and obstinate in Blood. **Blac. Eliza.**

——— ——— Now from each Van
The brazen Instruments of Death discharge
Horrible Flames, and turbid streaming Clouds
Of Smoke sulphureous; intermix'd with these
Large globous Irons fly, of dreadful Hiss,
Singeing the Air, and from long Distance bring
Surprizing Slaughter: On each Side they fly
By Chains connex'd, and with destructive Sweep
Behead whole Troops at once: The hairy Scalps
Are whirl'd aloof; while num'rous Trunks bestrow
Th' ensanguin'd Field: With latent Mischief stor'd
Show'rs of Granados rain, by suddain Burst
Disploding murd'rous Bowels, Fragments of Steel,
And Stones and Glass, and nitrous Grain adust;
A thousand Ways at once the shiver'd Orbs
Fly diverse, working Torment, and foul Rout,
With deadly Bruise, and Gashes furrow'd deep.
Of Pain impatient, the high-prauncing Steeds
Disdain the Curb, and, flinging to and fro,
Spurn their dismounted Riders; they expire
Indignant, by unhostile Wounds destroy'd.
Thus, thro' each Army, Death, in various Shapes,
Prevail'd; here mangled Limbs, here Brains and Gore
Lie clotted; lifeless some, with Anguish these
Gnashing, and loud Laments invoking Aid,
Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder Din
Of Guns, and Trumpets Clang, and solemn Sound
Of Drums o'ercame their Groans: In equal Scale
Long hung the Fight: Few Marks of Fear were seen,
None of Retreat: As when two adverse Winds,
Sublim'd from dewy Vapours, in mid Sky
Engage with horrid Shock, the ruffled Brine
Roars stormy; they together dash the Clouds,
Levying their equal Force with utmost Rage:
Long undecided lasts the airy Strife.
So they, incens'd; till Churchill, viewing where
The Violence of Tallard most prevail'd,
Came to oppose his slaught'ring Arm, with speed
Precipitant he rode, urging his Way
O'er Hills of gasping Heroes, and fall'n Steeds,
Rouling in Death: Destruction, grim with Blood,
Attends his furious Course. ——— ———

——— Around

——— ——— Around his Head
The glowing Balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous Sway deals fatal Blows,
Amongst the scatter'd Gauls. ———
——— ——— ——— Swift and fierce,
As wint'ry Storm, he flies to reinforce
The yielding Wing; In Gallick Blood again
He dews his reeking Sword, and strows the Ground
With headless Ranks: ——— ——— ———
——— ——— ——— Unmanly Dread invades
The French astony'd; strait their useless Arms
They quit, and in their swift Retreat confide
Unseemly yelling: Distant Hills return
The hideous Noise. What can they do? Or how
Withstand his wide-destroying Sword? Or where
Find Shelter, thus repuls'd? Behind, with Wrath
Resistless, th' eager English Champions press,
Chastising tardy Flight: Before them rouls
His Current swift the Danube, vast and deep,
Supream of Rivers: To the frightful Brink,
Urg'd by compulsive Arms, soon as they reach'd,
New Horrour chill'd their Veins; Devote they saw
Themselves to wretched Doom: With Efforts vain,
Encourag'd by Despair, or obstinate
To fall like Men, in Arms some dare renew
Feeble Engagement, meeting glorious Fate
On the firm Land: The rest, discomfited,
Leap plunging in the wide extended Flood.
Bands, num'rous as the Memphian Soldiery,
That swell'd the Erythræan Wave, when wall'd
The unfroze Waters marvelously stood,
Observant of the great Command: Upbore
By frothy Billows, thousands float the Stream
In cumbrous Mail, with Love of farther Shore,
Confiding in their Hands, that sedulous strive
To cut th' outragious Fluent: ——— ———
——— ——— ——— Their Horses paw
The swelling Surge with fruitless Toil: Surcharg'd,
And in his Course obstructed by large Spoil,
The River flows redundant, and attacks
The ling'ring Remnant with unusual Tide:
Then, rouling back, in his capacious Lap,
Ingulphs their whole Militia, quick immers'd.
Nor did the British Squadrons now surcease
To gall their Foes o'erwhelm'd; full many felt
In the moist Element a scorching Death,
Pierc'd sinking; shrowded in a dusky Cloud

The

The Current flows, with livid missive Flames
Boiling; as once Pergamian Xanthus boil'd,
Inflam'd by Vulcan, when th' swift-footed Son
Of Peleus to his baleful Banks pursu'd
The straggling Trojans: Not less eager drove
Victorious Churchill his desponding Foes
Into the Deep immense, that many a League
Impurpled ran, with gushing Gore distain'd. Phil.
As when the Western Wind exerts its Rage,
And tyrannizes o'er the liquid Plain;
Strait, Mountains of congested Waves are seen,
Each riding on the others Back to Land,
Where with loud Roar they're broken; if they meet
Some tow'ring Rock, that proudly interposes,
They higher swell, and bristling spit their Foam,
And cover its surmounted Head with Weeds;
So did the num'rous Bodies of the Greeks
Advance to Battel: Each their Leader had,
Whom silently they follow'd: You'd have said,
Jove had of Speech depriv'd this Multitude:
Their Armour flash'd unsufferable Brightness.
The Trojans, like a Flock of Ewes, penn'd up
Within a rich Man's Fold, till all be milk'd,
And never give o'er baaing, while they hear
Their Lambkins bleat: So they their wide Host fill'd
With Cries and Shouts. ——— ———
Mars led the Trojans, and the Greeks Minerva;
But Terrour follow'd both, and Flight, and Discord,
Burning with Rage insatiable.
This unrelenting Deity, destructive
To both the Armies, ran from Rank to Rank,
Inflaming ev'ry Heart with deadly Rage,
And feeding on the Mischiefs she fomented.
Now were both Armies met, and Battel join'd;
Shields jostle Shields, and Lances Lances cross;
Strength answers Strength, and mighty Tumult rises;
The Victors Shouts, and Groans of those that fall,
Confounded mix, while Earth is drown'd with Blood.
As when impetuous Torrents, big with Rain,
Eating their Way, rush headlong from the Hills,
And in a Vale's deep Gulph commix their Stores:
The Shepherd, from some Rock's remotest Height,
Hears the loud Roar, and shiv'ring hugs himself;
So from their Conflicts, Fright and Clamour rose,
And tore the Air, and fill'd with Dread the Region.
Both Greeks and Trojans fell in countless Numbers:
Like Wolves they rush, and Death for Death exchang'd!

Each Combatant so well perform'd his Duty,
That could a Man, unhurt, have view'd the Battel,
And thro' each Scene of Death been safely led
By Pallas, he throughout the Field had found
Nothing but Subjects of Applause and Wonder.
So many Greeks and Trojans strew'd the Plain,
And on the Spot, where each Man fought, he fell. { Hom. Ozell.

They ceafe not from the Fight: Now here, now there,
The restless Combate rages thro' the Field,
Whilst Storms of adverse Spears obscure the Sky. Oz. Hom.

Clad in bright Arms, the Infantry rush'd forth,
And waited with Impatience, till Aurora
Brighten'd her Rays, and usher'd in full Day.
The Foot was rang'd before the Horse; the Horse
Mov'd to the Battel, and sustain'd the Foot.
Then mighty Jove, by Claps of dreadful Thunder,
Which shook the very Pillars of the Heav'ns
From their Foundations, gave the Sign of Battel.
As when two Bands of Mowers adverse stand,
Rang'd at the two Extreams of some vast Field
Where wanton Ceres smiles in Sheaves of Gold:
Rank against Rank, with Emulation fir'd,
Advances on each Side; in Loads the Corn
Falls to the Ground before the sharpen'd Scythes:
The Trojans thus and Greeks each other charg'd;
And Death stalk'd o'er the Plain: No Thoughts appear'd
Of Flight; none of Dismay: In even Scales
The Battel hung: As two fierce Wolves engage
And combat o'er the Prey, they rush'd in Arms.
Discord with Joy beheld the bloody Scene;
For she alone was there, of all the Gods. Bro. Hom.

Now equal Ruin rag'd on either Side;
And Vict'ry mutual Favours did divide,
Flowing and ebbing with an equal Tide.
With like Success, by Turns, the doubtful Field,
The Victors and the Vanquish'd win and yield:
Such was the bloody Labour of the Day;
And in such ev'n Scales their Fortune lay. Blac. Pr. Arth.

——————— The Battel doubtful stood,
As two ſpent Swimmers, that cling fast together,
And choak their Art. ——— Shak. Mach.

The Battel fares like to the Morning War,
Where dying Clouds contend with growing Light;
Now, sways it this Way, like a mighty Sea,
Forc'd by the Tide to combat with the Wind;
Now sways it that Way, like the self same Sea,
Forc'd to retire by Fury of the Wind:

Some-

Sometimes the Wind prevails, and then the Flood;
Now one the better, then another best,
Both tugging to be Victors, Breast to Breast;
But neither conquer'd is, nor Conqueror:
Such is the equal Poise of this fell War. *Shak. Hen. 6. p. 3.*

While to her Noon the sacred Day advanc'd,
On even Wings, between the warring Armies,
Dubious the Conquest hover'd; till the Hour
In which the Woodman in some shady Vale
Prepares his Dinner, when his sin'wy Arms
Are tir'd with felling the rough Forest Oaks,
Then the fierce Grecians push'd the yielding Trojans:
Forth to the Battel Agamemnon rush'd.
As when a famish'd Lion in a Forest
Assaults the Covert of the trembling Hind,
His hungry Jaws devour the tender Fawns
While the affrighted Dam, tho' she beholds,
No Aid can bring: For she with Fear is seiz'd,
Trembles, and, thro' the Woods, and o'er the Lawns
From the fell Beast precipitates her Flight;
So rush'd Atrides 'gainst th' unhappy Youths,
Nor durst the Trojans, who beheld the Fight,
Move to assist, or interpose their Aid,
But fled disorder'd from his conqu'ring Arm.
——— ——— Where the Trojans stood
In firmest Battel join'd, the Hero rush'd;
And all the Grecians issu'd to the Fight.
The Grecian Foot o'erpower'd the Trojan Foot;
Put them to flight, and slew them as they fled:
Th' Horse push'd their Horse, and mighty Clouds of Dust
Rose from beneath the Feet of Men and Horses,
Darken'd the Skies, and overcast the Day.
Still Agamemnon press'd the yielding Trojans,
Laid waste the Fight, and dealt Destruction round,
As when a fierce wide wasting Fire devours
Some vast prodigious Forest on a Mountain,
To ev'ry Side the Wind extends the Flame,
And with the Boughs the very Trunks destroys:
So fell the Trojans by Atrides' Arms:
Dire was the Noise; Confusion stalk'd around:
Th' affrighted Steeds hurry'd the empty Cars
Thro' the Battalions, and deform'd the War.
The Charioteers, whose Reins they us'd to bear,
Pierc'd with deep Wounds, lay breathless on the Ground;
A Prey, which hungry Vultures view with Joy,
But frightful Objects to their weeping Wives.
Still o'er the Plain the trembling Trojans fled;

Fled like a Herd of Beeves, which some brave Lion
Drives o'er the Meadows in a gloomy Night:
He chases all, but only one destroys:
Her down he tears, and rends, and then devours:
Thus Agamemnon chas'd the flying Trojans,
And still he slew the last: They, from their Cars,
Struck by his Spear, precipitating fell.
He thro' the Ranks still forc'd his dreadful Way
With mighty Strokes, and with his Spear and Sword;
Nor ceas'd from Slaughter. ——— Broome Hom.

As when fierce Zephyr rushes from the West,
To dissipate the Clouds, which the South-East
Had gather'd; them he drives along the Skies,
And scatters in his Course: Then Waves on Waves
He raises, and afflicts the hoary Deep:
So, by the Sword of Hector, Heaps on Heaps
Rose on the Plain, and strew'd the Ground with Deaths.
Broome Hom.

Then Jove, who, from the Heights of lofty Ida,
Beheld the Fight, in equal Ballance hung
The Battel; and with equal Strides grim Death
Stalk'd thro' the Grecian and the Trojan Army. Br. Hom.

As when some Stream, increas'd by Floods of Rain,
That tumble with a dreadful Sound from Mountains,
O'erflows his Banks, and deluges the Plains;
He bears the lofty Oaks and stately Pines
Down his fierce Torrent to the distant Main:
Thus o'er the Field of Battel Ajax rag'd,
And overthrew the Chariots and the Horse,
And dealt Destruction thro' the Trojan Host.
——— ——— Xanthus' Stream
Then flow'd with Crimson Waves, and from his Banks
Echo'd around the dreadful Noise of War.
Amazing Deeds were now perform'd by Hector;
Slaughter and Death attended on his Sword,
And in his Rage he laid the Battel waste. Broome Hom.
——— ——— The Battel now
Rages with all its Fury; Trojans fall
On Trojans, Horse on Horse; and to the Heav'ns
The dreadful Clamour of the Fight resounds.
——— ——— The Horses flew
Swift over Heaps of Arms, and Hills of Slain;
O'er Shields, and Hero's gasping in their Blood:
Th' ensanguin'd Axles and the Chariot-Wheels
Blush'd in the Blood, which from the crimson Ground
The Horses upward forc'd in goary Rains. Broome Hom.

The

The Greeks, dismay'd by Jove's Almighty Arm,
Ran tow'ards the Fleet, precipitate in Flight,
To shun the Sword of Hector, who around,
Like an unruly Hurricane, bore down
With Violence whate'er oppos'd his Course.
As when the Dogs and clam'rous Swains surround
A dreadful Lion, or a furious Boar,
He rouls around his Eye-balls flashing Flame,
While they stand adverse, wedg'd in deep Array,
And dart from far a hissing Show'r of Spears;
But he, unterrify'd, maintains his Ground;
His gen'rous Soul disdains a coward Flight;
And when he falls, 'tis thro' Excess of Courage:
Now here, now there, he rushes on his Foes,
Springs on the yielding Swains, and gains his Way:
Such Hector was; so battel'd on the Plain. Broome Hom.
Mean time the Horrours of the Battel rise; (Hom.
While Shouts, like Thunder, shake the very Heav'ns. Broome
——— Then, like the dreadful God of Battel,
Merion rush'd impetuous to the Fight.
And, when the Trojans from afar beheld
The gallant Heroes, marching to the Onset,
In shining Armour formidably gay,
With hideous Shouts they issu'd to the War,
Which now was kindled into ten-fold Rage;
While from each Part they mov'd in firm Array
To meet the Storm. As when the warring Winds
Rush stormy from all Quarters of the Heav'ns,
While the hot Dog-Star fires the thirsty Plains;
Thick Clouds of Dust, forc'd up by adverse Blasts,
Darken the Skies, and overcast the Day:
So Hope and Fear, Despair and burning Rage,
From ev'ry Quarter drew a dreadful Train
Of Warriours to the Battel. Death they breath'd,
And Slaughter to the Greeks: Around the Field
A Forest huge of Spears arose; afar
The beamy Helmets, and the burnish'd Shields,
The gorgeous Bucklers, and the flaming Breast-Plates,
Diffus'd a Glory to the very Skies.
What Heart of Steel could such a Scene behold,
And not relent, and melt into a Tear? Broome Hom.
Then, where the Fury of the Battel rag'd,
They bent their Course; and, to relieve the Troops,
Rush'd forward to the Fight, and shone in Arms.
As when a dreadful Hurricane of Winds
Bursts from the Clouds, while from the gloomy Skies
Th' Almighty speaks his Wrath in Peals of Thunder,

And hurls his Lightning to distress the World;
The dreadful Tempest settles on the Main,
And plows the hoary Deep; the Seas resound,
The Billows rise; and, dreadful in Array,
Foam in the Heavens, and tumble to the Shores.
Thus, in the horrid Pomp of War, the Trojans,
March'd to the Battel; while their beamy Arms
Diffus'd a dreadful Lustre to the Heavens.
Like the pernicious God of Battels, Hector
Led to the Onset; and before his Breast
Bore his enormous Shield; a mighty Orb!
That, like a Sun, shed round him Beams of Day.
His crested Helm wav'd terrible in Air;
And, with a threat'ning Look and martial Stalk,
He rush'd against the Greeks: Th' undaunted Greeks
Strengthen'd their Ranks, impatient for the War. Br. Hom.
Nor were the Greeks dismay'd: unmov'd they stood,
Waiting the Shock of War: With dreadful Shouts
They shook the Ground, and rent the very Heav'ns. Br. Hom.
Now, o'er the Field, with vast gigantick Strides,
Stalk'd ghastly Death; and still the Clank of Arms
Bray'd o'er the Plain, and rent the suff'ring Skies. Br. Hom.
Now Hector form'd the Trojans in Array;
And now the Game of War, the bloody Fray,
With tenfold Fury rag'd. ——— Broome Hom.
——— The Greeks, with horrid Shouts,
Pour'd on the Trojans; and inflam'd the War. Br. Hom.
——— In Heaps the Trojans fell,
And disarray confus'd the Form of Battel. Broome Hom.
While many clos'd their Eyes in Death's cold Arms,
In Ir'n Slumbers, and eternal Night. Broome Hom.
But, now the Son of Jove, immortal Phoebus,
Breath'd into Hector's Soul heroick Ardour:
As some fair Courser, who has long been pamper'd,
Breaks from the Stable, and with ample Strokes
Bounds o'er the Plain, and scours along the Ground;
Eager to bathe in some calm crystal Flood,
He cleaves the Air, and makes the Earth resound;
Haughty in Paces, and erect his Head,
And o'er his Shoulders waves his flowing Mane,
Proud of his Beauty, stung with fierce Desires,
To wonted Pastures, and to well-known Females,
Swift o'er the Plain he wings his airy Way:
So Hector flew to Battel, when the God
Inspir'd his Soul with Vigour for the Fight.
As when the Swains, and the pursuing Hounds
Chase o'er the Plain a Stag, or savage Roe;

Swift flies the bounding Game, and gains his Hold
On some impervious Rock: Then from Pursuit
The Hunters cease; for Fate preserves the Prey.
But, from his Den, the Terrour of the Wood,
Rowz'd by their Cries, a sullen Lion comes,
Shoots on the Hunters, and the trembling Hounds,
And scatters them precipitate in Flight:
Thus o'er the Field the Grecians chas'd the Trojans
Back to their Chariots: But when Priam's Son
Return'd to Battel, clad in beamy Arms,
Down sunk the Spirits of the fainting Greeks;
Who flying o'er the Plain, the Sons of Troy
Behind, chastis'd their Flight. ——— Broome Hom.

As when two Lions, rushing from the Woods,
Scatter a Flock of Sheep, or Herd of Beeves,
Which want the Shepherd's Care; while sable Night
With Clouds of Darkness overspreads the Skies:
——— Ev'n so the Greeks, chas'd by the Trojans,
In Disarray, urge their disorder'd Flight. Broome Hom.
——— ——— And now the Trojans
Rush'd on impetuous; and before them Hector
With haughty Stalk came tow'ring to the Fight.
The Greeks intrepid stood the fierce Assault,
And hideous Shouting shook the stedfast Earth:
Thick Clouds of flying Darts o'ercast the Day;
And Storms of Spears, impatient to discharge
Their dire Commissions, hiss'd along the Air:
Some drank the Blood, some quiver'd in the Ground.
On even Wings, between the warring Armies,
Dubious the Conquest hover'd; on each Side,
With equal Paces, Death strode o'er the Field.

With dreadful Shouts, and, in their warrious Cars,
The Trojans rode to Battel; ———
Triumphant o'er the Field, before them march'd
The God armipotent, and with a Nod
Levell'd the Foss, and made an easy Way:
O'er this in Trains they pour'd upon the Wall:
Then Phœbus, shaking his tremendous Ægis,
O'erturn'd it to the Ground. As when a Boy
Draws on the Shores, to entertain his Fancy,
Imagin'd Walls and Houses in the Sands:
The sportive Wanton, pleas'd with some new Toy,
Razes again the Works in childish Play,
The fashion'd Palaces, and rising Domes:
With no less Ease, O Phœbus, did the Wall
Down at thy Presence fall, and at the Sight
The Grecians flew impetuous o'er the Field;

Nor ceas'd they, till they gain'd the distant Navy.
——— ——— Forth sprung the Trojans,
With double Fury, and horrendous Shouts,
As the proud Waves of the tumultuous Main,
When stormy Winds insult the boiling Deep,
Buffet a Ship, and, rising o'er its Sides,
Burst in the Air, and fill the delug'd Womb:
So rush'd the Trojans o'er the Grecian Wall,
High on their Cars they battel'd at the Navy;
And from the Ships the Greeks return'd the War.
——— ——— ——— And now the Fight
Burns with full Fury. ———
——— ——— Mean Time the Greeks
Sustain'd the Shock of War; nor could the Trojans
O'erthrow the Grecian Bands, and fire the Navy.
As when a Ship-wright, who, by Pallas' Aid,
Excels in all the Works of curious Art;
Levels the Roughness of th' unequal Wood,
Nor swerves from the directing even Line:
So did the Warriors poise the even Scales
Of War on ev'ry Part. Now Priam's Son
Rush'd with Impatience to the Ship of Ajax:
Dire was the Fight, nor could the Godlike Greek
Repulse stout Hector, nor could Hector gain,
Tho' aided by a God, one Inch of Ground.
Like furious Lions, greedy of their Prey,
Vast Trains of Warriors sprung upon the Fleet.
With Vigour Jove inflam'd the Soul of Hector,
Who look'd as dreadful as the God of War;
Or like a Flame which, on a Mountain's Brow,
Lays waste a Forest, and destroys its Groves:
He foam'd with Wrath; his Eyes flash'd dreadful Flames
Beneath his gloomy Eye-brows; high in Air
With formidable Horrour wav'd his Plume;
And the dread Master of the burning Bolts
Strengthen'd the Hero, ———
And made him supereminently shine.
Now through the Files of War he held his Way,
Where stood the Greeks who bore the strongest Arms,
Where Shield to Shield, and Man was join'd to Man,
But fail'd to break the Order of the Fight;
Unmov'd they bore the Fury of his Arms.
As some vast Rock, upon the Ocean's Shores,
Bears the rude Insults of the stormy Winds,
And Billows, tumbling from the roaring Main:
So they the Fury of the Trojan Army.
Still Hector, shining with tremendous Flames,

Sprung

Sprung on the Hoſt, and darted on his Foes.
As a prodigious Wave, when, from the Clouds,
Impetuous Boreas ſettles on the Deep,
Burſts o'er a Ship, and tumbles down in Floods,
The Ocean foams, and loud the Tempeſt roars,
Shatters the Sheets, and whirls them through the Skies;
The Thunders rattle, and the Lightnings flaſh,
Waves riſe on Waves, and laſh the ſounding Shores;
The fearful Sailors tremble for their Doom;
For, whereſoe'er they turn their mournful Eyes,
Death they behold in all her hideous Forms:
So far'd the Grecians at th'Approach of Hector.
As when a Lion ſees a Herd of Beeves,
Where ſome clear River rouls his cryſtal Flood;
Dreadful he roars, and ruſhes on the Prey;
The herdſman, not inur'd to ſuch Alarms,
Now walks before the Herd, and then behind:
But in the middle of the feeding Beeves
He rends a lordly Bull, and o'er the Field
Chaſes the reſt, precipitate in Flight:
So Hector, aided by the thund'ring God,
Scatter'd Confuſion o'er the Grecian Army.
Now from the foremoſt Line the Grecians fled,
To gain the ſecond near the Ocean's Shores;
But at their Tents embody'd firm they ſtood,
Nor ſcatter'd o'er the Field; for Shame and Fear
Retain'd them in the Fight; Man ſuſtain'd Man,
And Friend inflam'd his Friend ——— ———
Hector they view'd, and all the War of Troy,
The Troops which ſtood from Battel in the Rear,
And thoſe which came impetuous to the Fight.
But Ajax ſcorn'd to ſtand, like other Greeks,
Fix'd to one Poſt; with vaſt gigantick Stalk
From Ship to Ship he ſtrode. ———
As when a Man, well skill'd to mount the Horſe,
Selects four Steeds, egregious to behold,
Fleet in the Courſe, to skim along the Ground;
He, while the thronging Crowds with Wonder gaze,
Urges the Courſers in ſome publick Road
To their full Speed, and ſcours along the Way,
And in a Moment gains the diſtant City;
Mean time he nimbly bounds from Steed to Steed,
Flies as they fly, and cleaves the yielding Air:
From Ship to Ship ſo Ajax ſwiftly ſtrode,
And his loud Voice aſcended to the Clouds,
While he inflam'd the Battel of the Greeks.
Nor was th'illuſtrious Son of Godlike Priam

Less active seen; but, as th' Imperial Bird
Which bears the Thunder of high Heav'n's dread King,
Views near some Stream a Crane, or silver Swan,
Stoops from on high, and souses on the Prey:
So Hector pour'd impetuous on the Navy.
The Fight then kindled into tenfold Rage:
Had you now seen the Fray, you would have thought
The Battel just begun; the warring Hosts
Fresh to the Fight, so dreadful was the Onset.
But diff'rent Thoughts the Armies entertain'd;
The Grecians deem'd the fatal Hour was come,
When they should fall; the Trojans fought with Hopes
To fire the Navy with vindictive Flames,
And in one Ruin overwhelm the Grecians.
Thus Hope, and their Despair, with equal Strength,
Inflam'd the Courage of the adverse Heroes.
The fairest Vessel of the Grecian Fleet
Then Hector seiz'd: ———
A fierce Encounter now arose, while they
Strive to defend, and these to gain the Ship.
No Arrows now were sent, no Lances hurl'd;
But all around, along the trembling Shores,
Shields rattled, rung the Helmets, clash'd the Swords.
The broken Sabres tumbled to the Earth,
Glitter'd in Air, or reek'd upon the Ground,
And Deluges of Blood o'erflow'd the Plain.
——— Now with redoubled Rage the Trojans
Sprung on the Grecians; then with sullen Paces
Ajax a while retir'd; for on his Shield,
And on his Helm, rebounded Storms of Blows:
But, where the Oars are plac'd, he took his Stand,
And with his Spear beat off th' approaching War;
And whosoever of the Race of Troy,
By Hector's Orders, near approach'd with Flames,
He laid him breathless on th' ensanguin'd Ground. Br. Hom.
——— ——— The Trojans, like a Cloud,
Hover around the Fleet; the winding Shore
Hems in the Greeks, nor gives them Room to fight.
The City pours its num'rous Forces out,
All confident of Victory. ——— Oldis. Hom.
——— ——— The raging Deep
Here rouls his Waves, and there the War of Troy
Presents a dreadful Prospect to the Greeks. Broom. Hom.
Mean while the Trojans to the Ship applied
Their hostile Fires, which spread their wild Contagion,
And gain'd the Deck. ——— Oldis. Hom.

The Greeks from ev'ry Side crowd to their Ships,
And, as they press, redouble the Disorder.
As when the Thund'rer down-wards darts his Bolts,
And dissipates some pitchy Cloud, that shades
A Mountain's Top; the craggy Cliffs appear,
The Woods, the Vales; for all the airy Region
Is purg'd, and made transparent: So the Greeks,
After some Respite, shew'd themselves, exerting
Their wonted Valour, when the hostile Fires
Were from the Fleet dispers'd; yet still the Trojans
Maintain'd the War, tho' beaten from their Ships. *Ol. Hom.*

As when, amidst a Calm, a gloomy Cloud
Is sent by Jove along the middle Air,
Threat'ning a Tempest to the World below,
So Flight and Terrour from the Navy flew,
Along the Plain, and reach'd the Walls of Ilium. *Ol. Hom.*

As when a Troop of Wolves espy some Flock,
Neglected by the foolish careless Shepherd,
They rush upon the tender Kids and Lambs,
And chase them to the Mountains, and devour
Th'unresisting Prey, and stanch their Hunger:
So rush'd the Grecians on their scatter'd Foes,
Who fled, unmindful of their former Valour. *Oldis. Hom.*

The Horses fled along the Field, and rais'd
A Cloud of Dust beneath their nimble Hoofs,
That fill'd the Air, and hid the Fleet and Town;
The Field was strew'd all o'er with broken Chariots,
And bleeding Heroes lay beneath their Wheels.
As when, in Autumn, Jove, resolv'd on Vengeance
To punish Mortals, that despise his Laws,
Regardless of his Deity, unjust,
Slaves to their Passions, and their Interest,
A mighty Tempest sends, lets loose the Floods,
That overflow the Hills, and drown the Trees,
Thence to the Sea run roaring, and disgorge
The Plenty of the Plain, and Ploughman's Labour:
With such wild Force the Trojan Steeds ran foaming
Along the Field, and fled in loose Disorder. *Oldisw. Hom.*

Now the shrill Clangor of the Battel rings. *Garth.*

But now the Trumpet, terrible from far,
In shriller Clangours animates the War;
Confed'rate Drums in fuller Consort beat,
And ecchoing Hills the loud Alarm repeat:
Behold in awful March, and dread Array,
The long extended Squadrons shape their Way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious Horrour to the bravest Hearts;

Yet

Yet do their beating Breasts demand the Strife,
And Thirst of Glory quells the Love of Life :
Heat of Revenge, and noble Pride of Soul,
O'erlook the Foe, advantag'd by his Post,
Lessen his Numbers, and contract his Host.
But O, my Muse, what Numbers wilt thou find,
To sing the furious Troops in Battel join'd ?
Methinks I hear the Drums tumultuous Sound
The Victor's Shouts and dying Groans confound ;
The dreadful Burst of Cannon rend the Skies,
And all the Tumult of the Battel rise.
The Wars whole Art each private Soldier knows,
And with a Gen'rals Love of Conquest glows :
Contempt and Fury fire their Souls by Turns,
Each Nation's Glory in each Warriour burns :
Each fights, as in his Arm th'important Day,
And all the Fate of his great Monarch lay :
A thousand glorious Actions that might claim
Triumphant Laurels, and immortal Fame,
Confus'd in Crowds of glorious Actions lie,
And Troops of Heroes undistinguish'd die.
The Rout begins, the Gallick Squadrons run,
Compell'd in Crowds to meet the Fate they shun.
Thousands of fiery Steeds, with Wounds transfix'd,
Floating in Gore, with their dead Masters mix'd,
'Midst Heaps of Spears and Standards driv'n around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody Whirlpools drown'd
Troops of bold Youths ————
In Heaps the rolling Billows sweep away,
And into Scythian Seas their bloated Corps convey. Add.
They plung'd amidst the Waves, a desp'rate Throng ;
Crow'ds, whelm'd on Crowds, dash'd wide the wat'ry Bed,
And drove the Current to its distant Head. Tickell.
His waving Banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in Fields of Death, and Streams of Blood,
So wont the guarded Enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal Breach,
Or pierce the broken Foes remotest Lines,
The hardy Veteran with Tears resigns.
Unfortunate Tallard ! Oh who can name
The Pangs of Rage, of Sorrow, and of Shame,
That with mix'd Tumult in thy Bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest Troops repell'd !
Thine only Son pierc'd with a deadly Wound,
Choak'd in his Blood, and gasping on the Ground !
Thy self in Bondage by the Victor kept !
The Chief, the Father, and the Captive wept.

An English Muse is touch'd with gen'rous Woe,
And in th'unhappy Man forgets the Foe.
With Floods of Gore, that from the vanquish'd fell,
The Marshes stagnate, and the Rivers swell:
Mountains of Slain lie heap'd upon the Ground,
Or midst the Roarings of the Danube drown'd:
Whole captive Hosts the Conqu'ror detains
In painful Bondage, and inglorious Chains. Add.

BATTEL in Heaven.

Have we forgot how Raphael's num'rous Prose
Led our exalted Souls thro' heav'nly Camps,
And mark'd the Ground where proud apostate Thrones
Defy'd Jehovah! Here, 'twixt Host and Host,
A narrow, but a dreadful, Interval,
Portentous Sight! before the cloudy Van,
Satan, with vast and haughty Strides advanc'd,
Came tow'ring, arm'd in Adamant and Gold:
There, bell'wing Engines, with their firy Tubes,
Dispers'd Ethereal Forms, and down they fell
By Thousands, Angels on Arch-Angels roul'd:
Recover'd, to the Hills they ran, they flew,
Which, with their pond'rous Load, Rocks, Waters, Woods,
From their firm Seats torn by the shaggy Tops,
They bore like Shields before them thro' the Air,
'Till, more incens'd, they hurl'd them at their Foes.
All was Confusion, Heav'n's Foundation shook,
Threat'ning no less than universal Wrack;
For Michael's Arm main Promontories flung,
And overpress'd whole Legions, weak with Sin:
Yet they blaspheme'd, and struggled as they lay,
'Till the great Ensign of Messiah blaz'd,
And, arm'd with Vengeance, God's victorious Son,
Effulgence of paternal Deity,
Grasping ten thousand Thunders in his Hand,
Drove th'old orig'nal Rebels headlong down,
And sent them flaming to the vast Abyss. Rosc.

BAUCIS and PHILEMON.

At last, a hospitable House they found,
A homely Shed; the Roof, not far from Ground,
Was thatch'd with Reeds and Straw together bound:
There Baucis and Philemon liv'd, and there
Had liv'd long marry'd, and a happy Pair.

Now,

Now, old in Love, tho' little was their Store,
Inur'd to Want, their Poverty they bore,
Nor aim'd at Wealth, professing to be poor.
For Master or for Servant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all:
Command was none, where equal Love was paid,
Or rather both commanded, both obey'd. Dryd. Ovid.

The Treat they gave to the Gods.

And now the Host produc'd the genial Bed,
Sallow the Feet, the Borders, and the Sted,
Which with no costly Furniture they spread;
But course old Garments: Yet such Robes as these,
They laid alone, at Feasts, on Holydays:
The good old Houswife, tucking up her Gown,
The Table sets; th' invited Gods lie down.
The Trivet-Table of a Foot was lame,
A Blot, which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thrusts beneath the limping Leg a Sherd;
So was the mended Board exactly rear'd:
Then rubb'd it o'er with newly gather'd Mint,
A wholesom Herb, that breath'd a grateful Scent.
Pallas began the Feast, where first was seen
The party-colour'd Olive, black and green;
Autumnal Cornels next in Order serv'd,
In Lees of Wine well pickled and preserv'd:
A Garden-Sallad was the third Supply,
Of Endive, Radishes, and Succory:
Then Curds and Cream, the Flow'r of Countrey Fare,
And new-laid Eggs, which Baucis busy Care
Turn'd by a gentle Fire, and roasted rare:
All these in Earthen Ware were serv'd to Board,
And, next in Place, an Earthen Pitcher, stor'd
With Liquor of the best the Cottage could afford.
This was the Table's Ornament and Pride;
With Figures wrought, like Pages, at his Side,
Stood beechen Bowls, and these were shining clean,
Vernish'd with Wax without, and lin'd within.
By this the boiling Kettle had prepar'd,
And to the Table sent, the smoaking Lard;
On which with eager Appetite they dine;
A sav'ry Bit, that serv'd to relish Wine:
The Wine it self was suiting to the rest,
Still working in the Must, and lately press'd.
The second Course succeeds like that before,
Plums, Apples, Nuts, and, of their wint'ry Store,

Dry

Dry Figs, and Grapes; and wrinkled Dates were set
In Canisters, 't'inlarge the little Treat:
All these a milk-white Honey-Comb surround,
Which in the Midst the Country-Banquet crown'd.

Dryd. Ovid.

Their Transformation.

——— ——— To Jove address'd,
Philemon thus prefers their joint Request:
We crave to serve before your sacred Shrine,
And offer at your Altars Rites Divine:
And since not any Action of our Life
Has been polluted with domestick Strife,
We beg one Hour of Death; that neither she
With Widows Tears may live to bury me;
Nor, weeping, I, with wither'd Arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the Sepulchre:
The Godhead signs their Suit. They run their Race
In the same Tenour all th' allotted Space:
Then, when their Hour was come, ———
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
Sprouting with suddain Leaves of spritely Green:
Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon stood,
And saw his lengthen'd Arms a sprouting Wood:
Now Roots their fasten'd Feet begin to bind,
Their Bodies stiffen in a rising Rind:
Then, ere the Bark above the Shoulders grew,
They give, and take, at once, their last Adieu:
At once, farewel, O faithful Spouse, they said;
At once th' incroaching Rinds their closing Lips invade.
——— ——— They stand in Phrygian Ground,
Two neighb'ring Trees, with Walls encompass'd round,
Upon a mod'rate Rise, with Wonder shewn,
One a hard Oak, a softer Linden one. Dryd. Ovid.

Their Cottage chang'd into a Temple.

Their little Shed, scarce large enough for two,
Seems, from the Ground increas'd, in Height and Bulk to grow;
A stately Temple shoots within the Skies;
The Crotches of their Cot in Columns rise:
The Pavement polish'd Marble they behold;
The Gates with Sculpture grac'd; the Spires and Tiles of Gold.

Dryd. Ovid.

B A W D.

Curse on that formal steady Villain's Face!
Just so do all Bawds look: Nay, Bawds, they say,
Can pray upon Occasion, talk of Heaven,
Turn up their goggling Eye-balls, rail at Vice,
Dissemble, lie, and preach like any Priest. Otw. Orph.
Well, first or last, all Women must be won:
It is their Fate, and cannot be withstood:
The Wise do still comply with Flesh and Blood:
Or if, thro' peevish Honour, Nature fail,
They do but lose their Thanks, Art will prevail. Roch. Val.

B A I L I F F.

——— ——— Behind the Dun there stands
Another Monster not unlike himself;
Of Aspect sullen, by the Vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whose polluted Hands the Gods
With Force incredible and magick Charms
Erst have endu'd: If he his ample Palm
Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
Of Debtor, strait his Body to the Touch
Obsequious, as whilom Knights were wont,
To some enchanted Castle is convey'd,
Where Gates impregnable and coercive Charms
In Durance vile detain him, till, in Form
Of Money, Pallas set the Captive free.
Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect: Oft with insidious Ken
This Caytiff eyes your Steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a Creak or gloomy Cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent Wretch
With his unhallow'd Touch. So, Poets sing,
Grimalkin, to domestick Vermin sworn
An everlasting Foe, with watchful Eyes,
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky Pass,
Protending her fell Claws, to thoughtless Mice
Sure Ruine. ——— ——— Phil.

B E A R.

A Bear's a savage Beast; of all
Most ugly and unnatural:
Whelp'd without Form, until the Dam
Have lick'd him into Shape and Frame. Hud.

So

So in Pannonian Woods the growling Bear,
Transfix'd, grows fiercer for the Hunter's Spear;
Turns on her Wound, runs madding round with Pain,
And catches at the flying Shaft in vain. Rowe Luc.

BEAR-BAITING.

But now a Sport more formidable,
Had rak'd together Village-Rabble:
'Twas an old Way of Recreating,
Which learned Butchers call Bear-baiting:
A bold advent'rous Exercise,
With ancient Heroes in high Prize;
For Authors do affirm, it came
From Isthmian, or Nemean Game.
Others derive it from the Bear,
That's fixt in Northern Hemisphere,
And round about the Pole does make,
A Circle, like a Bear at Stake,
That at the Chain's End wheels about,
And overturns the Rabble-Rout. Hud.

We read, in Nero's Time the Heathen,
When they destroy'd the Christian Brethren,
They sow'd them in the Skins of Bears,
And then set Dogs about their Ears:
From whence no Doubt th' Invention came
Of this lewd Antichristian Game. Hud.

But what Design, what Interest
Can Beast have to encounter Beast?
They fight for no espoused Cause,
Frail Priv'lege, fundamental Laws;
Nor for a thorow Reformation,
Nor Covenant, nor Protestation,
Nor for free Liberty of Conscience,
Nor Lord's, nor Common's Ordinance,
Nor for the Church, nor for Church-Lands,
To get them in their own —— no-Hands;
Nor evil Counsellors to bring
To Justice, that seduce the King;
Nor for the Worship of us Men,
Tho' we have done as much for them.
Th' Egyptians worship'd Dogs, and for
Their Faith made internecine War:
Others ador'd a Rat, and some
For that Church suffer'd Martyrdom:
The Indians fought for the Truth
Of th' Elephant, and Monkey's Tooth;

And

And many, to defend that Faith,
Fought it out mordicus to Death:
But no Beast ever was so slight,
For Man, as for his God, to fight:
They have more Wit, alas! and know
Themselves and us better than so.
But we, we only do infuse
The Rage in them like Boute-feus.
'Tis our Example, that instills
In them th' Infection of our Ills:
For, as some late Philosophers
Have well observ'd, Beasts, that converse
With Man, take after him, as Hogs
Get Pigs all th' Year, and Bitches Dogs:
Just so, by our Example, Cattel
Learn to give one another Battel. Hud.

And now they reach'd the fatal Champain,
The dire Pharsalian Plain, where Battel
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant Cattel,
And fierce auxiliary Men,
That came to aid their Brethren. Hud.

First, after solemn Proclamation
In the Bear's Name, (as is the Fashion,
According to the Laws of Arms,
To keep Men from inglorious Harms)
That none presume to come so near
As fourty Foot of Stake of Bear;
If any yet be so fool-hardy,
T' expose themselves to vain Jeopardy;
If they come wounded off, and lame,
No Honour's got by such a Maim,
Altho' the Bear gain much, being bound
In Honour, to make good his Ground,
When he's engag'd, and take no Notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis;
But lets them know, at their own Cost,
That he intends to keep his Post. Hud.

——— And now the routed Bear
Attack'd by th' Enemy i' th' Rear,
Finding their Number grew too great
For him to make a safe Retreat,
Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about;
But, wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave Way to Fortune, and with Haste
Fac'd the proud Foe, and fled, and fac'd,
Leaving no Art untry'd, nor Trick
Of Warriour stout and politick.

He

He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole Body to recoil;
But what could single Valour do,
Against so num'rous a Foe?
For One against a Multitude
Is more than Mortal can make Good:
And now the Mastives, charging home
To Blows, and Handy-Gripes were come:
And thus enrag'd, some in the Rear
Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,
Till down he fell, yet, falling, fought;
And, being down, still laid about:
As Widdrington in doleful Dumps
Is said to fight upon his Stumps.
But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
If Trulla and Cerdon, in the Nick,
To rescue him had not been quick:
The conqu'ring Foe they soon assail'd,
First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,
Until their Mastiffs loos'd their Hold:
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worsted Bear came off with Store
Of bloody Wounds, but all before:
For, as Achilles, dipt in Pond,
Was anabaptiz'd free from Wound,
Made Proof against dead-doing Steel,
All over but the Pagan Heel;
So did our Champions Arms defend
All of him, but the other End,
His Head and Ears, which in the martial
Encounter lost a Leathern Parcel.
For, as an Austrian Arch-Duke once
Had one Ear, which in Ducatoons
Is half the Coin, in Battel par'd
Close to his Head: So Bruin far'd;
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other Side,
Like Scriv'ner newly crucify'd;
Or like the late corrected Leathern
Ears of the circumcised Brethren. Hud.
The Bear was in a mighty Fright,
Beat down, and worsted by the Knight:
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To shake off Bondage from his Snout:
His Wrath, enflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from
His Jaws of Death he threw the Foam:
Fury in stranger Postures threw him,
And more, than ever Herald drew him:

He

He tore the Earth, which he had sav'd
From *Squelch* of Knight, and storm'd, and rav'd,
And vex'd the more, because the Harms
He felt, were 'gainst the Law of Arms:
For Men he always took to be
His Friends, and Dogs the Enemy;
Who never so much Hurt had done him,
As his own Side did, falling on him.
It griev'd him to the Guts, that they,
For whom he 'ad fought so many a Fray,
And serv'd with Loss of Blood so long,
Should offer such inhumane Wrong;
Wrong, of unsoldier-like Condition,
For which he flung down his Commission;
And laid about him, till his Nose
From Thrall of Ring and Cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
Thro' thickest of his Foes he charg'd,
And made Way thro' th' amazed Crew;
Some he o'er-ran, and some o'erthrew;
But took none: For, by hasty Flight,
He strove t'avoid the conqu'ring Knight,
From whom he fled with as much Haste,
And Dread, as he the Rabble chac'd.
In Haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his Fear a sev'ral Way. Hud.

BEARD.

What fouler Sight can be,
Then the bald Branches of a leafless Tree?
Foul is the Steed without a flowing Mane;
And Birds without their Feathers and their Train.
Wool decks the *Sheep*; and Man receives a Grace
From bushy Limbs, and from a bearded Face? Dryd. Ovid.

His tawny Beard was th' equal Grace
Both of his Wisdom and his Face;
In Cut and Dye so like a Tile,
A suddain View it would beguile:
The upper Part thereof was Whey;
The nether, Orange mixt with Grey.
This hairy Meteor did denounce
The Fall of Scepters and of Crowns;
With griesly Type did represent
Declining Age of Government;
And tell, with hieroglyphick Spade,
Its own Grave, and the States were made:

Like

Like Sampson's Heart breakers, it grew
In Time to make a Nation rue;
Tho' it contributed its own Fall,
To wait upon the publick Downfall:
It was monastick, and did grow
In holy Orders, by strict Vow;
Of Rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordilier.
'Twas bound to suffer Persecution,
And Martyrdom with Resolution:
T'oppose it self against the Hate,
And Vengeance of th' incensed State:
In whose Defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pluck'd and torn;
With red hot Ir'ns to be tortur'd,
Revil'd and spit upon, and martyr'd:
Maugre all which it was to stand fast,
As long as Monarchy should last:
But, when the State should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal Steel;
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A Sacrifice to Fall of State;
Whose Thread of Life the sacred Sisters
Did twist together with its Whiskers;
And twine so close, that Time could never,
In Life or Death, their Fortune sever:
But, with his rusty Sickle, mow
Both down together at one Blow:
So learned Taliacotius from
The brawny Parts of Porters Bum,
Cut supplemental Noses, which
Should last as long as Parent-Breech:
But, when the Date of Nock was out,
Off dropt the Sympathetick Snout. Hud.

BEAST.

Behold our Cattle, that distended lie
On fertile Banks, their sprightly young Ones by,
Rev'lling on Milk, which their swoll'n Udders yield,
Grow gay, and brisk, and wanton o'er the Field. Lucr. Creech
O happy Brutes, who the great Rule of Sense observe,
And ne'er from their first Charter swerve:
Happy, whose Lives are meerly to enjoy,
And feel no Stings of Sin, which may their Bliss annoy:
Still unconcern'd at Epithets of Ill, or Good;
Distinctions unadult'rate Nature never understood. Oldh.

O

———— O Palopiſſa!
Rather than buy my Pleaſure with ſuch Baſeneſs,
I'd be a Brute; methinks the happier Creature;
The gen'rous Horſe, looſe in a flow'ry Lawn,
With Choice of Paſture, and of cryſtal Brooks,
And all his chearful Miſtreſſes about him,
The White, the Brown, the Black, the ſhining Bay,
And ev'ry dappled Female of the Field:
Now, by the Gods, for aught we know, as Man
Thinks him a Beaſt, Man ſeems a Beaſt to him. Lee Mithr.

For 't has been urg'd by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his Cat,
Complains ſhe thought him but an Aſs,
Much more ſhe would Sir Hudibras. Hud.

BEATEN.

He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Tho' drubb'd, can loſe no Honour by't:
Honour's a Leaſe for Lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal Tenant: 'Tis a Chattel,
Not to be forfeited in Battel. Hud.

Quoth he, That Honour's very ſqueamiſh,
That takes a Baſting for a Blemiſh:
For what's more hon'rable than Scars,
Or Skin, to Tatters rent in Wars?
Some have been beaten, till they know
What Wood a Cudgel's of by th' Blow:
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether,
A Shoe be Spaniſh or Neat's Leather.
By Laws of learned Duelliſts,
They that are bruis'd with Wood or Fiſts,
And think one Beating may for once
Suffice, are Cowards and Poltroons:
But if they dare engage t'a ſecond,
They're ſtout and gallant Fellows reckon'd:
The beaten Soldier proves moſt manful,
That, like his Sword, endures the Anvil,
And juſtly's held more formidable,
The more his Valour's malleable:
But he, that fears a Baſtinado,
Will run away from his own Shadow. Hud.

'Tis not the leaſt Diſparagement,
To be defeated by th' Event;
Nor to be beaten by main Force:
That does not make a Man the worſe:

Altho' his Shoulders with Battoon
Be claw'd and cudgel'd to some Tune;
But to turn Tail, or run away,
And without Blows give up the Day;
Or to surrender ere th' Assault,
That's no Man's Fortune, but his Fault;
And renders Men of Honour less
Than all th' Adversity of Success. Hud.

BEAUTY.

Beauty, whose Flames but Meteors are;
Short-liv'd and low, tho' thou wouldst seem a Star. Cowl.
Trust not too much to that enchanting Face. (Virg.
Beauty's a Charm; but soon that Charm will pass. Dryd.
For Beauty's but a transient Good at best;
Like Flow'rs, it withers with th' advancing Year;
And Age, like Winter, robs th' blooming Fair. Gay.
Beauty, like Time on Dials, moves so slow, (Lerma.
That they, who always gaze, can't see it go. How. D. of
Beauty, whose Conquests still are made
O'er Hearts, by Cowards kept, or else betray'd:
Weak Victor, who thy self destroy'd must be,
When Sickness storms, or Time besieges thee. Cowl.
Sure Beauties Empires, like to greater States,
Have certain Periods set, and hidden Fates. Suckl.
Beauty in Fancy only lies. Cowl.
There's no such Thing as that we Beauty call:
For tho' some, long ago,
Lik'd certain Colours, mingled so and so,
That does not tie me now from chusing new:
If a Fancy take
To Black and Blue,
That Fancy does it Beauty make:
'Tis not the Meat, but th' Appetite,
Makes Eating a Delight:
What in our Watches, that in us is found;
So to the Height and Nick
We up be wound,
No Matter by what Hand or Trick. Suckl.
All Hearts alike all Faces cannot move,
There is a secret Sympathy in Love:
The pow'rful Loadstone cannot move a Straw, (Cleop.
No more than Jet the trembling Needle draw. Sedl. Ant. &
Beauty to no Complexion is confin'd:
'Tis of all Colours, and by none defin'd:

Jewels

Jewels that shine, in Gold or Silver set,
As precious and as sparkling are in Jet. Lansd.
Yet there are Beauties which attract all Hearts,
And all Mankind lies open to their Darts. Dryd. Tyr. Love.
——— ——— Beauty has Bounds;
And can no more to ev'ry Heart be so,
Than any Coin thro' ev'ry Land can go. Dryd. Tyr. Love.
What cannot Beauty, join'd with Virtue gain? Dryd.
(Chau. the Cock and Fox.
For Beauty's Blaze, tho' fierce, is quickly past,
While Love, good Sense, and Virtue, always last. ———
'Tis not a Set of Features, or Complexion,
The Tincture of a Skin, that I admire:
Beauty soon grows familiar to the Lover,
Fades in his Eye, and palls upon the Sense:
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her Sex:
True, she is fair; oh! how divinely fair!
But still the lovely Maid improves her Charms
With inward Greatness, unaffected Wisdom,
And Sanctity of Manners; Cato's Soul
Shines out in ev'ry Thing she acts or speaks:
While winning Mildness and attracting Smiles
Dwell in her Looks; and, with becoming Grace,
Soften the Rigour of her Father's Virtues. Add. Cato.
Beauty distress'd, like Kings from Empire thrown. (Ench.
Each Insolent invades, regardless of a Frown. Lansd. Brit.
When Beauty in Distress appears,
An irresistless Charm it bears:
In ev'ry Breast does Pity move;
Pity, the tender'st Part of Love. Yald.
Beauty's a Tyrant, jealous of its Pow'r. D'Aven. Circe.
Where Love gives Law, Beauty the Sceptre sways;
And, uncompell'd, the happy World obeys. Wall.
Old as I am, for Ladies Love unfit,
The Pow'r of Beauty I remember yet (Dryd.
Which once inflam'd my Soul, and still inspires my Wit.
When Beauty fires the Blood, how Love exalts the Mind.
Beauty, the Gift of Gods! The Sexes Pride! (Dryd.
Yet to how many is that Gift deny'd! Cong. Ovid.
Had you less beauteous been, you 'ad known less Care:
Ladies are happiest, moderately fair. Eth. Love in a Tub.
With this Reward, the great Reward of Beauty,
The batter'd Soldier crowns his glorious Labours,
And softens all the rugged Toils of War. Beaum. Bonduca.

BEAUTEOUS.

What Images shall Eloquence prepare,
To paint a Form so perfect and divine?
Others by slow Degrees advance in Love,
And Step by Step, and leisurely get Ground:
We article with Judgment ere we yield,
Reason rejecting oft, where Fancy's fond:
She seizes Hearts, not waiting for Consent,
Like suddain Death, that snatches unprepar'd;
Like Fire from Heav'n, scarce seen so soon as felt:
All other Beauties seem inferiour Stars,
At her Appearance, vanishing apace;
Whene'er she mounts, they set. ——— Lansd. Her. Love.
O, she was heav'nly fair in Face and Mind!
Never in Nature were such Beauties join'd:
Without, all shining, and within, all white;
Pure to the Sense, and pleasing to the Sight:
Like some fair Flow'r, whose Leaves all Colours yield,
And, op'ning, is with rarest Odours fill'd.
As lofty Pines o'ertop the lowly Reed,
So did her graceful Height all Nymphs exceed;
To which excelling Height she bore a Mind
Humble, as Osiers bending to the Wind. Cong.
O, she was all for which fond Mothers pray,
Blessing their Babes, when first they see the Day:
Beauty and she were one; for in her Face
Sate Sweetness, temper'd with majestick Grace;
Such powerful Charms, as might the proudest awe;
Yet such attractive Goodness, as might draw
The humblest, and to both give equal Law. Duke.
Is she not more than mortal Man can wish;
Diana's Soul cast in the Flesh of Venus!—Lee Alex.
O she's the Boast,
The lovely Chance-work, Master-piece of Nature,
Who blush'd to see what her own Hands had made;
As if, mistaking Moulds, she unawares
Had cast Semandra in a Form divine. Lee Mithr.
——— O she is all Perfection!
All that the blooming Earth could send forth fair! (Theod.
All that the gawdy Heav'ns could drop down glorious. Lee
The fairest of her Sex! The Pride of Nature! Dr. D. Seb.
But Theodosius comes! Hide, hide thy Charms:
If to his clouded Eyes such Day should break,
The Royal Youth, who doats to Death for Love,

I fear, would forfeit all his Vows to Heav'n,
And fix upon thy World, thy World of Beauty. Lee Theod.
Such were the Features of her Heav'nly Face,
Her Limbs were form'd with such harmonious Grace,
So faultless was the Frame, as if the Whole
Had been an Emanation of the Soul,
Which her own inward Symmetry reveal'd;
And like a Picture shone, in Glass anneal'd;
Or like the Sun eclips'd, with shaded Light:
Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by Sight.
Each Thought was visible, that roll'd within;
As thro' a crystal Glass the figur'd Hours are seen. Dryd.
——— ——— Her pure and eloquent Blood
Spoke in her Cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one would almost say her Body thought. Donne.
Her Form Divine, and Seraph-like her Face,
Where Heav'nly Sweetness strove with Princely Grace;
——— ——— ——— What a Godlike Air!
What Throngs of Graces in her Eyes appear! Blac. P. Arth.
——— ——— She was so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the World, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her Looks; which from that Time infus'd
Sweetness into my Heart, unfelt before,
And into all Things from her Air inspir'd
The Spirit of Love and amorous Delight.
——— ——— ——— She was adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heav'n could bestow,
To make her amiable. On she came;
Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In ev'ry Gesture Dignity and Love. Milt. Par. Lost. Spoken of Eve by Adam.

The blooming Looks of Spring, and lovely Red
Of op'ning Roses, on her Cheeks were spread:
Her Eyes, that sparkled like the Stars above,
Appear'd both th' Armoury and Throne of Love;
Where Thousands of alluring Graces wait,
And mingling Charms, form Love's triumphant State. (P. Arth. Blac.
A thousand Graces and a thousand Joys,
Smil'd in her Cheeks, and danc'd within her Eyes;
From whose bright Magazines, to conquer Hearts, (K. Arth.
Love drew his keenest Flames, and all his surest Darts. Blac.
For endless Joys are in that Heav'n of Love;
A thousand Cupids dance upon her Smiles,
Young bathing Angels wanton in her Eyes,
Melt in her Looks, and pant upon her Breasts:
Each Word is gentle as a Western Breeze,

That fans the Infant Bosom of the Spring;
And ev'ry Sigh more rosy than the Morn! South. Loy. Brot.
Behold a Goddess in her ardent Eyes!
What Rays around her Heav'nly Face are seen! —— (Virg.
Mark her majestick Voice, and more than mortal Mien. Dr.
Look how she walks along yon shady Space,
Not Juno moves with more majestick Grace, (Arc.
And all the Cyprian Queen is in her Face. Dr. Gil. Pal. of
Majestick Charms in ev'ry Feature shine;
Her Air, her Port, her Accent is divine. Dryd. Hom.
Matchless her Face appears, and shines more bright,
Than polish'd Marble when reflecting Light. Cong. Hom.
Since first my dazled Eyes were thrown
On that bewitching Face,
Like ruin'd Birds, robb'd of their Young,
Lamenting, frighted, and undone,
I fly from Place to Place.
Fram'd by some cruel Pow'rs above,
So nice she is, and fair;
None from undoing can remove,
Since all, who are not blind, must love;
Who are not vain, despair. Roch.
She, whose Eyes
Meet ready Victory, where-e'er they glance;
Whom gazing Crowds admire; whom Nations court;
One, who could change the Worship of all Climates,
And make a new Religion where she comes,
Unite the diff'ring Faith of all the World,
To idolize her Face. —— Dryd. Love Trium.
Her Eyes, her Lips, her Cheeks, her Shape, her Features,
Seem to be drawn by Love's own Hand; by Love
Himself in Love. —— Dryd. Love Trium.
Her Chains were Marks of Honour to the Brave:
She made a Prince whene'er she made a Slave. D. of Buck.
From Heav'n her Beauty, like fierce Lightning came,
Which breaks thro' Darkness with its glorious Flame;
A-while it shines, a while our Sight it chears,
But soon the short-liv'd Comfort disappears;
And Thunder follows, whose resistless Rage
None can withstand, and nothing can asswage.
So, oft the Light, which those bright Flashes gave,
Serv'd only to conduct us to our Grave. D. of Buck.
Such, or less charming was the Queen of Love,
When with her Rival Goddesses she strove. Duke Ovid.
The faultless Form no secret Stains disgrace,
A beauteous Mind, unblemish'd as her Face:

Not painted and adorn'd to varnish Sin;
Without all Goddess, all divine within;
By Truth maintaining what by Love she got; (Brit: Ench.
A Heav'n without a Cloud, a Sun without a Spot. Lansd.

——— Her Heav'nly Form
Angelick, but more soft and feminine,
Her graceful Innocence, her ev'ry Air
Of Gesture or least Action overaw'd
His Malice, and with Rapine sweet bereav'd
His Fierceness of the fierce Intent it brought:
That Space the Evil One abstracted stood
From his own Evil, and for the Time remain'd
Stupidly good, of Enmity disarm'd,
Of Guile, of Hate, of Envy, of Revenge. Milt. Par. Lost.
Spoken of Satan when he first discover'd
Eve in Paradise.

Not thus Minerva, tho' a Goddess, shone:
O! had her Eyes such dazling Lustre thrown,
Thence the bold Artist had inform'd his Clay;
Nor sought another Sun, nor fall'n a Vulture's Prey. Lansd.

Had Love's fair Goddess been so strong in Charms,
Rash Diomede had dropt his vent'rous Arms;
No shameful Victory the Greek had won,
But thousand Wounds receiv'd, instead of giving one. Lansd.

Rich in unpractis'd Charms, she scatters Chains,
And, shunning Empire, certain Empire gains:
Neglectful, yet secure, with Arrows plays,
Unmeaning, throws, and, undesiring, slays. Lansd.

Such a Complexion foils the Pride of May;
Such Looks add Splendour to the brightest Day. Lansd.

See! see! th' alternate Glories of the Skies
Blend in her Form, and all at once surprize:
Her rosy Cheek the Blush of Morning shews,
Her dazling Eyes the mid-day Sun disclose;
Her Air resembles well the milky Way; (Lansd
There, Stars unnumber'd shine, here Loves unnumber'd play

O lovely Conflict of her varying Hue!
Lilly and Rose by grateful Turns subdue.
Promiscuous Charms our ravish'd Senses greet;
Here April's Bloom, and August's Ripeness meet.
Delights, which seem but to salute the Year,
Eternally reside, and flourish here. Lansd.

Unsully'd Lustre dwells upon thy Face,
Nor Eye can find a Stain, nor Fancy mend a Grace. Lansd.

Th' illustrious Ancients were by Halves divine,
The Face and Mind did ne'er together shine:

Here all Accomplishments are fully shown,
And ev'ry Goddess is compriz'd in one:
So fair; yet Fairness seems her smallest Praise;
Her Soul's profuse of Light, and darts immortal Rays. Lansd.
——— ——— As at Troy,
When Hellen passes thro' the crowded Streets,
Who curs'd her, out of Sight; strait bless aloud,
And cry, she's worth the War: Who would not fight,
Tho' sure to die, to save such wond'rous Beauty?
So when the fair Chruseis comes in View;
Her Beauty reconciles the most enrag'd:
The Sick, who know they perish for her Sake,
Crawl from their Tents to gaze upon her Face;
And, looking on her, feel Returns of Strength:
Soldiers and Captains throng in Crowds about her:
All with loud Cries approve their Gen'ral's Love:
And with one Voice consent to their own Ruin:
To lose the Sight of her seems what they fear
More than the Loss of Life or Victory. Lansd. Her. Love.
——— ——— She was her Sexes Pride:
Nor think my Tongue too lavish, if I speak her,
Fair as the Fame of Virtue, and yet chaste
As its cold Precepts; wise beyond her Sex,
And blooming Youth, soft as forgiving Mercy;
Yet greatly brave, and jealous for her Honour. Rowe Tamer.
Seems she not more than Numbers can express? (Lansd.
Seems not ev'n Thought afraid to make such Wonders less?
O, could I reach a Harmony in Sound,
Like the fam'd Sweetness in her Aspect found;
To yon bright Sphere I'd raise the glitt'ring Dame, (Lansd.
And with due Numbers shake the Pattern of her Frame.
——— ——— ——— ——— O mighty Queen,
In whom th' Extreams of Pow'r and Beauty move;
The Queen of Britain and the Queen of Love!
Heav'n, that preferr'd a Scepter to your Hand,
Favour'd our Freedom more than your Command.
Beauty had crown'd you, and you must have been
The whole World's Mistress, other than a Queen:
All had been Rivals, and you might have spar'd,
Or kill'd, or tyranniz'd, without a Guard.
No Pow'r, atchiev'd either by Arms, or Birth,
Equals Loves Empire, both in Heav'n and Earth:
Such Eyes, as yours, on Jove himself have thrown
As bright and fierce a Lightning as his own. Wall. to the
(Queen.

BEE.

The Gift of Heav'n my following Song pursues;
Aerial Honey, and ambrosial Dews:
Mecenas, read this other Part, that sings
Embattel'd Squadrons, and advent'rous Kings:
A mighty Pomp, tho' made of little Things:
Their Arms, their Arts, their Manners I disclose;
And how they war; and whence the People rose:
Slight is the Subject; but the Praise not small,
If Heav'n assist, and Phoebus hear my Call. *Dryd. Virg.*

First I'll begin their Natures to declare,
Which Jove himself did on the Bees confer;
Because, invited by the Timbrels' Sound,
Lodg'd in a Grotto the mighty Babe they found,
And the young God nurs'd kindly under Ground.

Of all the wing'd Inhabitants of Air,
These only make their Young the publick Care:
In well-dispos'd Societies they live,
And Laws and Statutes regulate their Hive;
Nor stray, like others, unconfin'd abroad;
But know set Stations, and a fix'd Abode:
Each, provident of Cold, in Summer flies
Thro' Fields and Woods to seek for new Supplies,
And in the common Stock unlades his Thighs:
Some watch the Food, some in the Meadows ply,
Taste ev'ry Bud, and suck each Blossom dry;
Whilst others, lab'ring in their Cells at home,
Temper Narcissus' clammy Tears with Gum,
For the first Ground-work of the golden Comb:
On this they found their waxen Works, and raise
The yellow Fabrick on its glewy Base:
Some educate the Young, or hatch the Seed
With vital Warmth, and future Nations breed:
Whilst others thicken all the slimy Dews,
And into purest Honey work the Juice:
They fill the Hollows of the Comb, and swell,
With luscious Nectar, ev'ry flowing Cell:
By Turns they watch, by Turns with curious Eyes
Survey the Heav'ns, and search the clouded Skies,
To find out breeding Storms, and tell what Tempests rise.
By Turns they ease the loaden Swarms; or drive
The Drone, a lazy Insect, from their Hive.
The Work is warmly ply'd thro' all the Cells,
And strong with Thyme the new-made Honey smells:
The busy Swarms thus diff'rent Labours share:

Desire of Profit urges all Degrees:
The aged Insects, by Experience wise,
Attend the Comb, and fashion ev'ry Part,
And shape the waxen Fret-work out with Art:
The Young, at Night returning from their Toils,
Bring home their Thighs, clogg'd with the Meadows Spoils:
On Lavender and Saffron Buds they feed,
On bending Osiers, and the balmy Reed.
From purple Vi'lets and the Teyle they bring
Their gather'd Sweets, and rifle all the Spring.
All work together, all together rest;
The Morning still renews their Labours past;
Then all rush out, their diff'rent Tasks pursue,
Sit on the Bloom, and suck the rip'ning Dew:
Again, when Ev'ning warns them to their Home,
With weary Wings and heavy Thighs they come,
And crowd about the Chink, and mix a drowsy Hum:
Into their Cells at length they gently creep,
There all the Night their peaceful Station keep,
Wrapt up in Silence, and dissolv'd in Sleep.
None range abroad, when Winds or Storms are nigh,
Nor trust their Bodies to a faithless Sky,
But make small Journeys with a careful Wing,
And fly to water at a neighb'ring Spring:
And, lest their airy Bodies should be cast
In restless Whirls, the Sport of ev'ry Blast,
They carry Stones to poise them in their Flight,
As Ballast keeps th' unsteady Vessel right.
But of all Customs, that the Bees can boast,
'Tis this may challenge Admiration most;
That none will Hymen's softer Joys approve,
Nor waste their Spirits in luxurious Love;
But all a long Virginity maintain,
And bring forth Young without a Mother's Pain.
From Herbs and Flow'rs they pick each tender Bee,
And cull from Plants a buzzing Progeny.
From these they chuse out Subjects, and create
A little Monarch of the rising State:
Then build Wax Kingdoms for the Infant Prince,
And form a Palace for his Residence.
But often in their Journeys, as they fly,
On Flints they tear their silken Wings, or lie
Grov'ling beneath their flow'ry Load, and die.
Thus Love of Honey can an Insect fire,
And in a Fly such gen'rous Thoughts inspire:
Yet, by repeopling their decaying State,
Tho' sev'n short Springs conclude their vital Date,

Their ancient Stocks eternally remain,
And, in an endless Race, the Childrens Children reign.
No prostrate Vassal of the East can more,
With slavish Fear his haughty Prince adore:
His Life unites them all; but, when he dies
All in loud Tumults and Distractions rise;
They waste their Honey, and their Combs deface,
And wild Confusion reigns in ev'ry Place.
Him all admire, all the great Guardian own,
And crowd about his Courts, and buz about his Throne:
Oft on their Backs their weary Prince they bear;
Oft in his Cause, embattel'd in the Air,
Pursue a glorious Death, in Wounds and War.
Twice in the Year their flow'ry Toils begin,
And twice they fetch their dewy Harvest in:
Once, when the lovely Pleiades arise,
And add fresh Lustre to the Summer Skies;
And once, when hast'ning from the watry Sign,
They quit their Station, and forbear to shine. *Add. Virg.*
The King provides, his Subjects Toils surveys;
The servile Rout their careful Cæsar praise;
Him they extol; they worship him alone;
They crowd his Levees, and support his Throne:
They raise him on their Shoulders with a Shout;
And, when their Sov'raign's Quarrel calls them out,
His Foes to mortal Combat they defy;
And think it Honour at his Feet to die.
Induc'd by such Examples, some have taught,
That Bees have Portions of Ethereal Thought;
Endu'd with Particles of heav'nly Fires:
For God the whole created Mass inspires;
Thro' Heav'n, and Earth, and Ocean's Depth he throws
His Influence round, and kindles as he goes.
Hence Flocks, and Herds, and Men, and Beasts, and Fowls,
With Breath are quicken'd; and attract their Souls;
Hence take the Forms his Prescience did ordain,
And into him at length resolve again:
No Room is left for Death; they mount the Sky,
And to their own congenial Planets fly. *Dryd. Virg.*
The Bees are prone to Rage, and often found
To perish for Revenge, and die upon the Wound:
Their venom'd Sting produces aking Pains,
And swells the Flesh, and shoots along the Veins.
When Sickness reigns, for Bees, as well as we,
Feel all th' Effects of frail Mortality,
By certain Marks the new Disease is seen,
Their Colour changes, and their Looks are thin;

Their

Their Fun'ral Rites are form'd, and ev'ry Bee
With Grief attends the sad Solemnity:
The few diseas'd Survivors hang before
Their sickly Cells, and droop about the Door;
Or slowly in their Hives their Limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with Hunger, and benumb'd with Cold:
In drawling Hums the feeble Insects grieve,
And doleful Buzzes echo thro' the Hive,
Like Winds that softly murmur thro' the Trees,
Like Flames pent up, or like retiring Seas. Add. Virg.

The Learned write, an Insect Breeze
Is but a mungrel Prince of Bees,
That falls, before a Storm, on Cows,
And stings the Founders of his House;
From whose corrupted Flesh that breed
Of Vermine did at first proceed. Hud.

When th' Under-World is seiz'd with Cold and Night,
And Summer here descends in Streams of Light;
The Bees thro' Woods and Forests take their Flight.
They rifle ev'ry Flow'r, and lightly skim
The crystal Brook, and sip the running Stream;
And thus they feed their Young with strange Delight;
And knead the yielding Wax, and work the slimy Sweet.
Add. Virg.

Mark, how the little untaught Builders square
Their Rooms, and in the Dark their Lodgings rear!
Nature's Mechanicks! they unweary'd strive,
And fill with curious Labyrinths the Hive.
See, what bright Strokes of Architecture shine
Thro' the whole Frame! what Beauty! what Design!
In what just Order all th' Apartments rise!
So regular their equal Sides cohere,
Th' Adapted Angles so each other bear,
That by mechanick Rules, refin'd and bold,
They are at once upheld, at once uphold:
Each verdant Hill th' industrious Chymists climb,
Extract the Riches of the blooming Thyme,
And, provident of Winter long before,
They stock their Caves, and hoard their flow'ry Store:
The yellow Pillage of the rifled Flow'r.
In Peace they rule their State with prudent Care,
Wisely defend, or wage offensive War. Blac. Creat.

If e'er two Rival Kings their Right debate,
And Factions and Cabals embroil the State,
The Peoples Actions will their Thoughts declare,
All their Hearts tremble, and beat thick with War,

Hoarſe, broken Sounds, like Trumpet's harſh Alarms,
Run thro' the Hive, and call them to their Arms:
All in a Hurry ſpread their ſhiv'ring Wings,
And fit their Claws, and point their angry Stings:
In Crowds before the King's Pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the Foe to fight:
At laſt, when all the Heav'ns are warm and fair,
They ruſh together out, and join: The Air
Swarms thick, and echo's with the humming War.
All in a firm round Cluſter mix, and ſtrow
With Heaps of little Corps, the Ground below;
As thick as Hail-Stones from the Floor rebound,
Or ſhaken Atoms rattle on the Ground.
No Senſe of Danger can their Kings controul,
Their little Bodies lodge a mighty Soul:
Each, obſtinate in Arms, purſues his Blow,
'Till ſhameful Flight ſecures the routed Foe.
This hot Diſpute, and all this mighty Fray,
A little Duſt, flung upward, will allay.
The Kings are diff'rent: one, of better Note,
All ſpeck'd with Gold, and many a ſhining Spot,
Looks gay, and gliſtens in a gilded Coat.
But Love of Eaſe, and Sloth in one prevails,
That ſcarce his hanging Paunch behind him trails:
The Peoples Looks are diff'rent as their Kings;
Some ſparkle bright, and glitter in their Wings:
Others look loathſome, and diſeas'd with Sloth;
Like a faint Traveller, whoſe duſty Mouth
Grows dry with Heat, and ſpits a maukiſh Froth.
Add. Virg.

But when on high you ſee the Bees repair,
Borne on the Winds thro' diſtant Tracts of Air,
And view the winged Cloud all black'ning from afar;
While ſhady Coverts and freſh Streams they chuſe,
On brazen Veſſels beat a tinkling Sound,
And ſhake the Cymbals of the Goddeſs round;
Then all will haſtily retreat, and fill
The warm reſounding Hollow of their Cell. Add. Virg.

Deep in the Palace, of long Growth there ſtood,
A Laurel Trunk, a venerable Wood:
It happen'd once, a boding Prodigy!
A Swarm of Bees, that cut the liquid Sky,
Upon the topmoſt Branch in Clouds alight;
There with their claſping Feet together clung,
And a long Cluſter from the Laurel hung. Dryd. Virg.

But when they ſport abroad, and rove from Home,
And leave the cooling Hive, and quit th' unfiniſh'd Comb;
Their

Their airy Ramblings are with Ease confin'd;
Clip their King's Wings, and, if they stay behind,
No bold Usurper dares invade their Right,
Nor sound a March, nor give the Sign for Flight. *Add. Virg.*

So when a Summer-Cloud the Sky o'erspreads,
The Bees, that wander o'er the flow'ry Meads,
Or to the Tops of lofty Mountains climb,
To fetch the yellow Spoils of od'rous Thyme,
Forsake their Toil, and, buzzing thro' the Air,
To their known Hives, with hasty Flight, repair:
All, to their Cells returning from abroad,
Depose their juicious Dew, and fruitful Thighs unload. *Blac. P. Arth.*

—— Thus in Summer's Heat
The Bees from Flow'r to Flow'r fly humming o'er the Field,
To suck the Morning Dew, which new-born Lillies yield. *Laud. Virg.*

So swarming Bees, that, on a Summer's Day,
In airy Rings, and wild Meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen Sound, their wand'rings end,
And, gently circling, on a Bough descend. *Young.*

As when the Bees their waxen Town forsake,
Careless in Air their wand'ring Way they take;
No more in clust'ring Swarms condens'd they fly,
But fleet uncertain thro' the various Sky;
No more from Flow'rs they suck the liquid Sweet,
But all their Cares and Industry forget:
Then, if at length the tinkling Brass they hear,
With swift Amaze the Flight they soon forbear;
Suddain their flow'ry Labours they renew,
Hang on the Thyme, and sip the balmy Dew.
Mean time, secure on Hybla's fragrant Plain,
With Joy exults the happy Shepherd-Swain,
Proud that his Heart has thus preserv'd his Store,
He scorns to think his homely Cottage poor. *Rowe Luc.*

So when a Foe invades the fragrant Cells
In which the Bees industrious Nation dwells,
The watchful Centinels the Signal give,
To raise the whole Militia of the Hive:
Strait mighty Uproar, Tumult, warlike Sound,
Thro' all the waxy Labyrinth rebound.
From their high Seats the hasty Youth descend,
In raging Troops their Fortress to defend:
The trembling Roof rebounds with threat'ning Swarms,
With Captains Fury, and the Din of Arms. *Blac. K. Arth.*

So wand'ring Bees would perish in the Air,
Did not a Sound, proportion'd to their Ear,

Ap-

Appease their Rage, invite them to the Hive,
Unite their Force, and teach them how to thrive;
To rob the Flow'rs, and to forget the Spoil;
Preserv'd in Winter by their Summer's Toil,
They give us Food, that may with Nectar vie,
And Wax, that does the absent Sun supply. Wall.

BEGGAR.

I'd rather wander thro' the World a Beggar, (Orph:
And live on sordid Scraps at proud Men's surly Doors. Otw.
Will you then quite cast off your poor Lavinia,
And turn me, like a Vagrant, out of Doors,
To wander up and down the Streets of Rome,
And beg my Bread with Sorrow? Can I bear
The proud and hard Revilings of a Slave,
Fat with his Master's Plenty, when I ask
A little Pity for my pinching Wants?
Shall I endure the cold, wet, windy Night,
To seek a Shelter under dropping Eves,
A Porch my Bed, a Threshold for my Pillow,
Shiv'ring and starv'd for want of Warmth and Food,
Swell'd with my Sighs, and almost choak'd with Tears?
Must I, at the uncharitable Gates
Of proud great Men, implore Relief in vain? Otw. C. Mar.
Like sturdy Beggars, that intreat
For Charity at once and threat. Hud.

BEGINNING.

Small are the Seeds which Fate, unheeded, sows
Of slight Beginnings to important Ends. D'Aven.
True Wisdom will no Enemy despise: (Cleop.
From small Beginnings mighty Flames arise. Sed. Ant. &
——— Just Fate that ne'er provide
For rash Beginnings a successful End. D'Aven.
Things, ill begun, strengthen themselves by Ill. Shak. Mac.

Priestess of BELLONA.

Cumana to the sacred Tunnel cleaves;
Her Breast, enlarg'd, the Goddess now receives:
And now she rages like a Bacchanal;
With Furies seiz'd, rends the holy Veil:
Full of the Deity, about she roams,
Stares, gapes, and on the hallow'd Curtain foams;

Cuts

Cuts her own Flesh, grovels upon the Ground,
Sings, dances, kicks the golden Tripods round. Lee Sophon.
The Fit of Prophecy's come on:
Our Goddess does the Tunnel wind;
And sacred Horrours swell my Mind. Lee Sophon.
Cease, Goddess, cease, thy Servant to torment:
My Lungs are with prophetick Fury spent:
The struggling Fates within my Bosom turn;
And heav'nly Fires my trembling Heart-strings burn.
When will thy Godhead let me rest,
Too mighty for a mortal Breast? Lee Sophon.

BERMUDAS.

For the kind Spring, which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the Year:
Ripe Fruits and Blossoms on the same Trees live;
At once they promise what at once they give:
So sweet the Air, so moderate the Clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his Time.
The naked Rocks are not unfruitful there,
But, at some constant Seasons of the Year,
Their barren Tops with luscious Food abound,
And with the Eggs of various Fowls are crown'd.
Heav'n sure has kept this Spot of Earth uncurst,
To shew how all Things were created first.
There, the Supporter of the Poets Style,
Phœbus, on them eternally does smile.
O, how I long my careless Limbs to lay
Under the Plantanes Shade, and all the Day
With am'rous Airs my Fancy entertain,
Invoke the Muses, and improve my Vein:
No Passion there in my fond Breast should move;
None but the sweet, and best of Passions, Love. Wall.

BIBLIOPOLO.

With leering Looks, Bull-fac'd, and freckled fair;
With froway Pores, that taint the ambient Air:
With two-left Legs, and Judas-colour'd Hair. Dryd.

BIGOTRY.

Then, from a Sulphur Cave, a Fury crawl'd,
And, on the Floor, in loathsome Volumes sprawl'd:
So fierce, she struck th' infernal Lords with Fright;
And so deform'd, she prejudic'd their Sight:

Hell,

Hell, at the dire Appearance blacker grew;
And vulgar Fiends, for Fear and Shame, withdrew:
Honour it self the raging Fury fear'd,
And Terrour shunn'd when she first appear'd.
Her fiery Eyes, a red malignant Glare,
Shot from their bloody Orbits thro' the Air;
Black Vipers crown'd her Head with horrid Grace;
The rankest Brood of all th' infernal Race:
In odious Curls they on her Shoulders hung,
Hissing and thrusting out their three-fork'd Tongue:
The firy Breaths, that from her Nostrils came,
With Fevers and with Plagues the Air inflame:
Whene'er the Fury yawn'd, she set to show
A dreadful Armoury of Death and Woe:
She seem'd all Teeth and Jaws, prepar'd for Spoil,
Like the arm'd Tyrant that infests the Nile;
Like the full Bosom of the widest Sail
In Ships of War, swoln with a rig'rous Gale,
Far out her vast hydropick Belly stood,
Turgid with purple Seas of Christian Blood;
Her Caves with Crosses, Racks and Fetters stor'd,
Variety of Pains and Choice of Deaths afford:
Her hateful Parents, Pontificial Pride,
And Lust of Gold, stood by the Furies Side:
Fierce Inquisition, Rage, Ambition, Hate,
Revenge and Envy, to compose her State,
A dire Retinue, on the Fiend await. Blac. Eliza.

BIRD.

Idle Musicians of the Spring,
Whose only Care's to love and sing. Rosc.
The wakeful Birds, impatient for the Morning,
Already, hark! begin to call it forth,
With Notes, like Trumpets sounding a Retreat. Hopk. Pyrr.
Secure and free they pass their harmless Hours;
Gay as the Birds that revel in the Grove,
And sing the Morning up. —— Tate Lay. Gen.
Hear, how the Birds, on ev'ry bloomy Spray,
With joyous Musick wake the dawning Day! Pope.
—— —— Each Grove is fill'd with Birds,
Who sit and sing, and, in a num'rous Throng, (Lucr.
With new-fledg'd Wings clap and applaud the Song. Creech
The Birds, that either wanton o'er the Floods, (Lucr.
Or fill with tuneful Sounds the list'ning Woods. Creech
Hark, how on ev'ry Bough the Birds express
In their sweet Notes their Happiness!

They

They all enjoy, and nothing spare,
But on their Mother Nature lay their Care.
Why then should Man, the Lord of all below,
Such Troubles chuse to know,
As none of all his Subjects undergo. Dryd.
Hark, how the gawdy Goldfinch and the Thrush
With tuneful Warblings fill that Bramble-Bush!
In pleasing Consort all the Birds combine;
And tempt us in their various Song to join. Pope.
Thus, as the wing'd Musicians of the Grove,
Th' Associates of my Melody and Love,
In moving Sounds alone relate their Pain,
And not with Voice articulate complain:
So shall my Muse my tuneful Sorrows sing,
And lose in Air her Name from whom they spring. Cong.
So to th' appointed Grove the feather'd Pair
Flie chirping on, unwatchful of the Snare;
Pursuing Love, and wing'd with am'rous Thought,
The wanton Couple in one Toil are caught;
In the same Cage in mournful Notes complain
Of the same Fate, and curse perfidious Man. Lansd. Brit. Ench.
——— ——— So in the Fields,
When the Destroyer has been out for Prey,
The scatter'd Lovers of the feather'd Kind,
Seeking, when Danger's past, to meet again,
Make moan, and call, by such Degrees approach,
'Till, joining, thus they bill, and spread their Wings,
Murmuring Love and Joy, their Fears are over. Otw. Orph.

BLESSING.

——— Hear me, bounteous Heav'n!
Pour down your Blessings on this beauteous Head,
Where everlasting Sweets are always springing,
With a continual giving Hand: let Peace,
Honour and Safety always hover round her;
Feed her with Plenty; let her Eyes ne'er see
A Sight of Sorrow; nor her Heart know Mourning:
Crown all her Days with Joys; her Nights with Rest,
Harmless as her own Thoughts; and prop her Virtue.
Otw. Ven. Pres.
——— ——— The bounteous Heav'ns
Rain on your Head whole Deluges of Mercies,
For this great Goodness! Hear me, O ye Pow'rs!
Hear me upon my Knees! Where-e'er he goes,
Guard him with Blessings; give him his own Wishes:
If to the Wars he pass, Renown attend him;
And

And growing Conquest dwell upon his Arms:
Let him attain, by a long Course of Valour,
And gallant Acts, to the old Roman Greatness;
And, when at last in Triumph he returns,
May all the sighing Virgins strew his Way, (Bor.
And with new Garlands crown his coming Glory. Lee Cæl.
——— ——— O gracious Heav'n!
Thou that hast endless Blessings still in store
For Virtue, and for filial Piety;
Let Grief, Disgrace, and Want be far away;
But multiply thy Mercies on his Head:
Let Honour, Greatness, Goodness, still be with him,
And Peace in all his Ways. ——— Rowe Fair Pen.
Reward him for the noble Deed, just Heav'n!
For this one Action guard him and distinguish him
With signal Mercies and with great Deliv'rance;
Save him from Wrong, Adversity and Shame;
Let never fading Honours flourish round him,
And consecrate his Name ev'n to Time's End:
Let him know nothing else but Good on Earth,
And everlasting Blessedness hereafter. Rowe J. Shore.
May all the Saints assist thee with prevailing Pray'rs,
And warring Angels combat on thy Side. Rowe J. Shore.
Let Pollio's Fortune crown his full Desires:
Let Myrrh, instead of Thorn, his Fences fill:
And Show'rs of Honey from his Oaks distil. Dryd. Virg.
Angels preserve my dearest Father's Life;
Bless it with long and uninterrupted Days!
O may he live till Time it self decay,
Till good Men wish him dead, or I offend him. Otw. Orph.
———. Kind Heav'n has surely endless Stores
Hoarded for thee of Blessings yet untasted. Otw. Ven. Pres.
The Seal of Providence is sure upon thee, (Pres.
And thou wert born for yet unheard of Wonders. Otw. Ven.

Circulation of the BLOOD.

——— The Heart, from its contracted Cave,
On the left Side, ejects the bounding Wave:
The crimson Jets, rais'd with elastick Force,
Swift to the Seats of Sense pursue their Course;
Arterial Streams thro' the soft Brain diffuse,
And water all its Field with vital Dews:
The shooting Streams, which, thro' another Road,
The beating Engine downward does explode,
To all th' inferiour Parts descend, and lave
The Members with their circulating Wave. Blac. Creat.

As

As when the Thames advances thro' the Plain,
With his freſh Waters to dilute the Main,
He turns and winds amidſt the flow'ry Meads,
And now contracts, and now his Water ſpreads:
Here, in a Courſe direct he forward tends,
There, to his Head his Waves retorted bends;
See, now the ſportive Tide in two divides
His ſilver Train, now with uniting Tides
He wanton claſps the intercepted Soil,
And forms with erring Streams the reedy Iſle;
At length, collecting all his wat'ry Band,
The Ocean to augment he leaves the Land;
So the red Currents in their ſecret Maze,
In various Rounds thro' dark Meanders paſs;
Till all, aſſembled in the Cava Vein,
Bring to the Heart's right Side their crimſon Train;
Which, now compreſs'd with Force elaſtick, drives
The Flood, that thro' the ſecret Paſſes ſtrives.
The Road, that to the Lungs this Store tranſmits,
Into unnumber'd narrow Channels ſplits:
The venal Blood crowds thro' the winding Ways,
And thro' the Tubes the broken Tide conveys:
Theſe num'rous Streams, their roſy Beauty gone,
Poor by Expence, and faint with Labour grown,
Are in the Lungs enrich'd, which reinſpire
The languid Liquors, and reſtore the Fire.
The large Arterial Ducts, that thither lead,
By which the Blood is from the Heart convey'd,
Thro' either Lobe ten thouſand Branches ſpread.
Here its bright Stream the bounding Current parts,
And thro' the various Paſſes ſwiftly darts:
Each ſubtile Pipe, each winding Channel fills
With ſprightly Liquors, and with purple Rills:
The Pipe, diſtinguiſh'd by its griſtly Rings,
To cheriſh Life aerial Paſture brings;
Which the ſoft breathing Lungs, with gentle Force,
Conſtant embrace by Turns, by Turns divorce:
The ſpringy Air this nitrous Food impels,
Thro' all the ſpungy Parts, and bladder'd Cells,
And with dilating Breath the vital Bellows ſwells:
Th' admitted Nitre agitates the Flood,
Revives its Fires, and referments the Blood:
Behold the Streams now change their languid Blue,
Regain their Glory, and their Flame renew:
With ſcarlet Honours readorn'd, the Tide
Leaps on, and, bright with more than Tyrian Pride,

Advances to the Heart, and fills the Cave
On the left Side, which the first Motion gave.
Now, thro' the same involv'd Arterial Ways,
Th' exploded Jets th' impulsive Engine plays. Blac. Creat.

B L U S H.

She, proudly eminent above the rest,
With Blushes glow'd; such Blushes as adorn
The ruddy Welkin, or the purple Morn. Add. Ovid.
So sweet a Tincture, ere the Sun appears,
The bashful ruddy Morning wears;
Thus thro' a Crystal Wave the Coral glows;
And such a Blush sits on the Virgin Rose. Flatman.
When radiant Blushes to her Cheeks repair,
Gods, how that Paint of Nature tempts our Eyes!
How Earth's Aurora far transcends the Skies! ————
A lovely Shame
That she reveal'd so much, possess'd her Cheeks. D'Aven.
With such a Blush, as purple Clusters shew,
Ere yet the Sun's autumnal Heats refine
Their sprightly Juice, and mellow it to Wine. Add. Ovid.
How brightly her betraying Blushes move,
And seem a glorious Traytor to her Love! How. Ven. Virg.
A crimson Blush her glowing Face o'erspread,
As Indian Ivory, when stain'd with Red;
Or Lillies set with Roses in a Bed. Laud. Virg.
The spreading Blushes stain her Virgin Face. Gay.
Her Face she cover'd with a conscious Red;
Like a Cloud gilded by the rising Sun;
Or Virgin, newly by her Love undone. Sedl. Ovid.
Her Sexes Tenderness resumes its Place,
And spreads in conscious Blushes o'er her Face. Yald. Strada.
———— ———— What means, alas!
That Blood, which flushes guilty in your Face. Dryd. State of Inn.
Strait a swift Blush her guilty Features stains;
In her unwilling Cheek the Crimson glows,
And her check'd Pride a short Confusion knows. Gay. Ovid.
My boiling Blood sprung with my Rage, and spread
O'er all my burning Face a firy Red:
So Roses blush when Night her kindly Dews has shed.
Bowles Theoc.
No guilty Thought the spotless Virgin knows;
And o'er her Cheek no conscious Crimson glows;
For Blushes still from Shame alone arise. Gay.
A burning Blush has cover'd all my Face. Dr. Ind. Emp.

The Mufti reddens: Mark that holy Cheek:
He frets within; froths Treason at the Mouth,
And churns it thro' his Teeth. ——— Dryd. Don. Seb.

BOAR.

——— We pursu'd the Chase,
When from behind the Wood, with rushing Sound
A monstrous Boar rush'd forth: His baleful Eyes
Shot glaring Fire; and his stiff pointed Bristles
Rose high upon his Back: At me he made,
Whetting his Tusks, and churning hideous Foam:
Then, then Hippolitus flew in to aid me;
Collecting all himself, and rising to the Blow,
He launch'd the whistling Spear; the well aim'd Jav'lin
Pierc'd his tough Hide, and quiver'd in his Heart;
The Monster fell, and, gnashing, with huge Tusks
Plough'd up the crimson Earth. — Smith. Phaed. and Hip.

BOASTING.

——— ——— ——— He can boast,
And ne'er give o'er; did you believe his Tongue,
You'd think, he had an Arm cou'd cope with Thunder.
Oldis. Hom.

Gods! Can such Boasting, from such Weakness come?
No Panther, Lion, or large savage Boar;
Whose Fury is supported by their Strength,
Could be more confident. ——— Oldis. Hom.
Tongue-valiant Hero, Boaster of thy Might;
In Threats, the foremost; but the Lag in Fight:
When didst thou thrust amid the mingled Preace,
Content to bid the War aloof in Peace?
Arms are the Trade of each plebeian Soul:
'Tis Death, to fight; but kingly to controul.
Lord-like at Ease, with arbitrary Pow'r;
To peel the Chiefs, the People to devour:
These, Traitor, are thy Talents; safer far
Than to contend in Fields, and Toils of War. Dryd. Hom.
——— ——— But when we join'd in Battel,
Fierce as a Winter Storm upon the Main;
I rang'd the Field, whilst my affrighted Foes,
Like Billows at the angry Neptune's Frowns,
Successively did vanish from my Sight.
Did not I pour upon their foremost Ranks,
Sudden and fierce as Lightning; rush among
Their thickest Squadrons; and, in glorious Heat,

Like Thunder breaking from a teeming Cloud,
Make Desolation wait upon my Arms?
With my drawn Sword, I pointed out the Paths
Of dazling Fame, which none but I could tread:
Mounting that stately Pyramid alone,
Whilst all my Army lagg'd, and you below (Brother.
Trembled, like Girls, but to behold my Daring. South. Loy.
By Mars, the single Virtue of this Arm, (South. Loy. Bro.
Dispers'd their Troops, and drove them from the Field.
——————— Did his Genius
Know mine the stronger Demon; fear'd the Grapple,
And, looking round him, found this Nook of Fate,
To skulk behind my Sword. ——— Dryd. Don. Seb.
——————— Discretion,
And hardy Valour are the Twins of Honour;
And, nurs'd together, make a Conqueror;
Divided, but a Talker. ———
And we, that have been Victors, beat ourselves (duca.
When we insult upon our Honour's Subject. Beaum. Bon-

BOOKS.

I sought Relief (Trium.
In Books, the fruitless Remedies of Grief. Dryd. Love
The bookful Blockhead, ignorantly read,
With Loads of learned Lumber in his Head;
With his own Tongue still edifies his Ears;
And always list'ning to himself appears:
All Books he reads; and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.
With him, most Authors steal their Works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary:
Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's Friend;
Nay, shew'd his Faults; but when wou'd Poets mend?
No Place so sacred, from such Fops is barr'd;
Nor is Paul's Church more safe than Paul's Church-Yard:
Nay, fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For Fools rush in, where Angels fear to tread. Pope.

BOWER.

Go, bid her steal into the pleached Bower,
Where Honey-suckles, ripen'd by the Sun,
Forbid the Sun to enter; like Favourites,
Made proud by Princes, that advance their Pride
Against the Power that bred it. Shak. Much. A. a. Noth.

Behold th' unlabour'd Ground,
Bounteous of Fruit: Above our shady Bow'rs
The creeping Jess'min thrusts her fragrant Flow'rs:
The Myrtle, Orange, and the blushing Rose,
With bending Heaps so nigh their Blooms disclose,
Each seems to smell the Flavours, which the other blows.
By these the Peach, the Guava, and the Pine;
And, creeping 'twixt them all, the mantling Vine
Does round their Trunks her purple Clusters twine.
Dryd. Stat. of Inn.

—— Behold the Bower,
Where from the Jess'min Roof the Dew distill'd,
And, trickling from thy Brow, perfum'd thy Tears;
Whilst, to correct the Vapours of the Night,
Officious Loves celestial Perfumes breath'd,
And fann'd the Moon-beams with more shining Wings.
Tate Loy. Gen.

BOWL.

A Bowl, where wanton Ivy twines,
And swelling Clusters bend the curling Vines:
Four Figures rising from the Work appear,
The various Seasons of the rouling Year. Pope.
And what that hight, which guards the Wilkin Sheen,
Where twelve bright Signs in meet Array are seen. Phil.
Two Bowls of beechen Wood:
Alcim'don made them; 'tis a Work divine,
And round the Brim ripe Grapes in Clusters twine:
So curiously he hits the various Shapes,
And with pale Ivy cloaths the blushing Grapes:
Within, two Figures neatly carv'd appear;
Conon, and he, who was't? that made the Sphear,
And shew'd the various Seasons of the Year. Creech Virg.
He round the Handles wrought smooth Ivy Knobs;
Orpheus within, and following Woods, around, (Virg.
With bending Tops, seem list'ning to the Sound. Creech
A golden Bowl that shone with Gems divine. Dr. Virg.
On Bowls emboss'd bright Gems were seen to shine,
Blaze on the Brims, and sparkle in the Wine. Pope Stat.
Then Nestor's Bowl she plac'd upon the Table:
Wondrous it was, and damask'd o'er with Gold:
Four Ears it had; and, to support each Ear,
Two golden Doves, so exquisitely carv'd,
That they even seem'd to feed around the Bowl:
Double the Bottom was, and deep withal;
And, when with smiling Liquor it was crown'd, (Hom.
One Man could scarce support the noble Load. Broome

BOWLS.

Thus Bowls run true, by being made
On purpoſe falſe, and to be ſway'd. *Hud.*

BRAMBLE.

The Burs and Brambles, an unbidden Crew
Of graceleſs Gueſts, th' unhappy Field ſubdue. *Dryd. Virg.*
He, like a Bramble 'mongſt a Cedar's Boughs, ——
Vexes his Peace, under whoſe Shade he grows. *Otw. D. Carl.*

BRIDE and BRIDEGROOM.

The Bride at length, the Care of Love, appears,
Mature for Man, and in her blooming Years:
In wanton Folds her modeſt Garments flow;
And Bluſhes in her Cheeks, or Wiſhes, glow.
And the ſweet Image of approaching Joys
Play'd in her Breaſt, and ſparkled in her Eyes.
Her Virgin-Hopes produce the bluſhing Roſe;
Her Virgin-Fears the ſpotleſs Lilly ſhews.
By Nature free, by Cuſtom only coy,
She will not for her Fears renounce the Joy:
Willing ſhe goes, and ſtrives in vain to hide
The ſilent Raptures of a wiſhing Bride. ——
While to his Arms the bluſhing Bride he took,
To ſeeming Sadneſs ſhe compos'd her Look;
As if by Force ſubjected to his Will, (*& Iphig.*
Tho' pleas'd, diſſembling, and a Woman ſtill. *Dryd. Cym.*
She is reſerv'd, you ſay, when you approach her:
Why let her weep too: Was it ever known
A ſubtle Bride laugh'd on her Wedding-Day,
Or claſp'd her Lover in the Eye o' th' World?
—————— It is their Trade,
The very Nature, Soul, and Life-Blood of them,
To whine and cry, and turn their Heads away, (*Caeſ. Borg.*
When their Hearts doat on what they ſeem to ſcorn. *Lee.*
Theſe are the Fears, which wait on ev'ry Bride,
And only ſerve for Preludes to her Joys:
Short Sighs, and all thoſe Motions of thy Heart,
Are Nature's Call, and kindle warm Deſires:
Soon as the friendly Goddeſs of the Night
Shall draw her Veil of Darkneſs o'er thy Bluſhes,
Theſe little, cold, unneceſſary Doubts,
Shall fly the Circle of my folding Arms:
And, when I preſs thee trembling to my Boſom,

Thou

Thou shalt confess, if there be room for Words,
Or ev'n for Thoughts, that all those Thoughts are Bliss.
Rowe Amb. Step.

Blush not redder than the Morning,
Tho' the Virgins gave you Warning;
Sigh not at the Chance befel ye,
Tho' they smile, and dare not tell ye:
Maids, like Turtles, love the Cooing,
Bill and murmur in their Wooing;
Thus, like you, they start and tremble,
And their troubled Joys dissemble.
Grasp the Pleasure while 'tis coming;
Tho' your Beauties now are blooming,
Time at last your Joys will sever, (Bor.
And they'll part, they'll part for ever. Lee Cæs.

Thus the chaste Bridegroom when the Priest draws nigh,
Beholds his Blessing with a trembling Eye;
Feels doubtful Passions throb in ev'ry Vein;
And in his Cheeks are mingled Joy and Pain;
Lest still some intervening Chance could rise,
Leap forth at once, and snatch the glorious Prize. Young.

I'm mad as promis'd Bridegrooms, borne away
With Thoughts of nothing but the joyful Day. Cow. C. Mar.

BRIDGE, built by Sin and Death, over Chaos, *from Hell to the new-made World.*

They both from out Hell-Gates into the Waste
Wide Anarchy of Chaos damp and dark
Flew divers; and with Pow'r, (their Pow'r was great)
Hov'ring upon the Waters, what they met
Solid or slimy, as in raging Sea
Tos'd up and down, together crowded drove
From each Side shoaling tow'rds the Mouth of Hell.
As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian Sea, together drive
Mountains of Ice, that stop th' imagin'd Way
Beyond Petsora Eastward, to the rich
Cathaian Coast: The aggregated Soil
Death with his Mace petrifick, cold and dry,
As with a Trident smote, and fix'd as firm
As Delos floating once; the rest his Look
Bound with Gorgonian Rigour not to move;
As with asphaltick Slime: broad as the Gate,
Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd Beach
They fasten'd, and the Mole immense wrought on,

Over

Over the foaming Deep, high-arch'd, a Bridge
Of Length prodigious, joining to the Wall
Immoveable of this now fenceless World,
Forfeit to Death; from hence a Passage broad,
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to Hell.
So, if great Things to small may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the Liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Susa, his Memnonian Palace high,
Came to the Sea, and over Hellespont
Bridging his Way, Europe with Asia join'd,
And scourg'd with many a Stroke th' indignant Waves. (Par. Lost. Milt.

BRITANNIA.

Above the Waves she lifts her silver Head,
And looks a Venus, born from Ocean's Bed:
For rowling Years, her happy Fortunes smile,
And Fates propitious bless the beauteous Isle:
To Worlds remote she wide extends her Reign,
And wields the Trident of the stormy Main.
Thus, on the Base of Empire, firm she stands,
While bright Eliza rules the willing Lands. Cong.

Happy Isle, all Joys possessing,
Clime resembling Heav'n above,
Freedom 'tis that crowns thy Blessing,
Land of Liberty and Love. Lansd. Brit. Ench.

Thee, Goddess Liberty, Britannia's Isle adores:
How oft has she exhausted all her Stores!
How oft in Fields of Death thy Presence sought?
Nor thinks the mighty Prize too dearly bought:
On foreign Mountains may the Sun refine
The Grape's soft Juice, and mellow it to Wine;
With Citron Groves adorn a distant Soil,
And the fat Olive swell with Floods of Oil.
We envy not the warmer Clime, that lies
In ten Degrees of more indulgent Skies,
Nor at the Coarseness of our Heav'n repine,
Tho' o'er our Heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's Isle,
And makes her barren Rocks, and her bleak Mountains smile.
Others with tow'ring Piles may please the Sight,
And in their proud aspiring Domes delight;
A nicer Touch to the stretch'd Canvas give,
Or teach their animated Rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's Care to watch o'er Europe's Fate,
And hold in Ballance each contending State;

To threaten bold presumptuous Kings with War,
And answer her afflicted Neighbours Pray'r. Add.
So, tho' with suddain Rage the Tempest come,
Tho' the Winds roar, and tho' the Waters foam,
Imperial Britain on the Sea looks down,
And, smiling, sees her rebel Subject frown:
Striking her Cliff, the Storm confirms her Pow'r:
The Waves but whiten her triumphant Shore:
In vain they would advance, in vain retreat;
Broken they dash, and perish at her Feet. Prior.
Firm as fair Albion 'midst the raging Main,
Surveys encircling Danger with Disdain:
In vain the Waves assault her unmov'd Shore;
In vain the Winds with mingled Fury roar;
Fair Albion's beauteous Cliffs shine brighter than before.
Amidst the World of Waves so stands serene
Britannia's Isle, the Ocean's stately Queen:
In vain the Nations have conspir'd her Fall;
Her Trench the Sea, and Fleets her floating Wall. Tickell.

BRUIN.

The valiant Bruin march'd next him,
With Visage formidably grim;
As rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own Kin;
Clad in a Mantle della Guer,
Of rough impenetrable Fur;
And in his Nose, like Indian King,
He wore, for Ornament, a Ring;
About his Neck, a threefold Gorget,
As tough, as trebled leathern Target.
He was by Birth, some Authors write,
A Russian, some a Moscovite;
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in Diurnals read,
That serve to fill up Pages here,
As with their Bodies Ditches there;
Scrimanski was his Cousin-German,
With whom he serv'd, and fed on Vermin:
And, when these fail'd, he'd suck his Claws,
And quarter himself upon his Paws:
And, tho' his Countrey-men, the Huns,
Did stew their Meat between their Bums,
And th' Horses Backs, o'er which they straddle,
And ev'ry Man eat up his Saddle,

He was not half so nice as they,
But eat it raw, when't came in's Way. Hud.

BRUTUS.

Next view the Tarquin Kings: th' avenging Sword
Of Brutus, justly drawn, and Rome restor'd:
He first renews the Rods, and Ax severe;
And gives the Consuls royal Robes to wear:
His Sons, who seek the Tyrant to sustain,
And long for arbitrary Lords again,
With Ignominy scourg'd, in open Sight,
He dooms to Death deserv'd, asserting publick Right.
Unhappy Man, to break the pious Laws
Of Nature, pleading in his Children's Cause!
Howe'er the doubtful Fact be understood,
'Tis Love of Honour, and his Countries Good:
The Consul, not the Father, sheds the Blood. Dr. Virg.

BUD.

And now the tender Gems but just appear,
Unable to sustain th' uncertain Year. Dryd. Virg.
So Buds, appearing ere the Frosts are pass'd,
Nipt by some unkind Blast,
Wither in Penance for their forward Haste. Oldh.

BUILDING.

Not Ought, which Sheba's wond'ring Queen beheld
Amongst the Works of Solomon, excell'd
His Ships and Building: Emblems of a Heart,
Large both in Magnanimity and Art!
Laomedon, that had the Gods in Pay,
Neptune, with him that rules the sacred Day,
Could no such Structure raise: Troy wall'd so high,
Th' Atrides might as well have forc'd the Sky:
Glad, tho' amazed, are our neighbour Kings,
To see such Pow'r imploy'd in peaceful Things:
They list not urge it to the dreadful Field:
The Task is easier to destroy, than build. Wall.
One Minute gives Invention to destroy,
What to rebuild will a whole Age imploy. Cong. Dou. Deal.
Yet then no proud aspiring Piles were rais'd;
Whose fretted Roofs with polish'd Metals blaz'd:
No labour'd Columns in long Order plac'd,
Nor Grecian Stone the pompous Arches grac'd. Pope Stat.

 Thus

Thus a fair Model of the Work design'd
First takes a Copy of the Builders Mind,
Before the Structure, firm with lasting Oak,
And Marble Bowels of the solid Rock,
Turns the strong Arch, and bids the Column rise,
And bear the lofty Palace to the Skies:
The Bars of Time enabled to surpass,
With Bars of Adamant, and Ribs of Brass. Young.

BULL.

——— A Bull he bred,
With spurning Heels, and with a butting Head. Dr. Virg.
——— A Bull, that's young and fierce;
When two Years Growth of Horn he proudly shews,
And shakes the comely Terrours of his Brows. Add. Virg.
The Bull for Fight prepares, and fiercely stands
Bending his Neck, and spurning back the Sands. Laud. Vir.
So angry Bulls the Combate strait forbear,
If from the Woods a Lion but appear. Wall.
When two fierce Bulls contend, the doubtful Herd
Stand gazing by a while, of both afraid;
But soon as one the fatal Strife declines, (Cleop.
The captive Number with the Victor joins. Sedl. Ant. &

Jupiter chang'd into a Bull.

Large Curls adorn'd his Front, and hid his Chest;
Of all, he seem'd by far the noblest Beast;
By something still distinguish'd from the rest.
His Whiteness did the new-fall'n Snow excel,
While it remains unsully'd, as it fell:
His Horns were small, like glitt'ring Jewels bright,
And seem'd design'd for Beauty more than Fight:
His peaceful Look no Sign of Fury shows,
He wears no Mark of Terrour on his Brows.
Now, with large Leaps he bounds upon the Land;
Anon, he rouls along the golden Sand. Hopk. Ovid.
His Hair was whiter than untrodden Snow;
A gentle Sweetness dwelt upon his Brow:
A charming Grace his ev'ry Part adorns,
And shining Glories play'd about his Horns. Harv. Ovid.

BUZZARD.

A portly Prince, and goodly to the Sight;
He seem'd a Son of Anach for his Height:
Like those whom Stature did to Crowns prefer;
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter:

Broad-back'd, and brawny built for Love's Delight;
A Prophet form'd to make a Female Proselyte:
A Theologue more by Need, than genial Bent;
By Breeding sharp; by Nature confident.
Int'rest in all his Actions was discern'd:
More learn'd than honest; more a Wit than learn'd:
Or forc'd by Fear, or by his Profit led,
Or both conjoin'd, his native Clime he fled;
But brought the Virtues of his Heav'n along,
A fair Behaviour, and a fluent Tongue:
And yet with all his Arts he could not thrive;
The most unlucky Parasite alive:
Loud Praises to prepare his Paths he sent,
And then himself pursu'd his Compliment:
But, by Reverse of Fortune chas'd away,
His Gifts no longer than their Author stay:
He shakes the Dust against th' ungrateful Race,
And leaves the Stench of Ordures in the Place.
Oft has he flatter'd and blasphem'd the same;
For in his Rage he spares no Sov'raign's Name.
The Hero and the Tyrant change their Style
By the same Measure that they frown or smile.
When well receiv'd by hospitable Foes,
The Kindness he returns is to expose:
For Courtesies, tho' undeserv'd and great,
No Gratitude in fellow-Minds beget;
As Tribute to his Wit, the Churl receives the Treat.
His Praise of Foes is venomously nice,
So touch'd, it turns a Virtue into Vice.
But he, uncall'd, his Patron to controul,
Divulg'd the secret Whispers of his Soul;
Stood forth th' accusing Satan of his Crimes,
And offer'd to the Moloch of the Times.
Prompt to assail, and careless of Defence,
Invulnerable in his Impudence;
He dares the World, and, eager of a Name,
He thrusts about, and justles into Fame:
Frontless, and Satire-proof, he scours the Streets,
And runs an Indian Muck at all he meets.
So fond of loud Report, that not to miss
Of being known, his last and utmost Bliss,
He rather would be known for what he is. Dryd. Hind. & Pant.

C. CACUS.

C.

CACUS.

BEhold the Robber's Den, inclos'd around
With living Stone, and deep beneath the Ground
The Monster Cacus, more than half a Beast,
That Hold, impervious to the Sun, possess'd:
The Pavement ever foul with human Gore;
Heads, and their mangled Members hung the Door.
Vulcan this Plague begot; and, like his Sire,
Black Clouds he belch'd, and Flakes of livid Fire.
Time, long expected, eas'd us of our Load,
And brought the needful Presence of a God:
Th'avenging Force of Hercules, from Spain
Arriv'd in Triumph, from Geryon slain:
Thrice liv'd the Giant, and thrice liv'd in vain.
His Prize, the lowing Herds, Alcides drove
Near Tyber's Banks, to graze the shady Grove:
Allur'd with Hope of Plunder; and intent
By Force to rob, by Fraud to circumvent,
The brutal Cacus, as by Chance they stray'd,
Four Oxen thence, and four fair Kine convey'd;
And, lest the printed Footsteps might be seen,
He dragg'd them backwards to his rocky Den:
The Tracks averse a lying Notice gave,
And led the Searcher backward from the Cave.
Mean time the Herdsman Heroe shifts his Place,
To find fresh Pasture, and untrodden Grass.
The Beasts, who miss'd their Mates, fill'd all around
With Bell'wings; and the Rocks restor'd the Sound.
One Heifer, who had heard her Love complain,
Roar'd from the Cave, and made the Project vain:
Alcides found the Fraud: With Rage he shook,
And toss'd about his Head his knotted Oak:
Swift as the Winds, or Scythian Arrows Flight,
He clomb, with eager Haste, th' aerial Height:
Then first we saw the Monster mend his Pace;
Fear in his Eyes, and Paleness in his Face,
Confess'd the God's Approach; trembling he springs,
As Terrour had increas'd his Feet with Wings:
Nor stay'd for Stairs; but down the Depth he threw
His Body; on his Back the Door he drew;
The Door, a Rib of living Rock: with Pains
His Father hew'd it out, and bound with Iron Chains:

He

He broke the heavy Links; the Mountain clos'd;
And Bars and Leavers to his Foe oppos'd:
The Wretch had hardly made his Dungeon fast;
The fierce Avenger came with bounding Haste;
Survey'd the Mouth of the forbidden Hold;
And here and there his raging Eyes he roul'd:
He gnash'd his Teeth, and thrice he compass'd round,
With winged Speed the Circuit of the Ground.
Thrice at the Cavern's Mouth he pull'd in vain;
And, panting, thrice desisted from his Pain.
A pointed, flinty Rock, all bare and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the Mountain's Back:
The leaning Head hung threat'ning o'er the Flood,
And nodded to the Left: The Heroe stood
Adverse, with planted Feet; and, from the Right,
Tugg'd at the solid Stone, with all his Might.
Thus, heav'd, the fix'd Foundations of the Rock
Gave Way: Heav'n echo'd at the rattling Shock:
Tumbling it choak'd the Flood: On either Side,
The Banks leap forward, and the Streams divide:
The Sky shrunk upward with unusual Dread;
And trembling Tiber div'd beneath his Bed:
The Court of Cacus stands reveal'd to Sight;
The Cavern glares with new admitted Light. Dryd. Virg.

As if a dreadful Earthquake rent in two
The shatter'd Globe, and show'd the Realms of Woe,
Unseen by Pow'rs above, and radiant Light
Should fright the flitting Shades, shut in eternal Night. Virg. Laud.

The graceless Monster, caught in open Day,
Inclos'd, and in Despair to fly away,
Howls horrible from underneath; and fills
His hollow Palace with unmanly Yells.
The Heroe stands above; and, from afar,
Plies him with Darts and Stones, and distant War:
He, from his Nostrils, and huge Mouth, expires,
Black Clouds of Smoke amidst his Father's Fires;
Gath'ring, with each repeated Blast, the Night,
To make uncertain Aim, and erring Sight:
The wrathful God then plunges from above;
And, where in thickest Waves the Sparkles drove,
There lights; and wades thro' Fumes, and gropes his Way;
Half sing'd, half stifled, till he grasps his Prey:
The Monster, spewing fruitless Flames, he found;
He squeez'd his Throat, he writh'd his Neck around;
And in a Knot his crippled Members bound.
Then, from their Sockets, tore his burning Eyes;
Rowl'd on a Heap, the breathless Robber lies:

The

The Doors, unbarr'd, receive the rushing Day;
And thorow Lights disclose the ravish'd Prey:
The Bulls, redeem'd, breathe open Air again;
Next, by the Feet, they drag him from the Den:
The wond'ring Neighbourhood, with glad Surprize,
Behold his shagged Breast, his Giant Size,
His Mouth that flames no more, and his extinguish'd Eyes.
Dryd. Virg.

CÆNIS.

'Twas in my second Cent'ry I survey'd
Young Cænis, then a fair Thessalian Maid;
Cænis the bright, was born to high Command,
A Princess, and a Native of thy Land;
Divine Achilles: Ev'ry Tongue proclaim'd
Her Beauty; and her Eyes all Hearts inflam'd:
But she to all alike her Love deny'd;
It was her Fortune once to take her Way
Along the sandy Margin of the Sea:
The Pow'r of Ocean view'd her as she pass'd,
And, lov'd as soon as seen, by Force embrac'd:
So Fame reports: Her Virgin-Treasure seiz'd,
And his new Joys, the Ravisher so pleas'd,
That thus, transported, to the Nymph he cry'd;
Ask what thou wilt; no Pray'r shall be deny'd:
This also Fame relates: The haughty Fair,
Who not the Rape, ev'n of a God, could bear,
This Answer, proud, return'd; To mighty Wrongs
A mighty Recompence, of Right, belongs:
Give me no more to suffer such a Shame;
But change the Woman for a better Name.
One Gift for all, she said, and, while she spoke,
A stern, majestick, manly Tone she took:
A Man she was; and, as the Godhead swore,
To Cæneus turn'd, who Cænis was before.
To this the Lover adds, without Request,
No Force of Steel should violate her Breast:
Glad of the Gift, the new-made Warriour goes, (Virg.
And arms among the Greeks; and longs for equal Foes. Dryd.

Cæneus, a Woman once, and once a Man;
But ending in the Sex she first began. Dryd. Virg.

CÆSAR.

Now fix your Sight, and stand intent, to see
Your Roman Race, and Julian Progeny.

The mighty Cæsar waits his vital Hour;
Impatient for the World, and grasps his promis'd Pow'r:
But next behold the Youth of Form Divine,
Cæsar himself, exalted in his Line:
Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold;
Sent to the Realm, that Saturn rul'd of old;
Born to restore a better Age of Gold.
Africk, and India, shall his Pow'r obey:
He shall extend his propagated Sway
Beyond the Solar Year, without the starry Way;
Where Atlas turns the rouling Heavn's around,
And his broad Shoulders with their Lights are crown'd:
At his foreseen Approach already quake
The Caspian Kingdoms, and Mæotian Lake:
Their Seers behold the Tempest from afar,
And threat'ning Oracles denounce the War.
Nile hears him knocking at his sev'nfold Gates;
And seeks his hidden Spring, and fears his Nephew's Fates.
Not Hercules more Lands or Labours knew,
Not tho' the brazen-footed Hind he slew:
Free'd Erymanthus from the foaming Boar;
And dipp'd his Arrows in Lernæan Gore.
And doubt we yet thro' Dangers to pursue
The Paths of Honour, and a Crown in view. Dryd. Virg.

CALENTURE.

But if on Shipboard I should see my Friend,
Grown frantick in a raging Calenture,
And then, imagining vain flow'ry Fields,
Would headlong plunge himself into the Deep;
Should I not hold him from that mad Attempt,
Till his sick Fansy were by Reason cur'd? Dryd. Don. Seb.
So, in a Calenture, the Seaman fansies
Green Fields and flow'ry Meadows on the Ocean: (Step.
Till, leaping in, the Wretch is lost for ever. Rowe Amb.

CALM.

The angry Waves had ceas'd their Roar;
Each Mountain Billow shrunk its tow'ring Head,
And peaceful slept upon its oozy Bed: (were fled.
The Winds had spent their Breath, and to their Caves
Gard.

The warring Winds are hush'd, the Sea's serene;
And Nature, soften'd, shifts her angry Scene. ——

See!

See! silent are the Winds; a peaceful Sleep (Theoc.
Has calm'd the raging Seas, and smooth'd the Deep. Dryd.
Calm and unruffled as a Summer-Sea,
When not a Breath of Wind flies o'er its Surface. Add. Cato.
As calm, as Infants Sleep. Tate Loy. Gen.
The quiet Waves an awful Silence keep; (Circe.
The dreadful Winds in their deep Caverns sleep. D'Aven.
The Winds no more insult the flying Waves;
But for Repose retreat to neighb'ring Caves:
The Sea subsides; and, on its peaceful Breast,
Billows, diffus'd, dispose themselves to Rest. Blac. K. Arth.
The Storm was hush'd, and dimpled Ocean smil'd. Dr. Virg.
Calm and serene, as when in Spring
The new-created World began,
And Birds on Boughs did softly sing,
Their peaceful Homage paid to Man:
While Eurus did his Blasts forbear,
In favour of the tender Year. Dryd. K. Arth.

CAMELEON.

The thin Cameleon, fed with Air, receives
The Colour of the Thing to which it cleaves. Dryd. Ovid.
——— The Cameleon's known
To have no Colour of his own;
But borrows from his Neighbour's Hue
His White, or Black; his Green, or Blue;
And struts as much in ready Light,
Which Credit gives him upon Sight,
As if the Rainbow were in Tail
Settled on him, and his Heirs Male. Prior.
So the Cameleon, that lives on Air,
Is of all Creatures most inclin'd to fear. Orinda.

CAMP.

Danger and Death in Camps I've learn'd to court: (Circe.
In Camps, where Death's rough Bus'ness is a Sport. D'Aven.
Go to the Camp, Preferments noblest Mart,
Where Honour ought to have the fairest Play, you'll find,
Corruption, Envy, Discontent, and Faction,
Almost in ev'ry Band. How many Men
Have spent their Blood in their dear Country's Service;
Yet now pine under Want, while selfish Slaves, (on,
That ev'n would cut their Throats, whom now they fawn
Like deadly Locusts, eat the Honey up,
Which those industrious Bees so hardly toil'd for. Otw. Orph.

So in a Camp, tho' at the Dead of Night,
If but the Trumpets chearful Noise is heard,
All at the Signal leap from downy Rest,
And ev'ry Heart awakes, as mine does now. Otw. Orph.

To a CANDLE.

Thou watchful Taper, by whose silent Light,
I lonely pass the melancholy Night:
O learn with me my hopeless Love to moan;
Commiserate a Life so like thy own:
Like thine, my Flames to my Destruction turn,
Wasting that Heart, by which supply'd, they burn.
Like thine, my Joy and Suff'ring they display,
At once are signs of Life, and Symptoms of Decay:
And, as thy fearful Flames the Day decline,
And, only during Night, presume to shine;
Their humble Rays not daring to aspire
Before the Sun, the Fountain of their Fire;
So mine, with conscious Shame, and equal Awe,
To Shades obscure and solitude withdraw;
Nor dare their Light before her Eyes disclose,
From whose bright Beams their Being first arose. Cong.

CANIBAL.

The captive Canibal, oppress'd with Chains;
Yet braves his Foes; reviles, provokes, disdains,
Of Nature fierce, untameable, and proud;
He bids Defiance to the gaping Crowd:
And spent at last, and speechless as he lies,
With fiery Glances mocks their Rage, and dies. Lansd.

CANNON.

——————Their Mouths
With hideous Orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow Truce: At each behind
A Seraph stood; and in his Hand a Reed
Held waving, tipt with Fire; while we suspense
Collected stood within our Thoughts amus'd,
Not long; for sudden all, at once, their Reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow Vent apply'd
With nicest Touch: Immediate in a Flame;
But soon obscur'd with Smoak, all Heav'n appear'd,
From those deep-throated Engines belch'd, whose Roar
Embowell'd with outrageous Noise the Air,

And

And all her Entrails tore; disgorging foul
Their devilish Glut, chain'd Thunderbolts and Hail
Of Iron Globes; which, on the Victor Host
Level'd, with such impetuous Fury smote,
That, whom they hit, none on their Feet might stand,
Tho' standing else as Rocks; but down they fell
By Thousands: Angel on Arch Angel rould. Milt. Par. Lost.

On ev'ry Side wide-gaping Engines wait,
Teeming with Fire, and big with certain Fate;
Ready to hurl Destruction from above,
In dreadful Roar, mocking the Wrath of Jove. Cong.

One wou'd have thought, t' have heard his Cannon roar,
Ætna were torn from the Trinacrian Shore;
And free'd Typheus a new War did move,
Against the upper and the nether Jove. Chetw.

Torrents of Fire, from brazen Mouths are sent,
Follow'd by Peals, as if each Pole were rent:
Such Flames the Gulphs of Tartarus disgorge;
So vaulted Ætna roars from Vulcan's Forge: — (broke,
Such were the Peals from thence, such the vast Blaze that
Redd'ning with horrid Gloom the dusky Smoke;
When the huge Cyclops did with mouldring Thunder sweat,
And massive Bolts on repercussive Anvils beat. Cong.

Had the old Greeks discover'd your Abode,
Crete had not been the Cradle of their God:
On that small Island they had look'd with Scorn,
And in Great Britain thought the Thund'rer born. Wall.
To the King, on his Ordnance.

CARE.

Cares are the Train of present Pow'r and State. Howl
Ind. Queen.

Nor boundless Wealth, nor Guards, that wait
Around the Consul's honour'd Gate;
Nor Anti-chambers, with Attendants fill'd,
The Mind's unhappy Tumults can abate;
Or banish sullen Cares, that fly
Across the gilded Rooms of State;
And their foul Nests, like Swallows, build
Close to the Palace-Roof, and Tow'rs that pierce the Sky.
Much swifter far is execrable Care
Than Stags, or Winds, that, thro' the Skies,
Thick-driving Snows and gather'd Tempests bear:
Pursuing Care the sailing Ships outflies,

Climbs

Climbs the tall Vessels painted Sides;
Nor leaves arm'd Squadrons in the Field,
But with the marching Horseman rides; (yield.
And dwells alike in Courts and Camps, and makes all Places
Hughes. Hor.

All Night the Sage in pensive Tumults lay,
Complaining of the slow approach of Day;
Oft turn'd him round, and strove to think no more:
Cowslips and Poppies o'er his Eyes he spread;
And S——— Works he laid beneath his Head:
But all these Opiats still in vain he tries;
Sleep's gentle Image his Embraces flies:
Tumultuous Cares lay rouling in his Breast;
And thus his anxious Thoughts the Sage express'd. Garth.

A load of Care weighs down my drooping Heart. Phill.
Dis. Mother.

A dreadful Band of gloomy Cares surround me,
And lay strong Siege to my distracted Soul. Phill. Dis. Moth.

———— A mournful Flood of Cares (Broome. Hom.
O'erwhelm'd their Souls, and sunk their drooping Hearts.

The present Cares still bury the remote. Dryd. Oedip.

Care is no Cure, but rather a Corrosive
For Things, that are not to be remedy'd. Shak. Hen. 6. p. 1.

CARVER.

He makes the Cedar-Tree unnative Charms assume,
Usurp gay Honours, and another's Bloom;
The various Fruits, which diff'rent Climates bear,
And all the Pride, the Fields and Gardens wear:
While, from unjuicy Limbs, without a Root,
New Buds, devis'd, and leafy Branches shoot. Blac. Creat.

CARUS.

Grave Carus next discover'd his Intent;
With much ado explaining what he meant:
His Spirits stagnate, like Cocytus' Flood;
And nought but Calentures can warm his Blood:
In his chill Veins the sluggish Puddle flows,
And loads with lazy Fogs his sable Brows:
Legions of Lunaticks about him press;
'Tis he that can lost Intellects redress:
So when Perfumes their fragrant Scent give o'er;
Nought can their Odour, like a Jakes, restore.
When for Advice, the Vulgar throng, he's found
With Lumber of vile Books besieg'd around:

The

The gazing Fry acknowledge their Surprize,
Consulting less their Reason, than their Eyes ;
And he perceives, it stands in greater Stead,
To furnish well his Classes, than his Head :
Thus a weak State, by wise Distrust, inclines
To num'rous Stores, and Strength in Magazines :
So Fools are always most profuse of Words ;
And Cowards never fail of longest Swords.
Abandon'd Authors here a Refuge meet ;
And, from the World, to Dust and Worms retreat :
Here Dregs and Sediment of Auctions reign ;
Refuse of Fairs, and Gleanings of Duck Lane :
And, up these Shelves, much Gothick Lumber climbs,
With Swiss Philosophy, and Danish Rhymes ;
And hither, rescu'd from the Grocers, come
M—— Works intire, and endless Reams of B—— m.
Where wou'd the long-neglected C—— fly,
If bounteous Carus shou'd refuse to buy ?
But each vile Scribler's happy on this Score,
He'll find some Carus still to read him o'er. Garth.

CATO.

Such Cato was, of such exalted Kind ;
Austere his Manners, and unmov'd his Mind :
He kept a Mean, and follow'd Natures Laws ;
Fought, and fell bravely, in his Countrey's Cause :
Nor thought himself born for himself alone ;
But made the Welfare of the World his own :
Thro' Cold he cloath'd himself, thro' Hunger fed ;
His Home but fenc'd the Weather from his Head ;
Not Lust, but Love of Offspring, made him wed :
No loose Desires debauch'd his noble Life ;
Rome was at once his Mistress and his Wife :
Just in all Points, firm, and resolv'd he stood,
Despising Death, when for his Countrey's Good :
So great his Soul, his Actions so divine ;
Free from all Self-desire, or Self-design. ——
He, while in deep Suspense the World yet lay,
Anxious and doubtful whom it should obey ;
Hatred avow'd to Pompey's self did bear,
Tho' his Companion in the common War ;
Tho', by the Senate's just Command, they stood
Engag'd together for the publick Good :
But dread Pharsalia did all Doubts decide,
And firmly fix'd him to the vanquish'd Side :

His

His helpless Countrey, like an Orphan, left
Friendless and poor, of all Support bereft,
He took, and cherish'd with a Father's Care,
He comforted, he bade her not to fear;
And taught her feeble Hands once more the Trade of War:
Nor Lust of Empire did his Courage sway,
Nor Hate, nor proud Repugnance to obey:
Passions and private Int'rest he forgot;
Not for himself, but Liberty he fought. Rowe. Luc.

Greatly unfortunate, he fights the Cause
Of Honour, Virtue, Liberty, and Rome:
His Sword ne'er fell but on the guilty Head:
Oppression, Tyranny, and Pow'r usurp'd,
Draw all the Vengeance of his Arm upon them. Add. Cato.

Not all the Pomp and Majesty of Rome,
Can raise her Senate more than Cato's Presence:
His Virtues render our Assembly awful;
They strike with something, like religious Fear;
And make ev'n Cæsar tremble at the Head
Of Armies, flush'd with Conquest. ——— Add. Cato.

——— Turn up thy Eyes to Cato:
There may'st thou see, to what a Godlike Height
The Roman Virtues lift up mortal Man:
While, good and just, and anxious for his Friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing Sleep, and Rest, and Food, and Ease,
He strives with Thirst and Hunger, Toil, and Heat:
And, when his Fortune sets before him all
The Pomps and Pleasures that his Soul can wish,
His rigid Virtue will accept of none. Add. Cato.

Had Cato bent beneath the conqu'ring Cause;
He might have liv'd to give new Senates Laws:
But, on vile Terms disdaining to be great,
He perish'd by his Choice, and not by Fate:
Honours and Life th' Usurper bids, and all,
That vain mistaken Men good Fortune call:
Virtue forbids, and sets before his Eyes
An honest Death, which he accepts, and dies;
O glorious Resolution! Noble Pride!
More honour'd than the Tyrant liv'd, he dy'd.
More lov'd, more prais'd, more envy'd in his Doom,
Than Cæsar trampling on the Rights of Rome:
The Virtuous nothing fear, but Life with Shame,
And Death's a pleasant Road when't leads to Fame. Lansd.

When all the Globe to Cæsar's Fortune bow'd,
Cato alone his Empire disallow'd.

With in-born Strength alone oppos'd Mankind;
With Heav'n in View, to all below it blind:
Regardless of his Friends Applause or Moan,
Alone triumphant, since he falls alone. Steele.
Thus when the Ruler of the genial Day,
Behind some dark'ning Planet forms his Way,
Desponding Mortals, with officious Care,
The concave Drum and magick Brass prepare;
Implore him to sustain th' important Fight,
And save depending Worlds from endless Night.
Fondly they hope their Labour may avail,
To ease his Conflict, and assist his Toil:
While he, in Beams of native Splendour bright,
Tho' dark his Orb appear to human Sight,
Shines to the Gods with more diffusive Light:
To distant Stars with equal Glory burns;
Inflames their Lamps, and feeds their golden Urns:
Sure to retain his known superior Seat,
He proves the more illustrious by Defeat. ———
Heav'n meanly with the Conqu'ror did comply;
But Cato, rather than submit, would die. Dryd. Luc.

CERDON.

The upright Cerdon next advanc'd,
Of all his Race the valiant'st:
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in Song,
Like Herc'les, for Repair of Wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak, against the strongest, Side:
Ill has he read, that never hit
On him, in Muses deathless Writ.
He had a Weapon keen and fierce,
That through a Bull-hide-Shield would pierce,
And cut it in a thousand Pieces,
Tho' tougher than the Knight of Greece's;
With whom his black-thumb'd Ancestor
Was Comrade in the ten Years War.
Fast Friend he was to Reformation,
Until 'twas quite worn out of Fashion.
New Rectifyer of wry Law;
And, would make three, to cure one Flaw:
Learned he was, and could take Note,
Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote:
But Preaching was his chiefest Talent,
Or Argument; in which, being valiant,
He us'd to lay about and stickle,
Like Ram, or Bull, at Conventicle. Hud.

CERES.

Ceres, kind Mother of the bounteous Year,
Whose glowing Locks a sheafy Garland bear. Gay Ovid.
Ceres, whose beamy Hair is bright as Gold. Broome Hom.
Queen of the Harvest, and the golden Grain. ———
Industrious Ceres tam'd the savage Ground,
And pregnant Fields with golden Harvests crown'd. Gay.
First Ceres taught, the Ground with Grain to sow;
And arm'd with Iron Shares the crooked Plough;
When now Dodonian Oaks no more supply'd
Their Mast; and Trees their Forest-Fruit deny'd. Dr. Virg.
Then first to Heav'n thy due Devotions pay,
And annual Gifts on Ceres' Altars lay:
Let ev'ry Swain adore her Pow'r divine,
And Milk and Honey mix with sparkling Wine:
Let all the Quire of Clowns attend the Show,
In long Procession, shouting as they go;
Invoking her to bless their yearly Stores;
Inviting Plenty to their crowded Floors:
Thus in the Spring, and thus in Summer's Heat,
Before the Sickles touch the rip'ning Wheat;
On Ceres call; and let the lab'ring Hind
With oaken Wreaths his hollow Temples bind:
On Ceres let him call; and Ceres praise
With uncouth Dances, and with Countrey-Lays. Dr. Virg.

CETHEGO.

A Proteus, ever acting in Disguise;
A finish'd Statesman, intricately wise:
A second Machiavel, who soar'd above
The little Ties of Gratitude and Love:
Prevaricating with his King and God,
His harden'd Conscience never felt Remorse:
Reflection is the puny Sinner's Curse. ———

CHAINS.

——— Thy poor Arms are bound, and strive
In vain with the remorseless Chains, which gnaw
And eat into thy Flesh, fest'ring thy Limbs
With rankling Rust. ——— ———
——— ——— Off, off, ye Stains of Royalty!
Off Slavery! ——— ——— ——— Cong. Mourn. Bride.

CHAIR.

Great Relick! Thou too, in this Port of Ease,
Hast still one Way of making Voyages:
The Breath of Fame, like an auspicious Gale,
(The great Trade-wind, which ne'er does fail)
Shall drive thee round the World, and thou shalt run
As long around it as the Sun.
The Streights of Time too narrow are for thee;
Launch forth into an undiscover'd Sea,
And steer the endless Course of vast Eternity:
Take for thy Sail this Verse, and for thy Pilot me.
Cowl. Of the Chair made out of the
Relicks of Sir Francis Drake's Ship.

CHAOS.

Before the Seas, and this terrestrial Ball,
And Heav'ns high Canopy, that covers all;
One was the Face of Nature, if a Face;
Rather a rude and indigested Mass;
No Sun was lighted up the World to view;
No Moon did yet her blunted Horns renew:
Nor Earth was yet suspended in the Sky,
Nor, pois'd, did on her own Foundations lie:
Nor Seas about the Shores their Arms had thrown;
But Earth, and Air, and Water, were in one.
No certain Form on any was impress'd;
All were confus'd, and each disturb'd the rest:
For Heat and Cold were in one Body fix'd,
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mix'd. Dr. Ovid.
A spacious, dusky Plain, all waste and void;
The silent, lonesome Walks of antient Night. Blac. P. Arth.
——— An indigested Heap,
Like the first Mass, where Worlds and Stars all blended (were,
Before they to their Place could leap;
Before th' Almighty Censor had bestow'd
Them into sev'ral Tribes abroad:
Whilst yet the Sun and Moon
Were in perpetual Conjunction;
Whilst all the Stars were but one Milky-way,
And in a shining Ruin lay.
The Lamps of Heav'n had scarce escap'd the Night,
For this was not their own, not that another's Light.
Sprat Bp. of Roch.

CHAP-

CHAPLAIN.

He, tho' in silken Scarf and Cassock dress'd,
Wears but a gayer Livery at best.
When Dinner calls, the Implement must wait,
With holy Words to consecrate the Meat:
But hold it for a Favour seldom known,
If he be deign'd the Honour to sit down.
Soon as the Tarts appear; Sir Crape withdraw;
Those Dainties are not for a Spiritual Maw:
Observe your Distance, and be sure to stand
Hard by the Cistern, with your Cap in Hand.
There, for Diversion, you may pick your Teeth;
Till the kind Voider comes for your Relief:
For meer Board-Wages such their Freedom sell,
Slaves to an Hour, and Vassals to a Bell.
And where's the mighty Prospect after all?
A Chaplainship serv'd out, and sev'n Years Thrall,
This menial Thing, perhaps, for a Reward,
Is to some slender Benefice prefer'd:
With this Proviso bound, that he must wed
My Lady's antiquated Waiting-Maid;
In Dressing only skill'd, and Marmalade. Oldh.

CHARIOT and CHARIOTEER.

——— ——— A Chariot, dazling bright,
Which to the Sun return'd redoubled Light. Blac. P. Arth.
Here Chariots, raising Clouds of Dust, appear;
And run with smoking Wheels their swift Career. Bl. P. Arth.
——— O'er the Field,
Cover'd all o'er with Dust and frothy Foam,
The furious Horses whirl'd the rattling Car. Broome. Hom.
Thus in the Lists four firy Steeds appear,
And spring with Fury thro' the vast Career;
Forcing along th' unwilling Charioteer:
In vain he pulls; they scour the dusty Plain;
They know no Check, nor bear the curbing Rein. Laud. Vir.
Not firy Coursers in a Chariot-Race,
Invade the Field with half so swift a Pace;
Nor the fierce Driver with more Fury lends
The sounding Lash; and, ere the Stroke descends,
Low to the Wheel his pliant Body bends. Dryd. Virg.
——— O thou most bright Diana,
Goddess of Woods, immortal, chaste Diana,
Goddess, presiding o'er the rapid Race;

Place me, O place me, in the dusty Ring,
Where youthful Charioteers contend for Glory.
See, how they mount and shake the flowing Reins!
See, from the Goal the firy Coursers bound!
Now they strain panting up the steepy Hill;
Now sweep along the Top; now neigh along the Vale:
How the Car rattles! How its kindling Wheels
Smoke in the Whirl! The circling Sand ascends,
And in the noble Dust the Chariot's lost. Smith Phæd. & (Hip.

Soon as the Signal sounded, from the Barrier
At once they started; and with Hands and Voice
Inspir'd new Force into their winged Steeds,
That with impetuous Hurry cleft the Air,
And rais'd the Dust beneath their Feet in Clouds,
Such as rude Whirlwinds toss along the Plains:
Their Manes rose high, and floated in the Wind;
And oft the Chariots seem'd to touch the Skies,
And oft descending to the low Abyss:
The glitt'ring Cars, with Gold, and burnish'd Tin,
Resplendent shone; and flew so swift, the Wheels
Left no Impression on the dusty Plain. Oldis. Hom.

ARMED CHARIOT.

With horrid Noise three thousand Chariots pass,
With Plates of Iron bound, or louder Brass:
About it Forks and Axes, Scythes and Spears,
Whole Magazines of Death! each Chariot wears:
Where it breaks in, there a whole Troop it mows;
And with lopt panting Limbs the Field bestrows;
Alike the Valiant and the Cowards die;
Neither can they resist, nor can these fly. Cowl. David.

CHARITY.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject Mind;
Knows with just Reins, and gentle Hand, to guide
Betwixt vile Shame, and arbitrary Pride:
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives,
And much she suffers, as she much believes:
Soft Peace she brings where-ever she arrives;
She builds our Quiet, as she forms our Lives;
Lays the rough Paths of peevish Nature ev'n,
And opens in each Heart a little Heav'n.
Each other Gift, which God on Man bestows,
Its proper Bounds and due Restriction knows:

But lasting Charity's more ample Sway,
Nor bound by Time, nor subject to Decay,
In happy Triumph shall for ever live,
And endless Bliss diffuse, and endless Praise receive.
When constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in Certainty, and one in Joy.
Then thou, more happy Pow'r, fair Charity,
Triumphant Sister, greatest of the three,
Thy Office and thy Nature still the same,
Lasting thy Lamp, and unconsum'd thy Flame,
Shalt still survive; ——— ———
Shalt stand before the Host of Heav'n confess'd,
For ever blessing, and for ever bless'd. ———
——————— Charity
Should even to Birds and Beasts extended be:
None knows what Fate is for himself design'd;
The Thought of human Chance should make us kind.
Dryd. Conq. of Gran. p. 1.

CHARON.

——— ——— Of infernal Acheron,
Charon alone the horrid Waves controuls.
Down from his Chin, his griesly Beard, undress'd,
Uncomb'd, falls dangling on his hoary Chest;
His hollow Eyes are sunk in glaring Fire;
Ty'd on his Shoulders hangs his coarse Attire:
Freighted with Souls, he drives his rusty Boat,
With Pole and Sail across th' infernal Mote. Laud. Virg.
An airy Crowd came rushing where he stood;
Which fill'd the Margin of the fatal Flood:
Husbands and Wives, Boys and unmarry'd Maids,
And mighty Heros more majestick Shades:
And Youths, intomb'd before their Fathers Eyes,
With hollow Groans, and Shrieks, and feeble Cries:
Thick as the Leaves in Autumn strow the Woods;
Or Fowls, by Winter forc'd, forsake the Floods,
And wing their hasty Flight to happier Lands:
Such, and so thick, the shiv'ring Army stands;
And press for Passage with extended Hands.
Now these, now those, the surly Boatman bore;
The rest he drove to Distance from the Shore.
The Ghosts, rejected, are th' unhappy Crew,
Depriv'd of Sepulchres, and Fun'ral Due:
The Boatman Charon; those, the bury'd Host,
He ferries over to the farthest Coast:
Nor dares his Transport-Vessel cross the Waves,
With such whose Bones are not compos'd in Graves:

A

A hundred Years they wander on the Strand:
At length, their Penance done, are wafted o'er;
Expos'd in muddy Weeds upon the miry Shore. Dryd. Virg.

CHASTE.

So chaste, the Dead themselves are only more,
Who lie divorc'd from Objects and from Pow'r. Oldh.
——— ——— She's chaste as the fann'd Snow, (Brut.
Twice bolted o'er by the bleak Northern Blasts. Lee L. J.
——— Chaste, as the Icicle,
That's curdled by the Frost, from purest Snow,
And hangs on Dian's Temple. ——— Shak. Coriol.
Chaster than Crystal, on the Scythian Cliffs,
The more the proud Winds court it, still the purer.
Beaum. Doub. Man.
Chearful as Summer's Noon, and chaste as Winter's Night.
Semanthe's chaste, as are th' untainted Thoughts (Lee.
Of Infancy. ——— ——— South. Loyal Brother.
In thy fair Brow there's such a Legend writ
Of Chastity, as blinds th' adult'rous Eye:
Not the Mountain Ice, ———
Congeal'd to Crystal, is so frosty chaste,
As thy victorious Soul, which conquers Man,
And Man's proud Tyrant, Passion.——— D'Aven. Albovine.
Chaste as the Virgin Huntress of the Woods. Johns. Vict.
——— ——— Cold as candy'd Ice;
Not a Thought starting: free from warm Desires, ———
As the bleak Girl upon the Mountain's Top,
Cover'd with Snow, beaten with constant Winds, (Mith.
That feeds on Herbs and Roots, and drinks the Dew. Lee
——— O, she's a Cake of Ice,
Whom all the Love in th' Empire cannot thaw:
A dull cross Thing, insensible of Glory;
Deaf to all Promises; dead to Desire:
——— ——— She has in her
All the Contempt of Glory and vain Seeming
Of all the Stoicks; all the Truth of Christians,
And all their Constancy: Modesty was made
When she was first intended: When she blushes,
It is the holy'st Thing to look upon;
The purest Temple of her Sex, that e'er
Made Nature a bless'd Founder: In vain were all
Our Promises, Persuasions, Reasons, Wealth,
All that can make the foremost Virtue bend,
To alter her: Our Arguments, like Darts,

Shot

Shot in the Bosom of the boundless Air,
Are lost, and do not leave the least Impression.
Shak. Valent. spoke of Lucina by a Bawd.

CHESS.

So have I seen a King on Chess,
His Rooks and Knights withdrawn,
His Queen and Bishops in Distress,
Shifting about, grow less and less,
With here and there a Pawn. Dorf.

CHILDREN.

Children, the blind Effects of Love and Chance, (Auren.
Bear from their Birth th'Impressions of a Slave. Dryd.
Children to serve their Parents Int'rest live. Dr. Tyr. Love.
When Parents their Commands unjustly lay, (p. 1.
Children are privileg'd to disobey. Dryd. Conq. of Gran.
Why do we pray for Children? Call them Blessings,
And deem the barren Womb a Curse? O Marriage!
Unhappy, most unhappy, of all States!
Matching with Sorrows, teeming still with more, (Love.
The vexed Womb seems to bring forth to vex. Lansd. Her.
For Children Blessings seem, but Torments are; (Carl.
When young, our Folly; and, when old, our Fear. Otw. Don
—— The Childhood shews the Man,
As Morning shews the Day. —— Milt. Par. Reg.

CHYMIST.

Thus, Chymist-like, I waste my tedious Life
In vain Expectance, and at last am poor. South. Loy. Bro.
The Search it self rewards the Pains:
So tho' the Chymist his great Secret miss:
Yet Things well worth his Toil he gains,
And does his Charge and Labour pay
With good unsought Exper'ments by the Way. Cowl.

CIMMERIAN.

The gloomy Race, in subterranean Cells,
Among surrounding Shades and Darkness dwells:
Hid in th'unwholsome Covert of the Night,
They shun th'Approaches of the chearful Light:

The Sun ne'er visits their obscure Retreats,
Nor when he runs his Course, nor when he sets.
Unhappy Mortals! ——— ——— Add. Hom.
——— ——— To the Sun unknown,
Think other Lands all Darkness, like their own. Crow.

CINYRAS and MYRRHA.

Let Araby extol her happy Coast,
Her Cinnamon, and sweet Amomum boast;
Her fragrant Flow'rs; her Trees with precious Tears,
Her second Harvests; and her double Years;
How can the Land be call'd so bless'd, that Myrrha bears?
Not all her od'rous Tears can cleanse her Crime:
Her Plant alone deforms the happy Clime:
Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy Heart,
Disowns thy Love, and vindicates his Dart.
Some Fury gave thee those infernal Pains,
And shot her venom'd Vipers in thy Veins:
To hate thy Sire had merited a Curse;
But such an impious Love deserv'd a worse:
The World is at thy Choice; except but one,
Except but him, thou canst not chuse, alone.
She knew it too, the miserable Maid,
Ere impious Love her better Thoughts betray'd,
And thus within her secret Soul she said;
Ah Myrrha! whither would thy Wishes tend?
Ye Gods, ye sacred Laws, my Soul defend
From such a Crime, as all Mankind detest,
And never lodg'd before in human Breast!
O, had not Cinyras my Father been,
What hinder'd Myrrha's Hopes to be his Queen?
But the Perverseness of my Fate is such,
That he's not mine, because he's mine too much:
Our Kindred-Blood debars a better Tie;
He might be nearer, were he not so nigh.
Fain would I travel to some foreign Shore,
Never to see my native Countrey more,
So might I to my self my self restore:
So might my Mind those impious Thoughts remove,
And, ceasing to behold, might cease to love:
But stay I must, to feed my famish'd Sight,
To talk, to kiss; and more, if more I might.
More, impious Maid! What more canst thou design,
To make a monstrous Mixture in thy Line;
And break all Statutes human and divine?

Canst thou be call'd, to save thy wretched Life,
Thy Mother's Rival, and thy Father's Wife?
Confound so many sacred Names in one?
Thy Brother's Mother! Sister to thy Son!
And fear'st thou not to see th' infernal Bands,
Their Heads with Snakes, with Torches arm'd their Hands;
Full at thy Face, th' avenging Brands to bear,
And shake the Serpents from their hissing Hair?
But thou in Time th' increasing Ill controul,
Nor first debauch the Body by the Soul:
Secure the sacred Quiet of thy Mind,
And keep the Sanctions Nature has design'd:
Suppose I should attempt, th' Attempt more vain;
No Thoughts, like mine, his sinless Soul profane;
Observant of the Right: And oh! that he
Could cure my Madness, or be mad like me!
Thus she: and, oft as Cinyras she saw,
The blushing Maid stood silent with Surprize,
And on her Father fix'd her ardent Eyes,
And, looking, sigh'd; and, as she sigh'd, began
Round Tears to shed, that scalded as they ran.
The tender Sire, who saw her blush, and cry;
Strait dry'd the falling Drops; and, yet more kind,
He stroak'd her Cheeks, and holy Kisses join'd:
She felt a secret Venom fire her Blood,
And found more Pleasure than a Daughter shou'd.
'Twas now the Mid of Night, when Slumbers close
Our Eyes, and sooth our Cares with soft Repose;
But no Repose could wretched Myrrha find;
Her Body rouling, as she roul'd her Mind:
Mad with Desire, she ruminates her Sin;
And wishes all her Wishes o'er again.
Now she despairs, and now resolves to try;
Would not, and would again, she knows not why:
Stops, and returns; makes and retracts the Vow;
Fain would begin, but understands not how:
As when a Pine is hew'd upon the Plains,
And the last mortal Stroke alone remains,
Lab'ring in Pangs of Death, and threat'ning all,
This Way and that she nods, consid'ring where to fall:
So Myrrha's Mind, impell'd on either Side,
Takes ev'ry Bent, but cannot long abide:
Irresolute on what she should rely;
At last, unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die.
On that sad Thought she rests; resolv'd on Death,
She rises, and prepares to choak her Breath:
Then, while about the Beam, her Zone she ties,
Dear Cinyras, farewel, she softly cries.

The Nurse, who lay without, her faithful Guard,
Tho' not the Words, the Murmurs over-heard;
And Sighs, and hollow Sounds: surpris'd with Fright,
She starts, and leaves her Bed, and springs a Light;
Unlocks the Door, and, ent'ring out of Breath,
The dying saw, and Instruments of Death:
She shrieks; she cuts the Zone with trembling Haste;
And in her Arms her fainting Charge embrac'd:
And lull'd within her Lap the weeping Maid.
Then softly sooth'd her thus; I guess your Grief;
You love, my Child, your Love shall find Relief:
No Breath of Air shall on the Secret blow;
Nor shall, what most you fear, your Father know.
Struck once again, as with a Thunder-clap,
The guilty Virgin bounded from her Lap;
And threw her Body prostrate on the Bed,
And, to conceal her Blushes, hid her Head:
There silent lay, and warn'd her with her Hand
To go: But she receiv'd not the Command,
Remaining still importunate to know:
Then Myrrha thus; Or ask no more, or go:
I prithee go; or, staying, spare my Shame:
What thou would'st hear, is impious ev'n to name.
At this, on high the Beldame holds her Hands,
And trembling, both with Age, and Terrour, stands:
Adjures, and, falling at her Feet, intreats,
Sooths her with Blandishments, and frights with Threats,
To tell the Crime intended, or disclose
What Part of it she knew, if she no farther knows.
Now Myrrha rais'd her Head; but, soon oppress'd
With Shame, reclin'd it on her Nurse's Breast;
Bath'd it with Tears, and strove to have confess'd:
Twice she began, and stopp'd; again she try'd;
The fault'ring Tongue its Office still deny'd.
At last her Veil before her Face she spread,
And drew a long preluding Sigh, and said,
O happy Mother, in thy Marriage-Bed!
Then groan'd and ceas'd: The good old Woman shook;
Stiff were her Eyes, and ghastly was her Look:
Her hoary Hair upright with Horrour stood:
At length, the Fondness of a Nurse prevail'd
Against her better Sense, and Virtue fail'd.
The Royal Bed now vacant for a Time,
The crafty Crone, officious in her Crime,
The curs'd Occasion took: The King she found
Easy with Wine, and deep in Pleasures drown'd,

Prepar'd for Love: The Beldame blew the Flame,
Confess'd the Passion, but conceal'd the Name:
Wine and commended Beauty fire his Thought;
Impatient, he commands her to be brought:
Pleas'd with her Charge perform'd, she hies her Home,
And gratulates the Nymph, the Task was overcome.
Myrrha was joy'd the welcome News to hear;
But, clogg'd with Guilt, the Joy was unsincere:
So various, so discordant is the Mind,
That, in our Will, a diff'rent Will we find.
Ill she presag'd, and yet pursu'd her Lust;
For guilty Pleasures give a double Gust.
When Myrrha hasten'd to the Crime desir'd,
The Moon beheld her first, and first retir'd
The Stars, amaz'd, ran backward from the Sight,
And, shrunk within their Sockets, lost their Light.
Bold Myrrha still pursues her black Intent;
She stumbled thrice; an Omen of th' Event:
Thrice shriek'd the Fun'ral Owl; yet on she went:
Secure of Shame, because secure of Sight:
Ev'n bashful Sins are impudent by Night.
Link'd Hand in Hand, th' Accomplice and the Dame,
Their Way exploring, to the Chamber came;
The Door was ope; they blindly grope their Way,
Where dark in Bed th' expecting Monarch lay:
Thus far her Courage held; but here forsakes;
Her faint Knees knock at ev'ry Step she makes:
The nearer to her Crime, the more within
She feels Remorse and Horrour of her Sin:
Repents too late her criminal Desire,
And wishes, that, unknown, she could retire:
——— The Nurse deliver'd Kind to Kind,
Accurs'd, and their devoted Bodies join'd.
The Sire, unknowing of the Crime, admits
His Bowels, and profanes the hallow'd Sheets:
Full of her Sire, she left th' incestuous Bed,
And carry'd in her Womb the Crime she bred.
Another and another Night she came;
For frequent Sin had left no Sense of Shame:
Till Cinyras desir'd to see her Face,
Whose Body he had held in close Embrace,
And brought a Taper: The Revealer Light
Expos'd both Crime, and Criminal, to Sight.
Grief, Rage, Amazement could no Speech afford;
But from the Sheath he drew th' avenging Sword.
The Guilty fled: the Benefit of Night,
That favour'd first the Sin, secur'd the Flight.

Nine times the Moon had mew'd her Horns: At length,
With Travel weary, unsupply'd with Strength,
And with the Burden of her Womb oppress'd,
Sabæan Fields afford her needful Rest.
The Ground, on which she lay, began to rise,
And gather'd round her Feet, her Legs and Thighs:
Her Toes in Roots descend; and, spreading wide,
A firm Foundation for the Trunk provide:
Her solid Bones convert to solid Wood,
To pith her Marrow, and to Sap her Blood:
Her Arms are Boughs; her Fingers change their Kind;
Her tender Skin is harden'd into Rind:
And now the rising Tree her Womb invests,
Now, shooting upwards still, invades her Breast;
And shades the Neck: When, weary with Delay,
She sunk her Head within, and met it half the Way:
And, tho' with outward Shape she lost her Sense,
With bitter Tears she wept her last Offence:
And still she weeps; nor sheds her Tears in vain;
For still the precious Drops her Name retain. Dryd. Ovid.

CIRCE.

Now near the Shelves of Circe's Shores they run;
Circe the rich, the Daughter of the Sun:
A dang'rous Coast: The Goddess wastes her Days
In joyous Songs; the Rocks resound her Lays:
In Spinning, or the Loom, she spends the Night;
And Cedar-Brands supply her Father's Light.
From hence were heard, rebell'wing to the Main,
The Roars of Lions, that refuse the Chain,
The Grunts of bristled Boars, and Groans of Bears,
And Herds of howling Wolves, that stun the Sailors Ears.
These, from their Caverns, at the Close of Night,
Fill the sad Isle with Horrour and Affright.
Darkling they mourn their Fate, whom Circe's Pow'r,
That watch'd the Moon, and Planetary Hour,
With Words and wicked Herbs, from Human Kind
Had alter'd, and in brutal Shapes confin'd. Dryd. Virg.

CITRON.

Sharp tasted Citrons Median Climes produce:
Bitter the Rind, but gen'rous is the Juice:
A cordial Fruit; a present Antidote
Against the direful Stepdame's deadly Draught;

Who, mixing wicked Weeds, with Words impure,
The Fate of envy'd Orphans would procure.
Large is the Plant, and like a Laurel grown,
And did it not a diff'rent Scent disclose,
A Laurel were: the fragrant Flow'rs contemn
The stormy Winds, tenacious of their Stem:
With this the Medes, to lab'ring Age bequeath
New Lungs; and cure the Sourness of the Breath. Dr. Virg.

CITY.

Augusta's stately Head is rais'd so high,
Her glorious Tow'rs surmount the wond'ring Sky:
Britannia's Head she reigns in Wealth and Ease;
Mart of the World, and Empress of the Seas:
Her Tow'rs, gilt Fanes, and Palaces arise,
And dart terrestrial Glories thro' the Skies. Blac. P. Arth.

Morning in a City.

Now hardly here and there a Hackney-Coach
Appearing, shew'd the ruddy Morn's Approach:
Now Betty from her Master's Bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own:
The slip-shod 'Prentice from his Master's Door
Had par'd the Streets, and sprinkled round the Floor:
Now Moll had whirl'd her Mop with dextrous Airs,
Prepar'd to scrub the Entry and the Stairs:
The Youth with broomy Stumps began to trace
The Kennel-edge, where Wheels had worn the Place:
The Small-coal Man was heard with Cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller Notes of Chimney-sweep.
Duns at his Lordship's Gate began to meet;
And Brick-dust Moll had scream'd thro' half a Street.
The Turnkey now his Flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-Nights to steal for Fees:
The watchful Bailiffs take their silent Stands;
And School-Boys lag with Satchels in their Hands. Swift.

City-Shower.

Mean while the South, rising with dabbled Wings,
A sable Cloud athwart the Welkin flings,
That swill'd more Liquor than it could contain,
And, like a Drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her Linnen from the Rope,
While the first drizzling Show'r is born aslope:
Such is that Sprinkling, which some careless Quean
Flirts on you from her Mop; but not so clean:

You fly; invoke the Gods; then, turning, stop
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her Mop.
Not yet the Dust had shunn'd th' unequal Strife,
But, aided by the Wind, fought still for Life:
And, wafted with its Foe by vi'lent Gust,
'Twas doubtful which was Rain, and which was Dust.
Ah! where must needy Poet seek for Aid,
When Dust and Rain at once his Coat invade;
His only Coat; where Dust, confus'd with Rain,
Roughens the Nap, and leaves a mingled Stain?
Now in contiguous Drops the Flood comes down,
Threat'ning with Deluge this devoted Town.
To Shops in Crowds the daggled Females fly,
Pretend to cheapen Goods, but nothing buy.
The Templer spruce, while ev'ry Spout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair; yet seems to call a Coach.
The tuck'd up Sempstress walks with hasty Strides,
While Streams run down her oil'd Umbrella's Sides:
Here, various Kinds, by various Fortunes led,
Commence Acquaintance underneath a Shed:
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs
Forget their Feuds, and join to save their Wigs.
Box'd in a Chair, the Beau impatient sits,
While Spouts run clatt'ring o'er the Roof by Fits:
And ever and anon, with frightful Din,
The Leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy-Chair-men bore the wooden Steed,
Pregnant with Greeks, impatient to be free'd;
Those Bully Greeks, who, as the Moderns do,
Instead of paying Chair-men, run them thro';
Laoc'on struck the Outside with his Spear,
And each imprison'd Hero quak'd for Fear.
Now from all Parts the swelling Kennels flow,
And bear their Trophies with them as they go.
Filths of all Hues and Odours seem to tell
What Street they sail'd from, by their Sight and Smell:
They, as each Torrent drives, with rapid Force,
From Smithfield to St. 'Pulchre's shape their Course;
And, in huge Confluent join'd at Snow-Hill Ridge,
Fall from the Conduit prone to Holborn Bridge:
Sweepings from Butchers Stalls, Dung, Guts, and Blood,
Drown'd Puppies, stinking Sprats, all drench'd in Mud,
Dead Cats and Turnip-tops come tumbling down the Flood.

Swift.

CLIFF.

Let us advance tow'rds the Cliff's dreadful Brow,
From which the fearful Downfal of the Precipice,
And the wild Horrours of the rocky Beach,
Lie subject to our View. ——— ——— Den. Iphig.
A wood'rous Task it is th' Ascent to gain
Of craggy Cliffs, that strike the Sight with Pain,
And nod impending Terrours o'er the Plain. Cong.
Behold, with what laborious Task they mount,
To climb the craggy Steepness of the Cliff,
While some, at Distance, with unequal Pace,
Pursuing, pant behind them. ——— ——— Den. Iphig.
Behold the Summit of yond' shaggy Mountain,
That, bending its black Brow, with dreadful Scowl,
Over the gloomy Deep, affrights great Neptune. Den. Iphig.
We seem to lean over some hanging Cliff,
O'erlooking all the Wreck that floats below;
Should we stretch more beyond the Verge, we fall
Infinite Fathoms down, and sink for ever. Hopk. Pyrrh.

CLODIO.

Clodio, the Chief of all the Rebel Race;
Unshock'd by Fears; unhumbled by Disgrace:
Whose working, turbulent, phanatick Mind,
No Tenderness can move, no Ties can bind:
To gain a Rake, he'll drink, and whore, and rant;
T' engage a Puritan, he'll pray and cant:
So Satan can in diff'ring Forms appear;
Or radiant Light, or gloomy Darkness, wear. ———

CLOUD.

The wat'ry Mountains of the Sky! Rosc.
See, how the Vapours, congregated, rear
Their gloomy Columns, and obscure the Air;
Forgetful of their Gravity, they rise;
Renounce the Centre, and usurp the Skies:
Where, form'd in Clouds, they their black Lines display;
And take their airy March, as Winds convey:
Sublime in Air, while they their Course pursue,
They, from their fable Fleeces, shake the Dew
On the parch'd Mountain; and, with genial Rain,
Renew the Forest, and refresh the Plain:
They shed their healing Juices on the Ground, (Creat.
Cement the Crack, and close the gaping Wound. Blac.

The gath'ring Clouds deform the louring Sky. Bl. P. Arth.
The Dawn is overcaſt; the Morning lours,
And heavily in Clouds brings on the Day. Add. Cato.
The Welkin's pitch'd with ſullen Clouds around. Dryd.
——— A louring Sky comes on apace:
The Void of Heav'n a gloomy Horrour fills,
And cloudy Veils involve the ſhining Hills. Cong.
Thus have I ſeen a Morn ſo bright,
So deck'd with all the Robes of Light,
As if it ſcorn'd to think of Night;
Which a rude Storm ere Noon did ſhrowd,
And bury'd all its early Glories in a Cloud:
The Day in fun'ral Blackneſs mourn'd;
And all to Sighs, and all to Tears was turn'd. Oldh.
——— Thick Clouds oft ſtop the Light;
And ſtain the glorious Skies with ſuddain Light. Cr. Lucr.
So often, when the Heav'ns, ſerene and bright,
Look gay, and clear, and ſmile with gawdy Light;
A horrid Cloud ſtrait hides its glorious Face,
As if the Shades of Hell had loft their Place,
And fill'd the vaulted Skies: So thick the Night!
So dark the Clouds appear, ſo much affright! Creech Lucr.
The ſpungy Clouds are fill'd with gath'ring Rain. Dryd.
But, like a Cloud low-hung, it rains ſo faſt, (&c Arc.
That all at once it falls, and cannot laſt. Dryd. Chau. Pal.
When breaking Clouds divide, they make a Way,
For the bright Sun to ſhine upon the Day. South. Fat. Mar.

COCK.

——— The watchful Cock awakes the Day. Dr. Virg.
The Cock, that is the Trumpet to the Morn,
Now with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding Throat
Awakes the God of Day; and, at his Warning,
Whether in Sea or Fire, in Earth or Air,
Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hies
To his Confine. ——— ——— Shak. Ham.
The Cock then downward flew from off the Beam;
For Day-light now began apace to ſpring,
The Thruſh to whiſtle, and the Lark to ſing:
Then, crowing, clapp'd his Wings: th' appointed Call,
To chuck his Wives together in the Hall.
By this the Widow had unbarr'd the Door,
And Chanticleer went ſtrutting out before.
Now, roaming in the Yard, he ſpurn'd the Ground,
And gave to Partlet the firſt Grain he found:

Then often feather'd her with wanton Play;
And trod her twenty times ere Prime of Day:
And took by Turns, and gave ſo much Delight,
His Siſters pin'd with Envy at the Sight.
He chuck'd again, when other Corns he found,
And ſcarcely deign'd to ſet a Foot to Ground:
But ſwagger'd like a Lord about his Hall;
And his ſev'n Wives came running at his Call.
Then, caſting up his Eyes againſt the Light,
Both Month, and Day, and Hour he meaſur'd right;
And told more truly than th' Ephemeris:
For Art may err, but Nature cannot miſs.
Thus, numb'ring Times and Seaſons in his Breaſt,
His ſecond Crowing the third Hour confeſs'd:
Then turning ſaid to Partlet. ———
(For in the Days of Yore, the Birds of Parts
Were bred to ſpeak, and ſing, and learn the lib'ral Arts.)
O let me tell thee, Partlet mine, and ſwear,
That, when I view the Beauties of thy Face,
I fear not Death, nor Dangers, nor Diſgrace:
So may my Soul have Bliſs, as when I ſpy
The Scarlet Red about thy Partridge Eye;
While thou art conſtant to thy own true Knight,
While thou art mine, and I am thy Delight,
All Sorrows at thy Preſence take their Flight:
And, when by Night I feel thy tender Side,
Tho' for the narrow Perch I cannot ride;
Yet I have ſuch a Solace in my Mind,
That all my boding Cares are caſt behind.
——— I with Pleaſure ſee
Man ſtrutting on two Legs, and aping me:
An unfledg'd Creature, of a lumpiſh Frame,
Indu'd with fewer Particles of Flame:
Our Dame ſits couring o'er a Kitchen-Fire;
I draw freſh Air, and Nature's Works admire:
And, ev'n this Day, in more Delight abound,
Than, ſince I was an Egg, I ever found.
The Time ſhall come, when Chanticleer ſhall wiſh,
His Words unſaid, and hate his boaſted Bliſs:
The creſted Bird ſhall by Experience know,
Jove made not him his Maſter-piece below:
And learn, the latter End of Joy is Woe.
The Veſſel of his Bliſs to Dregs is run,
And Heav'n will have him taſte his other Tun.

Dryd. Chauc. The Cock and the Fox.

COLON.

COLON.

She said; and strait shrill Colon's Person took;
In Morals loose; but most precise in Look:
Black-Fryars Annals lately pleas'd to call
Him Warden of Apothecaries Hall:
And, when so dignify'd, he'd not forbear
That Operation, which, the Learn'd declare,
Gives Cholicks Ease, and makes the Ladies fair:
In starch'd Urbanity his Talent lies;
And Form the Want of Intellects supplies:
Hourly his learn'd Impertinence affords
A barren Superfluity of Words:
In haste he strides along, to recompence
The Want of Bus'ness with its vain Pretence:
The Fury, thus assuming Colon's Grace,
So flung her Arms, so shuffled in her Pace. Garth.

COLOUR.

———— Colours are alone by Day,
And owe their Being to the glitt'ring Ray. Creech. Lucr.
For how can Colours be in darkest Night,
Since they all change, and vary with the Light,
According as the Ray's oblique or right.
So Plumes, that go around the Pigeon's Head,
Sometimes look brisker, with a deeper Red;
And then, in diff'rent Position seen,
Shew a gay Sky, all intermixt with Green.
And so, in Peacock's Tails, all fill'd with Light,
The Colour varies with the Change of Site. Creech. Lucr.
Thus when pale Curtains, or the deeper Red,
O'er all the spacious Theatre are spread,
Which mighty Masts and sturdy Pillars bear,
And the loose Curtains wanton in the Air;
Whole Streams of Colours from the Top do flow,
And stain the Scenes, and Men, and Gods below.
The more these Curtains spread, the pleasing Dye
Rides on the Beams the more, and courts the Eye.
The gawdy Colour spreads o'er ev'ry Thing;
All gay appear; each Man a purple King. Creech. Lucr.

Single COMBAT.

The Marshals of the Field had mark'd the Ground,
Fit for the Fight, and fix'd high Pales around;

The sprightly Trumpets Clangours next invite
The mighty Warriours to begin the Fight:
Both in their Hands grasping their pointed Lance,
Spur their hot Steeds, and to the War advance;
As when a roaming Lion, from afar,
Sees a strong Bull stand threat'ning furious War;
Who flourishes his Horns, looks sourly round,
And, hoarsely bell'wing, traverses the Ground;
The Lion, fir'd, regards him with Disdain;
And, to insult him, scours along the Plain:
So Arthur, boiling with heroick Rage,
Springs with a full Carier King Tollo to engage:
Collected in himself th' Albanian stood,
Like some tall, shady Pine; it self a Wood;
Or a vast Cyclops, wading thro' the Flood.
Now furious Strokes on either Side they deal;
And th' echoing Air rings with the dreadful Peal.
Now Tollo backwards shrinks; and panting stood,
Faint with his Labour and his Loss of Blood:
The British Prince, collecting all his Might,
With double Fury on th' Albanian press'd,
And his bright Sword, high rais'd, upon his Crest
Descended with so horrible a Sway,
It stunn'd the Foe, and took his Sense away:
He dropp'd his Arms, and, giddy, reel'd around:
Arthur, on Fire, lets not th' Advantage go;
But, stepping forward, with a back-hand Blow,
Drawn with prodigious Strength, from Side to Side,
Did his wide Throat and spouting Veins divide:
A crimson River, gushing from the Wound,
Ran down his burnish'd Armour to the Ground:
Reeling and tott'ring for a while he stood,
And from his Stomach vomits clotted Blood:
Then down he fell; the Field beneath, and all
The Saxon Army, tremble at his Fall.
Grov'ling in Death, and smear'd with Gore he lay;
And his dim Eyes scarcely admit the Day:
Rouling in Dust, his wounded Body bled;
Away his Soul with Indignation fled:
As when a Whirlwind, with outrageous Force,
O'erturns a lofty Oak, that stops its Course:
Which falling from the Sky, his stately Head
And shady Limbs the groaning Hill o'erspread.
So by Prince Arthur's Arm King Tollo slain,
Fell down, and lay extended on the Plain. *Blac. Pr. Arth.*

Equal Success had fix those Champions high;
And both resolv'd to conquer or to die.

Virtue

Virtue with Rage, Fury with Valour, strove;
But that must fall, which is decree'd above. Wall.

When, at our Legions Head, the brave old King
And I, like Clouds with Thunder charg'd,
Encount'ring, rush'd together;
Long was the Tug of Fate; and mutual Wounds
On each Side were receiv'd: At last my Stars
Prevail'd, and Gondibert, o'erthrown by Fate,
Resign'd that Life he so deserv'd to keep. Hig. Gen. Conq.

——— ——— Behold those Wounds,
Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he took,
When, on the gentle Severn's sedgy Bank,
In single Opposition, Hand to Hand,
He did confound the best Part of an Hour,
In changing Ha diment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon Agreement, of swift Severn's Flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody Looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his crisped Head in the hollow Bank,
Stain'd with the Blood of those brave Competants.
Shak. Hen 4. p. 1.

Their missive Weapons spent with equal Chance,
To closer Fight the Combatants advance,
Equal in Strength, alike in Courage brave,
Their Swords on high, like circling Flames, they wave:
Both, traversing the Ground, for Fight prepare,
And with heroick Ardour meet the War.
Fresh Strokes, fresh Wounds, they give on either Side;
While Vict'ry does for neither Sword decide:
Weak with their Wounds, and with bruis'd Armour pain'd,
An equal, noble Combat they maintain'd:
Unable more their blunted Arms to wield,
Feeble and breathless, still they kept the Field;
By neither Hero lost, by neither won.
So when two valiant Cocks, in Albion bred,
That from th' insulting Conqueror ne'er fled,
A Match in Strength, in Courage, and in Age,
And with keen Weapons arm'd alike, engage:
Each other they assault with furious Beaks,
And their trimm'd Plumes distain with bloody Streaks:
Each nimble Warriour from the Pavement bounds;
And, wing'd with Death, their Heels deal ghastly Wounds.
By Turns they take, by Turns fierce Strokes they give;
And with like Hopes and Fears for Conquest strive.
Both, obstinate, maintain the bloody Field;
Both can in Combat die, but neither yield:

Till,

Till, with their bleeding Wounds grown weak and faint,
And chook'd with flowing Gore, they gasp and pant:
Disabled on the crimson Floor they lie;
Both Honour win, but neither Victory. *Blac. Pr. Arth.*

——— There strait grew
A fierce Dispute betwixt them two:
Th' one arm'd with Metal, th' other with Wood;
This fit for Bruise, and that for Blood:
With many a stiff Thwack, many a Bang, ———
Hard Crab-tree and old Iron rang:
For soon as nut-brown Sword was out,
Courageously he laid about,
Imprinting many a Wound upon
His mortal Foe the Truncheon:
The trusty Cudgel did oppose
It self against dead-doing Blows,
To guard its Leader from fell Bane,
And then reveng'd it self again.
And though the Sword, some understood,
In Force had much the Odds of Wood;
'Twas nothing so: both Sides were ballanc'd
So equal, none knew which was valiant'st:
For Wood, with Honour being engag'd,
Is so implacably enrag'd,
Tho' Iron hew, and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises Honour more.
And now both Knights were out of Breath,
Tir'd in the hot Pursuit of Death;
While all the rest, amaz'd, stood still,
Expecting which should take or kill.
Yet none that saw them could divine,
To which Side Conquest would encline:
This Hudibras observ'd; and fretting,
Conquest should be so long a getting:
He drew up all his Force into
One Body, and that into one Blow;
But Talgol wisely avoided it
By cunning Sleight; for had it hit,
The upper Part of him the Blow,
Had slit, as sure as that below. *Hud.*

——— With hasty Rage he snatch'd
His Gun-shot, that in Holsters watch'd;
And, bending Cock, he level'd full
Against th' Outside of Talgol's Skull:
But Pallas came in Shape of Rust,
And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thrust

Her

Her Gorgon Shield, which made the Cock
Stand stiff, as if 'twere turn'd t' a Stock.
Mean while fierce Talgol, gath'ring Might,
With rugged Truncheon charg'd the Knight;
And he, with Petronel upheav'd
Instead of Shield, the Blow receiv'd.
The Gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to such a kind of Fight,
And shrunk from its great Master's Gripe,
Knock'd down, and stunn'd with mortal Stripe.
Then Hudibras, with furious Haste,
Drew out his Sword: But not so fast,
But Talgol first, with hardy Thwack,
Twice bruis'd his Head, and twice his Back. Hud.
  Then Trulla, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him, like Lightning, behind;
And on the Knight let fall a Peal
Of Blows so fierce, and prest so home,
That he retir'd, and follow'd 's Bum.
——— This stirr'd his Spleen
More than the Danger he was in,
The Blows he felt, or was to feel,
Tho' they already made him reel.
Honour, Despight, Revenge, and Shame,
At once into his Stomach came:
Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his Arm
Above his Head, and rain'd a Storm
Of Blows, so terrible and thick,
As if he meant to hash her quick.
But she upon her Truncheon took them,
And by oblique Diversion broke them.
——————— But now
The Knight, with one dead-doing Blow,
Resolving to decide the Fight,
And she, with quick and cunning Slight,
Avoiding it, the Force and Weight
He charg'd upon it was so great,
As almost sway'd him to the Ground:
No sooner she th' Advantage found,
But in she flew, and seconding
With home-made Thrust the heavy Swing,
She laid him flat upon his Side,
And mounted on his Trunk astride. Hud.

Once more the proud Mezentius, with Disdain,
Brandish'd his Spear, and rush'd into the Plain:

Where-

Where tow'ring in the midmost Ranks he stood,
Like tall Orion, stalking o'er the Flood:
The Trojan Prince beheld him from afar;
And, dauntless, undertook the doubtful War:
Collected in his Strength, and like a Rock,
Pois'd on his Base, Mezentius stood the Shock,
Fearless; and with his utmost Force he threw
The massy Spear; which, hissing as it flew,
Reach'd the celestial Shield, that stop'd the Course:
The pious Trojan then his Jav'lin sent:
The Shield gave way; thro' treble Plates it went
Of solid Brass; of Linnen trebly roll'd,
And three Bull-Hides, which round the Buckler fold:
All these it pass'd, resistless in its Course;
Transpierc'd his Thigh, and spent its dying Force:
The gaping Wound gush'd out a crimson Flood:
The Trojan, glad with Sight of hostile Blood,
His Fauchion drew, to closer Fight address'd;
And with new Force his fainting Foe oppress'd.
His Father's Peril Lausus view'd with Grief;
He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his Relief:
Pain'd with his Wound, and useless for the Fight,
The Father thought to save himself by Flight:
Incumber'd, slow he drag'd the Spear along,
Which pierc'd his Thigh, and in his Buckler hung;
The pious Youth, resolv'd on Death, below
The lifted Sword springs forth, to face the Foe;
Protects his Parent, and prevents the Blow.
Shouts of Applause ran ringing thro' the Field,
To see the Son the vanquish'd Father shield:
All fir'd with gen'rous Indignation strive;
And, with a Storm of Darts, to Distance drive
The Trojan Chief; who, held at Bay from far,
On his Vulcanian Orb sustain'd the War.
Nor yet the Youth desists; but with insulting Scorn
Provokes the ling'ring Prince; whose Patience, tir'd,
Gave Place, and all his Breast with Fury fir'd.
For now the Fates prepar'd their cruel Shears,
And lifted high the flaming Sword appears;
Which, full descending with a frightful Sway,
Thro' Shield and Corslet forc'd th' impetuous Way;
And bury'd deep in his fair Bosom lay.
The purple Streams thro' the thin Armour strove,
And drench'd th' imbroider'd Coat his Mother wove:
And Life at length forsook his heaving Heart,
Loath from so sweet a Mansion to depart.

Mean while his Father, now no Father, stood,
And wash'd his Wounds by Tyber's yellow Flood:
Oppress'd with Anguish, panting, and o'erspent,
His fainting Limbs against an Oak he lent:
A Bough his brazen Helmet did sustain;
His heavier Arms lay scatter'd on the Plain:
A chosen Train of Youth around him stand,
His drooping Head was rested on his Hand:
His griesly Beard his pensive Bosom sought;
And all on Lausus ran his restless Thought.
Careful, concern'd his Danger to prevent,
He much enquir'd; and many a Message sent
To warn him from the Field; Alas! in vain;
Behold his mournful Follwers bear him slain.
O'er his broad Shield still gush'd the yawning Wound,
And drew a bloody Trail along the Ground:
Far off he heard their Cries, far off divin'd
The dire Event, with a foreboding Mind.
With Dust he sprinkled then his hoary Head;
And both his lifted Hands to Heav'n he spread.
——— Then rais'd from Ground
His fainting Limbs, that stagger'd with the Wound:
Yet, with a Mind resolv'd, and unappall'd
With Pains or Perils, for his Courser call'd;
Well mouth'd, well manag'd; whom himself did dress
With daily Care, and mounted with Success;
His Aid in Arms, his Ornament in Peace.
He sooth'd his Courage with a gentle Stroke:
——— And straight th' officious Courser kneels
To take his wonted Weight: His Hands he fills
With pointed Jav'lins; on his Head he lac'd
His glitt'ring Helm, which terribly was grac'd
With waving Horse-hair, nodding from afar:
Then spurr'd his thund'ring Steed amidst the War.
And loud he call'd Æneas thrice by Name;
The loud repeated Voice to glad Æneas came:
Great Jove, he said, and the far-shooting God,
Inspire thy Mind to make thy Challenge good;
He spoke no more; but hasten'd, void of Fear,
And threaten'd with his long protended Spear.
At him a whirling Dart Mezentius sent:
Another, and another after, went:
Round in a spatious Ring he rides the Field;
And vainly plies th' impenetrable Shield:
Thrice rode he round, and thrice Æneas wheel'd.
Turn'd as he turn'd: the golden Orb withstood
The Strokes; and bore about an iron Wood:

Impa-

Impatient of Delay, and weary grown,
Still to defend, and to defend alone;
To wrench the Darts which in his Buckler light,
Urg'd, and o'erlabour'd in unequal Fight;
At length resolv'd, he throws, with all his Force,
Full at the Temples of the Warriour Horse:
Just where the Stroke was aim'd, th' unerring Spear
Made Way; and stood transfix'd thro' either Ear:
Seiz'd with unwonted Pain, surpriz'd with Fright,
The wounded Steed curvets; and, rais'd upright,
Lights on his Feet before: His Hoofs behind
Spring up in Air aloft, and lash the Wind:
Down comes the Rider headlong from his Height;
His Horse came after with unwieldy Weight;
And, flound'ring forward, pitching on his Head,
His Lord's incumber'd Shoulder overlaid.
Æneas, hast'ning wav'd his fatal Sword
High o'er his Head. ————
Mezentius to the Sword his Throat apply'd:
The crimson Stream distain'd his Arms around;
And the disdainful Soul came rushing thro' the Wound.
Dryd. Virg.

COMET.

The direful Meteors spread, thro' glowing Air,
Long Trails of Light, and shake their blazing Hair. (Stat. Pope.
Thro' the large Convex of the azure Sky,
Fierce Meteors shoot their arbitrary Light,
And Comets march with lawless Horrour bright:
These bear no Rule, no righteous Order own;
Their Influence dreaded, as their Ways unknown:
Thro' threaten'd *Lands* they wild Destruction throw,
'Till ardent *Pray'r* averts the publick Woe. Prior.
So Comets, tho' suppos'd Destruction's Cause,
But waste themselves to make their Gazers fear. D'Aven.
———— Bid Meteors keep their Lustre,
When all the shining Exhalation's spent,
That fed their short-liv'd Glory. Lee. Mithr.
For, like a blazing Meteor, hence he shot,
And drew a sweeping firy Train along. Dryd. D. of Guise.
———— Fall'n is that Comet, which, on high,
Portended Ruin; he has spent his Blaze,
And shall distract the World with Fears no more. (Tamerl. Rowe.

COM-

COMFORT.

I wou'd bring Balm, and pour it in your Wounds,
Cure your distemper'd Mind, and heal your Fortunes.
Dryd. All for Love.

——— I came
To sooth the secret Anguish of her Soul,
To comfort that fair Mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her Steps to know the Paths of Peace.
Rowe. Fair Pen.

And canst thou minister to a Mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written Troubles of the Brain,
And with some sweet oblivious Antidote
Cleanse the foul Bottom of that perilous Stuff,
Which weighs upon the Heart? Shak. Macb.

Counsel or Consolation we may bring:
——— Apt Words have Pow'r to swage
The Tumours of a troubled Mind,
And are as Balm to fester'd Wounds. Milt. Sam. Agon.

Such balmy Words he pour'd; but all in vain;
The proffer'd Med'cine but provok'd the Pain. Dryd. Virg.

Have Comfort: Yield not to the Blows of Fate.
Dryd. Auren.

Comfort, like Cordials after Death, comes late.
Dryd. Auren.

A Beam of Comfort, like the Moon thro' Clouds,
Gilds the black Horrour, and directs my Way.
Dryd. Love Trium.

Thy Words have darted Hope into my Soul,
And Comfort dawns upon me. ——— South. Disapp.

Comfort, like the golden Sun,
Dispels the sullen Shades with her sweet Influence,
And chears the melancholy House of Care. Rowe. J. Shore.

Now whither shall I fly, to find Relief?
What charitable Hand will aid me now,
Will stay my failing Steps, support my Ruins,
And heal my wounded Mind with balmy Comfort?
Rowe. J. Shore.

COMMONWEALTH.

A Commonwealth's a Monster, Hydra-State,
Whose many Heads attempt each other's Fate,
And load their Body with unwieldy Weight. ——— ———

COM-

COMPASSION.

Nature has cast me in so soft a Mould,
That but to hear a Story feign'd for Pleasure
Of some sad Lover's Death, moistens my Eyes,
And robs me of my Manhood. Dryd. all for Love.

Let them be cruel who delight in Mischief:
I'm of a softer Mould: Poor Phædra's Sorrows
Pierce thro' my yielding Heart, and wound my Soul.
Smith. Phæd. and Hip.

Sure, Nature form'd me of her softest Mould,
Enfeebled all my Soul with tender Passions,
And sunk me ev'n below my own weak Sex:
Pity and Love, by Turns, oppress my Heart. Add. Cato.

A Flood of Tenderness comes o'er my Soul,
I join my Grief to yours, and mourn the Evils,
That hurt your Peace, and quench your Eyes in Tears.
Rowe. F. Pen.

What Rage cou'd hurt a Gentleness like thine,
Whose tender Soul cou'd weep (Coriol.
O'er dying Roses, and at Blossoms Fall? Shakes. and Tate.

Whate'er Mishap did a known Heart oppress,
The same did thine as wretched make;
Like yielding Wax, thine wou'd th' Impression take,
And pay its sadness in as lively Dress:
Thou could'st Afflictions from another's Breast translate,
And foreign Grief impropriate:
Oft-times our Sorrows thine so much have grown,
They scarce were more our own;
We seem'd exempt, thou suffer'd'st all alone.
Our small'st Misfortunes scarce cou'd reach thy Ear,
But made thee give, in Alass, a Tear;
And when our Hearts breath'd their Regret in Sighs,
As a just Tribute to their Miseries;
Thine, with their Airs did sympathize;
Like Throngs of Sighs did from its Fibres crowd,
And told thy Grief for our each Grief aloud:
Such is that secret Sympathy,
We may betwixt two neighb'ring Lutes descry;
If either, by unskilful Hand too rudely bent,
Its soft Complaint in pensive Murmurs vent:
As if it did that Injury resent,
Untouch'd, the other strait returns the Moan,
And gives an Echo to each Groan;
From its sweet Bowels a sad Note's convey'd,
Like those, which to condole are made,
As if its Bowels too a kind Compassion had. Oldh.

How

How few, like thee, inquire the Wretched out,
And court the Offices of soft Humanity!
Like thee, reserve their Raiment for the Naked,
Reach out their Bread to feed the crying Orphan; (Shore.
Or mix their pitying Tears with those that weep! Row. J.
The Prince was touch'd; his Tears began to flow;
And, as his tender Heart wou'd break in two,
He sigh'd; and cou'd not but their Fate deplore; (Arc.
So wretched now, so fortunate before. Dr. Chauc. Pal. &
What is Compassion when 'tis void of Love?
To one, who asks the warm Returns of Love,
Compassion's Cruelty; 'tis Scorn, 'tis Death. Add. Cato.
When Fortune or the Gods afflict Mankind,
Compassion to the miserable 's due;
But, when we suffer what we may prevent,
At once we forfeit Pity and Esteem. Hig. Gen. Conq.

COMPLIANCE.

He, that complies against his Will,
Is of his own Opinion still
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For Reasons to himself best known. Hud.

CONCEALMENT.

She ne'er told her Love,
But let Concealment, like a Worm i'th' Bud,
Prey on her damask Cheek: She pin'd in Thought,
And sate, like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at Grief. Shak. Hen. 6. P. 3.
Some others may with safety tell
The mod'rate Flames which in them dwell;
And either find some Med'cine there,
Or cure themselves ev'n by Despair:
My Love's so great, that it might prove
Dang'rous to tell her that I love:
So tender is my Wound, it must not bear
Any Salute, tho' of the kindest Air. Cowl.
No, to what Purpose shou'd I speak?
No, wretched Heart; swell 'till you break:
No, to the Grave thy Sorrows bear;
As silent as they will be there:
Since that lov'd Hand this mortal Wound does give,
So handsomly the Thing contrive,
That she may guiltless of it live.
So perish, that her killing thee
May a Chance-Medley, and no Murther be. Cowl.

If

If I find she loves him much, because she hides it:
Love teaches Cunning ev'n to Innocence:
And, where he gets Possession, his first Work
Is to dig deep within a Heart, and there
Lie hid; and, like a Miser in the Dark,
To feast alone. ——— Dryd. Temp.

Yet hitherto she kept her Love conceal'd,
And with close Glances ev'ry Day beheld
The graceful Youth; and ev'ry Day increas'd
The raging Fire, that burn'd within her Breast:
Some secret Charm did all his Acts attend,
And, what his Fortune wanted, hers could mend:
'Till, as the Fire will force its outward Way,
Or, in the Pris'n pent, consume the Prey;
So long her earnest Eyes on his were set,
At length their twisted Rays together met:
And he, who saw the Sharpness of the Dart,
Without Defence receiv'd it in his Heart:
In publick tho' their Passion wanted Speech, (Guisc.
Yet mutual Looks interpreted for each. Dryd. Bocc. Sig. &

Peace, babbling Muse!
I dare not sing what you indite:
Her Eyes refuse
To read the Passion, which they write:
She strikes my Lute; but, if it sound,
Threatens to hurl it on the Ground:
And I no less her Anger dread,
Than the poor Wretch that feigns him dead,
While some fierce Lion does embrace
His breathless Corps, and licks his Face:
Wrapt up in silent Fear he lies,
Torn all to Pieces if he cries. Wall.

I love like thee, and yet conceal my Flame, { Conq.
Which burns the more, the more it is suppress'd. Hig. Gen.

——— I wore my Flames conceal'd,
And silent, as the Lamps that burn in Tombs:
Sigh'd only to my self, and to the Winds;
Gaz'd on your Beauties with the distant Crowd:
Your self at last perceiv'd my drooping Care, { Gen.
And forc'd the trembling Secret from my Breast. Tate Loy.

Curse on this Tongue, that has my Heart betray'd;
And his great Secret open laid.
Ah! never more shall thy unwilling Ear
My helpless Story hear:
Discourse and Talk awake the Rage,
The rude unquiet Pain;
That in my Breast does reign:
Silence, perhaps, may make it sleep.

I'll bind that Sore up, I did ill reveal;
The Wound, if once it close, may chance to heal. Cowl.
A murd'rous Guilt shews not it self more soon,
Than Love that would seem hid. Shak. Twelfth Night.

CONCEIT.

Some to Conceit alone their Taste confine,
And glitt'ring Thoughts, struck out at ev'ry Line;
Pleas'd with a Work, where Nothing's just or fit;
One glaring Chaos, and wild Heap of Wit.
Poets like Painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked Nature, and the living Grace,
With Gold and Jewels cover ev'ry Part,
And hide with Ornaments their Want of Art. Pope.

CONCLUSION.

But, overlabour'd with so long a Course,
'Tis Time to set at Ease the smoaking Horse. Dryd. Virg.
'Tis Time my hard-mouth'd Coursers to controul,
Apt to run Riot, and transgress the Goal.
Now dam the Ditches, and the Floods restrain;
Their Moisture has already drench'd the Plain. Dryd. Virg

CONFESSIONAL.

And here I might, if I but durst, reveal,
What Pranks are play'd in the Confessional;
How haunted Virgins have been dispossess'd,
And Dev'ls themselves cast out to let in Priest:
What Fathers act with Novices alone,
And what to Punks in shriving Seats is done,
Who thither flock to Ghostly Confessour,
To clear old Debts, and tick with Heav'n for more. Oldh.

CONQUEROR and CONQUEST.

From Force the noblest Title springs: (Gran. p. 1.
I hold by Force, which first made Kings. Dryd. Conq. of
For Conquest is the first and noblest Title.
Hig. Gen. Conq.
I claim
By Right of Conquest; for, when Kings make War,
No Law betwixt two Sov'raigns can decide,
But that of Arms; where Fortune is the Judge, (Triump.
Soldiers the Lawyers, and the Bar the Field. Dryd. Love
Such

Such were these Giants, Men of high Renown:
For in those Days Might only shall be admir'd,
And Valour, and heroick Virtue call'd:
To overcome in Battel, and subdue
Nations; and bring home Spoils with infinite
Manslaughter, shall be held the highest Pitch
Of human Glory, and for Glory done
Of Triumph, to be styl'd great Conquerours,
Patrons of Mankind, Gods, and Sons of Gods;
Destroyers rightlier call'd, and Plagues of Men.
Thus Fame shall be atchiev'd, Renown on Earth,
And what most merits Fame in Silence hid. Milt. Par. Lost.

They err, who count it glorious to subdue
Large Countreys, and in Field great Battels win,
Great Cities by Assault: What do these Worthies,
But rob, and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave,
Peaceable Nations, neighb'ring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving Freedom more
Than those their Conqu'rours, who leave behind
Nothing but Ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing Works of Peace destroy:
Then swell with Pride, and must be titled Gods,
Great Benefactors of Mankind, Deliv'rers,
Worship'd with Temples, Priests and Sacrifice; (Reg.
Till Conqu'rour Death discovers them scarce Men. Milt. Par.

Death makes no Conquest of a Conquerour:
For now he lives in Fame, tho' not in Life. ———

Who conquers, wins, by brutal Strength, the Prize;
But 'tis a glorious Work to civilize. Tickell.

The Vanquish'd must receive the Victor's Laws. Dr. I. Em.

Victors thro' Number never gain'd Applause. D'Aven.

They know to conquer best, who know to die. Dr. In. Em.

The Gods are ever of the conqu'ring Side. Dr. Ind. Emp.

O what Joys does Conquest yield!
When returning from the Field,
O how glorious 'tis to see
The God-like Hero crown'd with Victory!
Laurel Wreaths his Head surrounding,
Banners waving in the Wind,
Fame her golden Trumpet sounding,
Ev'ry Voice in Chorus join'd. Cong.

Then crimson Conquest clasp'd me in her Arms (Broth.
And laurel'd Triumphs welcom'd my Return. South. Loy.

For Conquest flushes the victorious Troops,
Spirits their Battel, and inspires their Arms. Ozell. Hom.

A long Security makes Conquest easy. Dryd. all for Love.

——— Conqueſt is not giv'n by Chance;
But, bound by fatal and reſiſtleſs Merit,
Waits on his Arms. ——— Rowe Tamerl.
——— It is too much you dreſs me
Like an Uſurper in the borrow'd Attributes
Of injur'd Heav'n. Can we call Conqueſt ours?
Shall Man, this Pigmy, with a Giant's Pride,
Vaunt of himſelf and ſay, Thus have I done this?
O vain Pretence to Greatneſs! Like the Moon,
We borrow all the Brightneſs, which we boaſt,
Dark in our ſelves and uſeleſs: If that Hand,
That rules the Fate of Battels, ſtrike for us,
Crown us with Fame, and gild our Clay with Honour,
'Twere moſt ungrateful to diſown the Benefit,
And arrogate a Pride, which is not ours. Rowe Tamerl.

CONSCIENCE.

He, that commits a Sin, ſhall quickly find
The preſſing Guilt lie heavy on his Mind:
Tho' Bribes or Favour ſhall aſſert his Cauſe,
Pronounce him guiltleſs, and elude the Laws;
None quits himſelf; his own impartial Thought (Juv.
Will damn, and Conſcience will record the Fault. Creech.
Then why muſt thoſe be thought to 'ſcape, that feel
Thoſe Rods of Scorpions, and thoſe Whips of Steel,
Which Conſcience ſhakes, when ſhe with Rage controuls,
And ſpreads amazing Terrours thro' their Souls? Creech Juv.
Not ſharp Revenge, nor Hell it ſelf can find
A fiercer Torment than a guilty Mind,
Which Day and Night does dreadfully accuſe, (Juv.
Condemns the Wretch, and ſtill the Charge renews. Creech
Perpetual Anguiſh fills his anxious Breaſt,
Not ſtopt by Buſineſs, nor compos'd by Reſt:
No Muſick chears him, and no Feaſts can pleaſe;
He ſits like diſcontented Damocles,
When by the ſportive Tyrant wiſely ſhown
The dang'rous Pleaſures of a flatter'd Throne. Creech Juv.
Sleep flies the Wretch; or, when with Cares oppreſt,
And his toſt Limbs are weary'd into Reſt,
Then Dreams invade, the injur'd Gods appear,
All arm'd with Thunder, and awake his Fear:
The Wretch will ſtart at ev'ry Flaſh that flies,
Grow pale at the firſt Murmur of the Skies, (Juv.
Ere Clouds are form'd, and Thunder roars, afraid. Creech.
Conſcience, whoſe Court of Juſtice is within. Blac. Job.

The

—— The plain Judge, Conscience, makes no Show,
But silently to her dark Sessions comes:
Tho' she on Hills sets not her Gibbets high,
Where frightful Law sets hers; nor bloody seems,
Like War in Colours spread: yet secretly
She does her Work, and many a Man condemns:
Chooks in the Seed, what Law, till ripe, ne'er sees;
What Law would punish, Conscience [illegible]
And so the World from many Mischiefs [illegible])
Known by her Cures, as Law by Punishment. D'Aven.
O Pow'r of Guilt! How Conscience can upbraid!
It forces her not only to reveal, (Gran. p. 2.
But to repeat, what she wou'd most conceal. Dryd. Conq. of
O Power of Conscience, ev'n in wicked Men!
It works, it stings, it will not let him utter
One Syllable, one, not to clear himself
From the most base, detested, horrid Act,
That e'er cou'd stain a Villain. Dryd. Oedip.
How shall I 'scape the Stings of my own Conscience;
Which will for ever rack me with Remembrance,
Haunt me by Day, and torture me by Night,
Casting my blotted Honour in the Way, (L. J. Brut.
Where-e'er my melancholy Thoughts shall guide me? Lee
Oh! what's this that rends my Heart;
That rides my Days, and clouds my Nights with Horrour?
Is it not Conscience, which sometimes appears
Like a She-Wolf, and drags me on the Floor?
Then in a Lion's Form it comes, (of Par.
And grins, and roars, just gaping to devour me. Lee Mass.
Were all well here, what Force, what Roman Arms,
What Gen'ral, marching at the Head of Millions,
Could daunt the bold, the forward Mithridates?
But here, Pharnaces, in my guilty Bosom,
The fatal En'my undermines me quite:
Black Legions are my Thoughts: not Pompey, but
Ziphares, comes with all his Wrongs; and arms,
Like the Lieutenant of the Gods, against me:
Semandra too, like bleeding Victory,
Stands on his Side, and cries out, Kill, kill, kill
That cursed Parricide, that Ravisher:
Oh! Heav'n sustain me, or I shall grow mad. Lee Mithr.
I'll tell thee, Boy, Remorse and upstart Fear
Oppress me, ev'n in Spight of all my Knowledge:
'Tho' none of those, that boast Philosophy,
Have made a deeper Search in Nature's Womb
Than I: (the Midnight Moon has seen my Watchings)
I tell thee, none can name her infinite Seeds

Like

Like me; nor better know the Sparks of Light,
Those Gems that [illegible] the blue Ring of Heav'n:
None knows more Reasons for, or against you, first
Bright Cause; [illegible] skill of [illegible] above me:
Yet there's a Thing, call'd Conscience, makes its Way,
Thro' all the Fence of Pleasure, fortify'd
With Reasons, that will ill seem Good to me,
And [illegible] thy guilty [illegible] to the Soul. Lee Mithr.

For Conscience is the Mirrour of our Souls,
Which represents the Errours of our Lives
In their full Shape.

O Conscience! into what Abyss of Fears
And Horrors hast thou driv'n me; out of which
I find no Way, from deep to deeper plung'd! Milt. Par. Lost.

Sunk were their Hearts with Horrour of the Crime:
The Fright was general; but the Female Band,
A helpless Train, in more Confusion stand!
With Horrour shudd'ring, on a Heap they run;
Sick at the Sight of hateful Justice done: (own.
For Conscience rung th' Alarm, and made the Case their
Dryd. Bocc. Theod. & Hon.

For Conscience is but Int'rest ill disguis'd. Dryd.

Immortal Pow'rs the Term of Conscience know;
But Int'rest is her Name with Men below. Dr. Hind. & Pant.

She is a Bawd to Gain, and holds the Door.
Dryd. Hind. & Pant.

Conscience, that giddy, airy Dream, (steam!
Which does from brain-sick Heads, or ill-digesting Stomachs
Conscience, the vain fantastick Fear
Of Punishments, we know not when, nor where!
Project of crafty Statesmen to support weak Law;
By which they slavish Spirits awe;
And dastard Souls to forc'd Obedience draw! Oldh.

Conscience, a cheap Pretence to cozen Fools!
Behn. Abdel.

A bugbear Name to fright them. Otw. Alcib.

I'll to the Wars; and as the Corybantes,
With clashing Shields, and braying Trumpets, drown'd
The Cries of Infant Jove, I'll stifle Conscience, (& Hip.
And Nature's Murmurs in the Din of Arms. Smith. Phaed.

CONSTANCY.

True Knights of Love, who never broke their Vow:
Firm to their plighted Faith, and ever free
From Fears and fickle Chance, and Jealousie.
Dryd. Chauc. The Flower and the Leaf

———— My Mind,
By thus contracting its Desires, is taught
The humble Quiet of possessing Nought. Dryd. Tyr. Love.

The Men, that suit their Wishes to their State,
And, pleas'd still with themselves, enjoy their Fate,
Whose modest Passions Reason's Rod obey,
Are greater Kings than those who Scepters sway:
They can the Triumph of a Court despise,
And the rich Toys, that charm deluded Eyes:
Pois'd on their own unshaken Base, they view
All the Vicissitudes, that Time can shew;
They, like tall Mountains, are advanc'd so high,
That all the low-hung Clouds beneath them fly. Bl. P. Arth.

Thus the great Minds, that can themselves subdue,
Preserve their Peace, and still their Joys renew:
They face the Storms, and stand its fiercest Shocks,
Bold as the Winds, unshaken as the Rocks:
No Tempest, that invades th'ambitious Breast,
Can the calm Region of their Mind molest:
So Winds, which Rivulets disturb, will play
In harmless Breezes on the wider Sea. Blac. P. Arth.

Heav'ns Offspring, with divine Contentment bless'd,
Enjoy the Empire of a guiltless Breast:
Tho' spoil'd by prosp'rous Robbers, still they find
The large Possessions of a peaceful Mind:
Free from Desire, they are as free from Want,
And from the Cares, that envy'd Greatness haunt. Bl. P. Arth.

Happy the Man, of Mortals happiest he,
Whose quiet Mind from vain Desires is free:
Whom neither Hopes deceive, nor Fears torment;
But lives, at Peace, within himself, content;
In Thought or Act accountable to none,
But to himself, and to the Gods alone.
O Sweetness of Content! Seraphick Joy!
That, wanting Nothing, Nothing can destroy!
Where dwells this Peace, this Freedom of the Mind?
Where, but in Shades, remote from Human Kind:
In flow'ry Vales, where Nymphs and Shepherds meet;
But never comes within the Palace-Gate.
Farewel then, Cities, Courts and Camps, farewel:
Welcome, ye Groves, here let me ever dwell,
From Cares, from Bus'ness, and Mankind remove,
All but the Muses, and inspiring Love.
How sweet the Morn! how gentle is the Night!
How calm the Ev'ning, and the Noon how bright!
From hence, as from a Hill, I view below
The crowded World, that like some Wood does show,

Where

Where sev'ral Wand'rers travel Day and Night,
Thro' sev'ral Paths, and none are in the Right. Ld. Lansd.
  Content's a Crown that seldom Kings enjoy. Shak. H. 6.
  I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble Livers in Content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring Grief,
And wear a golden Sorrow. Shak. Hen. 8.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Long has this happy Quarter of the Town,
For Lewdness, Wit, and Gallantry, been known:
All Sorts meet here, of whatsoe'er Degree,
To blend and justle into Harmony:
The Criticks each advent'rous Author scan;
And praise or censure, as they like the Man:
The Politicians of Parnassus prate;
And Poets canvass the Affairs of State:
The Cits ne'er talk of Trade and Stock; but tell,
How Virgil writ; how bravely Turnus fell.
The Lawyer for lac'd Coat the Robe does quit;
He grows a Madman, and then turns a Wit:
And in the Cloister pensive Strephon waits,
Till Chloe's Hackney comes, and then retreats. Garth.

CORAH.

——— Thou well-breath'd Witness of the Plot,
O Corah, thou shalt from Oblivion pass:
Erect thy self thou Monumental Brass:
High as the Serpent of thy Metal made,
While Nations stand secure beneath thy Shade.
What tho' his Birth were base, yet Comets rise
From earthly Vapours, ere they shine in Skies:
Prodigious Actions may as well be done
By Weavers Issue, as by Princes Son:
This Arch-Attestor for the Publick Good
By that one Deed enobles all his Blood.
Who ever ask'd the Witnesses high Race,
Whose Oath with Martyrdom did Stephen grace?
Ours was a Levite; and, as Times went then,
His Tribe were God Almighty's Gentlemen.
Sunk were his Eyes; his Voice was harsh and loud;
Sure Signs, he neither chol'rick was, nor proud:
His long Chin prov'd his Wit; his Saint-like Grace
A Church Vermilion, and a Moses Face.

His Memory, miraculously great,
Could Plots, exceeding Man's Belief, repeat;
Which therefore cannot be accounted Lies;
For human Wit could never such devise:
Some future Truths are mingled in his Book;
But, where the Witness fail'd, the Prophet spoke.
Some Things like visionary Flights appear;
The Spirit caught him up the Lord knows where,
And gave him his Rabbinical Degree,
Unknown to foreign University.
His Judgment yet his Mem'ry did excel,
Which piec'd his wond'rous Evidence so well;
And suited to the Temper of the Times,
Then groaning under Jebusitick Crimes:
Let Israel's Foes suspect his heav'nly Call,
And rashly judge his Writ apochryphal;
Our Laws for such Affronts have Forfeits made;
He takes his Life, who takes away his Trade.
Were I my self in Witness Corah's Place,
The Wretch, who did me such a dire Disgrace,
Should whet my Memory, tho' once forgot,
To make him an Appendix of my Plot.
His Zeal to Heav'n made him his Prince despise,
And load his Person with Indignities;
For Zeal peculiar Privilege affords;
Indulging Latitude to Deeds and Words:
And Corah might for Agag's Murther call
In Terms as coarse, as Samuel us'd to Saul. Dr. Abs. & Ach.
O Corah! unexhausted Mine of Plots!
Incredible to all but Knaves and Sots:
Thou truly may'st for a new Sampson pass,
Who kill'st so sure with Jawbone of an Ass. ———

CORAL.

So Coral, soft and white in Ocean's Bed,
Comes harden'd up in Air, and glows with Red. Dr. Ovid.

CORN.

That Crop of Corn rewards the greedy Peasants Pains,
And bursts the crowded Barns with more than promis'd Gains.
Dryd. Virg.

——— The Floods from high now rush amain,
With pregnant Streams, to swell the teeming Grain. Dr. Virg.
And now the Stem, too feeble for the Freight,
Can scarce sustain the Heads unwieldy Weight. Dryd. Virg.

The

The rising Bulk of the luxuriant Blade. Dryd. Virg.
—— Th' aspiring Offspring of the Grain
O'ertops the Ridges of the furrow'd Plain. Dryd. Virg.
—— The lashing Spring, with lavish Rain,
Beats down the slender Stem, and bearded Grain;
While yet the Head is green, or lightly swell'd
With milky Moisture, overlooks the Field. Dryd. Virg.
The Winter Drout rewards the Peasants Pain,
And broods indulgent on the bury'd Grain. Dryd. Virg.
—— What fertile Fields of Corn
The Kentish Hills luxuriously adorn!
And, this and that Way wav'd by Zephyr's Breath,
Vie in green Waves with the salt Flood beneath. Blac. Eliz.
Their verdant Meadows pour such Riches forth,
Strong Mowers groan to heave th' unwieldy Birth. Blac. Job.
—— Th' aspiring Offspring of the Grain
O'ertops the Ridges of the furrow'd Plain. Dryd. Virg.

COUNTREY-LIFE.

Now, sacred Pales, in a lofty Strain,
I sing the rural Honours of thy Reign. Dryd. Virg.
And Oh! Behold what Bliss the Country yields!
The flow'ry Meads, the purling Streams, the laughing Fields!
Staff. Virg.
Where Innocence seems fear'd by the Gods,
As in her Virgin Nakedness, untainted. Otw. C. Mar.
What Scenes appear, where-e'er I turn my Eyes!
All around —— Enchanted Ground
And soft Elysiums rise:
Flow'ry Mountains, —— Mossy Fountains,
Shady Woods, —— Chrystal Floods,
With wild Variety surprize. Add. Ros.
Where joyful Nature sits in Plenty crown'd
Hesperian Fields and sylvan Scenes around } Arth.
Her shady Throne, and with rich Fruit abound. Blac. P.
How bless'd is he, who leads a Countrey Life,
Unvex'd with anxious Cares, and void of Strife!
Who, studying Peace, and shunning civil Rage,
Enjoy'd his Youth, and now enjoys his Age:
All, who deserve his Love, he makes his own;
And, to be lov'd himself, needs only to be known. Dryd.
O leave the noisy Town, O come and see
Our Country Cotts, and live content with me!
To wound the flying Deer, and from their Cotes
With me to drive a-field the browzing Goats!

To pipe and sing, and, in our Country Strain,
To copy, or perhaps contend with Pan. Dryd. Virg.

Behold yon' bord'ring Fence of Sallow Trees
Is fraught with Flow'rs, the Flow'rs are fraught with Bees:
The busie Bees, with a soft murm'ring Strain,
Invite, to gentle Sleep, the lab'ring Swain.
Whilst from the neighb'ring Rock, with rural Songs,
The Pruner's Voice the pleasing Dream prolongs:
Stock-Doves and Turtles tell their am'rous Pain,
And, from the lofty Elms, of Love complain. Dryd. Virg.

The Gods, to live in Woods, have left the Skies:
And God-like Paris in the Groves did lye:
To Priam's Wealth prefer'd Oenone's Love:
In Cities, which she built, let Pallas reign;
Tow'rs are for Gods, but Forests for the Swain. Dr. Virg.

Let Cities boast, that they provide
For Life the Ornaments of Pride;
But 'tis the Countrey and the Field,
That furnish it with Staff and Shield. Cowl.

O happy, if his Happiness he knows,
The Countrey-Swain, on whom kind Heav'n bestows
At home all Riches, that wise Nature needs;
Whom the just Earth with easie Plenty feeds.
'Tis true, no Morning Tide of Clients comes,
And fills the painted Channels of his Rooms,
Adoring the rich Figures, as they pass,
In Tap'stry wrought, or cut in living Brass;
Nor is his Wool superfluously dy'd
With the dear Poyson of Assyrian Pride:
Nor do Arabian Perfumes vainly spoil
The native Use and Sweetness of his Oil.
Instead of those, his calm and harmless Life,
Free from th' Alarms of Fear, and Storms of Strife,
Does with substantial Blessedness abound,
And the soft Wings of Peace cover him round.
Thro' artless Groves the murm'ring Waters glide;
Thick Trees, against both Heat and Cold, provide;
From whence the Birds salute him; and his Ground
With lowing Herds and bleating Sheep does sound;
And all the Rivers and the Forests nigh,
Both Food and Game, and Exercise supply.
Here a well-harden'd, active Youth we see
Taught the great Art of chearful Poverty.
Here, in this Place alone, there still do shine
Some Streaks of Love, both humane and divine:
From hence Astræa took her Flight, and here
Still her last Footsteps upon Earth appear.

Let

——— ——— Let Woods and Rivers be
My quiet, tho' inglorious, Destiny;
In Life's cool Vale let my low Scene be laid;
Cover me, Gods, with Tempe's thickest Shade.
——— ——— Thrice happy they,
Whose humble Life lies not in Fortune's Way:
They, unconcern'd, from their safe distant Seat,
Behold the Rods and Scepters of the Great;
The Quarrels of the Mighty, without Fear,
And the Descent of foreign Troops they hear.
Nor can ev'n Rome their steady Course misguide,
With all the Lustre of her per'shing Pride;
——— ——— Nor do they live
By Rules or Forms, that many Madmen give:
Duty, for Nature's Bounty, they repay,
And her sole Laws religiously obey.
Some with bold Labour plough the faithless Main,
Some rougher Storms in Princes Courts sustain.
Some swell up their slight Sails with pop'lar Fame,
Charm'd with the foolish Whistlings of a Name:
Some their vain Wealth to Earth again commit,
With endless Cares some brooding o'er it sit.
Countrey and Friends are by some Wretches sold,
To lie on Tyrian Beds, and drink in Gold;
No Price too high for Profit can be shewn;
Nor Brother's Blood, nor Hazards of their own:
Around the World in Search of it they roam,
It makes ev'n their Antipodes their Home.
Mean while the prudent Husbandman is found
In mutual Duties striving with his Ground.
Each fertile Month does some new Gifts present,
And with new Work his Industry content.
This the young Lamb, that the soft Fleece does yield,
This loads with Hay, and that with Corn, the Field.
All Sorts of Fruits crown the rich Autumn's Pride;
And, on a swelling Hill's warm stony Side,
The pow'rful, princely Purple of the Vine,
Twice dy'd with the redoubled Sun, does shine.
In th' Evening to a fair ensuing Day,
With Joy he sees his Flocks and Kids at Play;
And loaded Kine about his Cottage stand,
Inviting with known Sound the Milker's Hand:
And when from wholesome Labour he does come,
With Wishes to be there, and wish'd for home,
He meets at Door the softest human Blisses,
His chaste Wife's Welcome, and his Children's Kisses.

 When

When any rural Holidays invite
His Genius forth to innocent Delight,
On Earth's fair Bed, beneath some sacred Shade,
Amidst his equal Friends carelesly laid,
He sings thee, Bacchus, Patron of the Vine,
The beechen Bowl foams with a Flood of Wine,
Not to the Loss of Reason, or of Strength:
To active Games, and manly Sport at length
Their Mirth ascends, and with fill'd Veins they see,
Who can the best at better Trials be.
Such was the Life the prudent Sabines chose,
From such the old Hetrurian Virtue rose.
Such, Remus, and the God, his Brother, led:
From such firm Footing Rome grew the World's Head.
Such was the Life, that ev'n till now does raise
The Honour of poor Saturn's golden Days.
Before Men born of Earth, and bury'd there,
Let in the Sea their mortal Fate to share;
Before new Ways of perishing were sought,
Before unskilful Death on Anvils wrought;
Before those Beasts, which human Life sustain,
By Men, unless to the Gods Use, were slain. Cowl. Virg.
Happy the Man, who his whole Time does bound,
Within th' Enclosure of his little Ground.
Happy the Man, whom the same humble Place,
Th' hereditary Cottage of his Race,
From his first rising Infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural Propension to that Earth,
Which both preserv'd his Life, and gave him Birth.
Him no false distant Lights, by Fortune set,
Could ever into foolish Wand'rings get:
He never Dangers either saw or fear'd:
The dreadful Storms at Sea he never heard:
He never heard the shrill Alarms of War,
Or the worse Noises of the Lawyer's Bar.
No Change of Consuls marks to him the Year,
The Change of Seasons is his Calendar:
The Cold and Heat Winter and Summer shows,
Autumn by Fruits, and Spring by Flow'rs he knows.
He measures Time by Land-marks, and has found
For the whole Day the Dial of his Ground.
A neighb'ring Wood, born with himself, he sees,
And loves his old contemporary Trees.
H'as only heard of near Verona's Name,
And knows it, like the Indies, but by Fame.

Thus

Thus Health and Strength he t'a third Age enjoys,
And sees a long Posterity of Boys.
About the spacious World let others roam,
The Voyage Life is longest made at home. Cowl. Claud.

As one, who long in pop'lous City pent,
Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Air,
Forth issuing on a Summer's Morn to breathe
Among the pleasant Villages and Farms
Adjoin'd, from each Thing met conceives Delight;
The Smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine,
Or Dairy, each rural Sight, each rural Sound;
If chance with Nymph-like Step fair Virgin pass,
What pleasing seem'd for her now pleases more; (Lost
She most; and in her Look sums all Delight. Milt. Par.

COURAGE.

Courage alone in great Distress can aid: (Virg.
But Fear, of what should help, will be afraid. How. Vest.

And Errors, not to be recall'd, still find
Their best Redress from Presence of the Mind:
Courage our greatest Failings does supply,
And makes all Good, or handsomely we die. Wall.

True Valour never knows a base Allay,
And, tho' it lose, can never yield, the Day. Orinda. Corneille.

Danger is nothing but a Bugbear Word:
Did Mountains of black Horrours me surround,
I'd scale them all. ———

When Fortune, Honour, Life, and all's in Doubt,
Bravely to dare is bravely to get out. Suckl. Agl.

He that will die or vanquish, seldom fails: (Corneille.
That brave Despair most commonly prevails. Orinda.

For then, no greater Evils left to fear, (P. Arth.
We take fresh hope and Courage from Despair. Blac.

For Courage scorns the Death it cannot shun. Dryd.
Con. of Gran. p. 2.

Boldness in desperate Extreams is Wisdom. Den. Lib. as.

But what Relief can bravest Valour lend,
When Heroes, not with Foes, but Fate, contend? Tate.

Courage, thou Curse of the Unfortunate, (Queen.
Thou can'st encounter, not resist, ill Fate. How. Ind.

The bravest Men are subject most to Chance. Dryd.
Conq. of Gran. p. 2.

Thy Courage is an Omen of Success. Land. Jew of Ven.

You cannot be overcome, who cannot Fear. Hopk.
Pyrrhus.

They merit who unfortunately dare. Land. Virg.

And

And there is a Necessity in Fate, (Gran. p. 1.
Why still the brave bold Man is fortunate. Dryd. Conq. of
Fortune assists the Brave. ——— Laud. Virg. (Emp.
When Fortune fails high Courages can rise. Dryd. Ind.
We'll seek out Danger, ere it dare appear. Dryd. Conq.
of Gran. p. 1.

Let Valour act; but let Discretion guide. How. Ind. Queen.
Let us appear not rash nor diffident:
Immod'rate Valour swells into a Fault,
And Fear, admitted into publick Councils,
Betrays like Treason. ——— Add. Cato.
He dares much,
And, to that dauntless Temper of his Mind,
He has a Wisdom, that still guides his Valour
To act in safety. Shak. Macb.
That Courage, which the Vain for Valour take,
Who proudly Dangers seek for Glory's Sake,
Is Impudence; and what they rashly do,
Has no Excuse, but that 'tis Madness too:
Yet, when confin'd, it reaches Valour's Name;
Which seeks fair Virtue, and is met by Fame:
It weighs the Cause, ere it attempt the Fact,
And bravely dares forbear as well as act.
It would reclaim, much rather than subdue;
Would rather hide Success, than seek Applause;
And, tho' of Strength secur'd, yet trusts the Cause. D'Aven.
True, he has Courage: (Love.
But just enough to season him from Coward. Dryd. all for
But brutal Courage is the Soldier's Idol. Dryd. Troil.
& Cres.
——— A wise, well-temper'd Valour,
For such is his: Those Giants, Death and Danger,
Are but his Ministers, and serve a Master
More to be fear'd than they; and the blind Goddess
Is led among the Captives in his Triumph:
Yet Fortune, Valour, all is overborne
By Numbers, as the long-resisting Bank
By the impetuous Torrent. ——— Den. Sophy.
Courage from Hearts, and not from Numbers grows. Dryd.
But the courageous Man undaunted stands;
His Cheeks retain their Colour; and his Soul
Unshaken stems the threat'ning Tide of Danger:
Calm is his Mind, and all his Thoughts compos'd;
Sedate he waits the Storm: But when the Voice
Of Honour calls aloud, his sprightly Soul
Takes the Alarm, and fires his chearful Blood,
He sallies with Impatience to the Fight:

 And

And should he, or at Hand, or from afar,
Receive a Hurt, the honourable Wound
Would fix a Token of his Worth in Arms:
Upon his manly Breast no Scar unseemly
Will ever brand him with the Mark of Coward. Broome.
But oh! If any ancient Blood remains,
One drop of all our Fathers in our Veins;
That Man wou'd I prefer before the rest,
Who dar'd his Death with an unalarmed Breast;
Who comely fell by no dishonest Wound,
——— And, dying, gnaw'd the Ground. Dryd. Virg.
The Secret to be safe is to be brave. Blac. K. Arth.
Methinks my Soul is rous'd to her last Work;
Has much to do, and little Time to spare:
She starts within me like a Traveller,
Who sluggishly out-slept his morning Hour, (& Cress.
And mends his Pace to reach his Inn betimes. Dryd. Troil.
What Man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian Bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan Tyger,
Take any Shape but that, and my firm Nerves
Shall never tremble. Shak. Mach.
He rous'd his Vigour for the last Debate,
And rais'd his haughty Soul to meet his Fate. Dryd. Virg.
Anger and brave Disdain his Heart possess'd (David.
Thoughts more than manly swell'd his youthful Breast. Cow.
He whets his Fury, and with Joy prepares,
To terminate at once the ling'ring Wars. Dryd. Virg.
——— ——— Who doubts another's Courage,
Wants it himself. ——— Dryd. Riv. Lad. (Brit. Ench.
Th' Oppress'd have a sure Refuge in the Brave. Lansd.
And daring Courage makes ill Actions good. Dr. In. Emp.
Courage proves Guilt, when Merit swells to Pride. How.
Love, Faith and Zeal, if Resolution fail, Ind. Queen.
No more than the faint Glow-worms Fire avail. Sedl. Ant.
The Brave meet ev'ry Accident & Cleop.
With equal Minds. ——— ——— Rowe. Tamerl.
——— ——— A noble Freedom
Dwells with the Brave, unknown to fawning Sycophants,
And claims a Privilege of being believ'd. Rowe. Tamerl.

COURT and COURTIER.

——— ——— I have no Business there:
I have not slavish Temperance enough
T' attend a Favourites Heels, and watch his Smiles;
Bear an ill Office done me to my Face, (Orph.
And thank the Lord, that wrong'd me, for his Favour. Otw.

Be still, and learn the smoothing Arts of Courts;
Adore his Fortune, mix with flatt'ring Crowds; (D. Seb.
And, when they praise him most, be you the loudest. Dryd.
——— The Depths of Courts but few can found;
Tyrants and Priests in Mysteries abound:
Perhaps their Arts will not the Light endure; (Calig.
They strike most Awe, like Temples, when obscure. Crown.
The Court is full of Eyes,
As Eagles sharp, fatal as Basilisks, (Trium.
Who live on Looking, and who see to Death. Dryd. Love
Would you be happy, leave this fatal Place;
Fly from the Court's pernicious Neighbourhood,
Where Innocence is shunn'd, and blushing Modesty
Is made the Scorner's Jest; where Hate, Deceit,
And deadly Ruin, wear the Masks of Beauty,
And draw deluded Fools with Shews of Pleasure. Row. J. Sh.
——— ——— Courtiers are
High Cowards in Revenge amongst themselves,
And only valiant when they mischief others.
——— ——— Stars, that would have no Names,
But for the Ills they threaten in Conjunction.
A Race of shallow and unthinking Pilots,
Who oft misguide the Ship ev'n in a Calm, (Bren.
And, in great Storms, serve but as Weight to sink it. Suckl.
Of all Court-Service learn the common Lot;
To Day 'tis done, to Morrow 'tis forgot. Dryd. D. Seb.

C O W.

Cows, with their milky Burthens overflow'd,
In frothy Pails their bursting Dugs unload. Dryd. Virg.
Thus often, when an inn'cent Heifer dies,
To angry Gods a spotless Sacrifice;
When all around she sheds attoning Blood,
And stains the Altars with a purple Flood;
Her Dam beats o'er the Fields in wild Despair,
And wounds with loud Complaints the tender Air;
Now here, now there will run, and still complain;
Now leaves her Stall, and then returns again;
Mad for her Young, she ev'ry Field does trace;
With passionate Eyes she visits ev'ry Place:
No Streams, no Flow'rs, (her former great Delight,)
Can raise or quicken her dead Appetite,
Allay her Grief, divert her pining Care;
And tho' a thousand Heifers should appear
More fat, more fair than hers, she passes by,
And looks on none, or with a slighting Eye:

So plain it is, she looks for something known,
And view'd before; she only seeks her own. Creech Lucr.

COWARD.

Cowards have Courage when they see not Death;
And fearful Hares, that sculk in Forms all Day,
Yet fight their feeble Quarrels by the Moon-light:
——— ——— But valiant Men
Still love the Sun should witness what they do. Dr. Riv. Lad.
What Friends can Cowards be? What Hopes appear
Of Help from such, who, where they hate, shew Fear?
Dryd. Ind. Emp.

I know he'll not refuse us, for he dares not:
A Coward is the kindest Animal;
'Tis the most giving Creature in a Fright. Dryd. Cleom.
For Cowardice has neither Ears nor Shame. Dryd. Ovid.
——— Ev'n Cowards will be scar'd
Out of their Natures into something brave. Crown. Darius.
Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange, that Man should fear;
Seeing that Death, a necessary End,
Will come when it will come. ——— Shak. Jul. Cæs.
Have I not seen the Britains quite disheartned,
Run, run, Bonduca; not the quick Rack swifter;
The Virgin from the hated Ravisher,
Not half so fearful? Not a Flight drawn home,
A round Stone from a Sling, a Lover's Wish,
E'er made that Haste that they have. By the Gods,
I have seen these Britains, that you magnify,
Run as they would have outrun Time, and roaring,
Basely for Mercy roaring: the light Shadows,
That in a Thought scour o'er the Fields of Corn,
Halted on Crutches to them: I have seen them,
Like boading Owls, creep into Tods of Ivy,
And hoot their Fears to one another nightly. Beaum. Bond.
——— The Coward trembles;
His Cheeks look ghastly pale; his shiv'ring Knees
Knock, and refuse to bear their Load: His Heart
Pants in his Breast; Weakness unnerves his Limbs;
His Body quakes like quiv'ring Leaves of Trees,
That tremble to the Wind; his Teeth aloud
Chatter, and Death in ev'ry Shade he views. Broome Hom.
——— His noisy Tongue can only fight;
And Feet were giv'n him, but to speed his Flight. Dr. Virg.

C O Y.

If she be coy, and scorn my noble Fire,
If her chill Heart I cannot move,
Why I'll enjoy the very Love,
And make a Mistress of my own Desire.
Flames their most vig'rous Heat do hold,
And purest Light, if compass'd round with Cold:
So when sharp Winter means most Harm,
The springing Plants are by the Snow it self kept warm. Cow.
Her very Coyness warms,
And with a grateful Sullenness she charms:
Each Look darts forth a thousand Rays,
Whose Lustre an unwary Sight betrays, (Hor.
My Eye-balls swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze. Cong.
What new-found Witchcraft's this in thee,
With thy own Cold to kindle me?
Strange Art! like him that should devise
To make a burning-Glass of Ice. Cowl.
Thy Coldness kills not, but preserves my Flame;
As Winter Snows the freezing Earth defend,
And tender Plants keep warm. O Armida,
Thy very Cruelty has all the Charms
That Kindness gives the rest of Womankind:
Disdain'd we still love on. ——— Hig. Gen. Conq.
Yet cruel she to Harshness more inclines, (Theoc.
Than unripe Grapes, pluck'd from the savage Vines. Duke
O she is arm'd with Ice around her Heart, (Bride.
Not to be warm'd with Words, or idle Eloquence. Cong. M.
That self-denying Gift we all enjoy,
Of wishing to be won, yet seeming to be coy. Harv. Ovid.

C R A N E.

Thus, at the Signal giv'n, the Cranes arise (Virg.
Before the stormy South, and blacken all the Skies. Dryd.
The wary Crane foresees the Storm, and sails
Above the Clouds, and leaves the lowly Vales. Dryd. Virg.
——————— The Cranes,
Shunning tempestuous Boreas and the Winter,
In Search of Shelter fly to warmer Nile,
And carry Death and Terrour to the Pygmies,
On whom they pour the War from upper Air. ———

CREA-

CREATION.

Not yet the loosen'd Earth aloft was flung,
Or, pois'd amidst the Skies, in Balance hung;
Not yet did golden Fires the Sun adorn,
Or borrow'd Lustre silver Cynthia's Horn:
Not yet had Time Commission to begin;
Or Fate the many-twisted Web to spin:
When all the heav'nly Host, assembled, came
To view the World, yet resting on its Frame:
Eager they press to see the Site dismiss,
And rowl the Globe along the vast Abyss:
The Father now, within his spacious Hands,
Encompass'd all the mingled Mass of Seas and Lands;
And, having heav'd aloft the pond'rous Sphere,
He launch'd the World to float in ambient Air. Cong.

So, when at first, in Chaos and old Night,
Hot Things with cold, and moist with dry did fight,
Love did the warring Seeds to Union bring,
And over all Things stretch'd his peaceful Wing;
The jarring Elements no longer strove;
And a World started forth, the beauteous Work of Love. Lee.

But tell me how, I say, how this beauteous Frame
Of all Things from the Womb of Nothing came;
When Nature's Lord, by one Almighty Call,
From no where rais'd the World's capacious Ball? Pom.

He to his Harp in lofty Verse begins;
And thro' the secret Maze of Nature runs:
He the great Spirit sung, that all Things fill'd,
That the tumultuous Waves of Chaos still'd;
Whose Nod dispos'd the jarring Seeds to Peace,
And made the Wars of hostile Atoms cease.
All Beings, we in fruitful Nature find,
Proceeded from the great eternal Mind;
Streams of his unexhausted Spring of Pow'r,
And, cherish'd with his Influence, endure.
He fill'd the Sun's vast Lamp with golden Light;
And bid the silver Moon adorn the Night:
He spread the airy Ocean without Shores,
Where Birds are wafted with their feather'd Oars. Bl. P. Arth.

For lo! he sung the World's stupendous Birth:
How scatter'd Seeds of Sea, and Air, and Earth,
And purer Fire, thro' universal Night,
And empty Space, did fruitfully unite:
From whence th' innumerable Race of Things,
By circular successive Order, springs.

By

By what Degrees this Earth's compacted Sphere
Was harden'd, Woods and Rocks and Towns to bear:
How sinking Waters, the firm Land to drain,
Fill'd the capacious Deep, and form'd the Main;
While from above, adorn'd with radiant Light,
A new-born Sun surpris'd the dazled Sight;
How Vapours, turn'd to Clouds, obscure the Sky,
And Clouds, dissolv'd, the thirsty Ground supply;
How the first Forest rais'd its shady Head;
Till when, few wand'ring Beasts on unknown Mountains fed.
Rosc. Virg.

In its ideal Frame the World, design'd
From Ages past, lay finish'd in thy Mind.
Conform to this divine imagin'd Plan,
With perfect Art th' amazing Work began:
Thy Glance survey'd the solitary Plain,
Where shapeless Shade inert and silent reign;
Then in the Dark and undistinguish'd Space,
Unfruitful, unenclos'd, and void of Race,
Thy Compass, for the World, mark'd out the destin'd Place.
Then didst thou thro' the Fields of barren Night
Go forth, collected in resistless Might;
Where thy Almighty Vigour did exert,
Which, [illegible] Why dart
Thro' the blank hollow of the empty Space;
The Gulphs confess thy omnipotent Embrace,
And, pregnant grown with elemental Seed,
Unfinish'd Orbs, and Worlds in Embryo breed:
From the crude Mass, omniscient Architect,
Thou for each Part Materials didst select,
And with a Master-Hand thy World erect.
Labour'd by thee, the Globes, vast lucid Booys,
By thee uplifted, swim in liquid Skies;
By thy cementing Pow'r their Parts cohere,
And roul by thy impulsive Nod in Air:
Thou in the Vacant didst the Earth suspend,
Advance the Mountains, and the Vales extend;
People the Plains with Flocks, with Beasts the Wood,
And store with scaly Colonies the Flood. Blac. Creat.

In solemn and instructive Notes they sung
From whence the beauteous Frame of Nature sprung;
Who polish'd all the radiant Orbs above;
And in bright Order made the Planets move;
Whence Thunders roar, and frightful Meteors fly;
And Comets roul unbounded thro' the Sky;
Who wing'd the Winds, and gave the Streams to flow;
And rais'd the Rocks, and spread the Lawns below:

Whence

Whence the gay Spring exults in flow'ry Pride;
And Autumn with the bleeding Grape is dy'd:
When Summer Suns imbrown the lab'ring Swains,
And shiv'ring Winter pines in icy Chains;
And prais'd the Pow'r supream; nor durst advance
So vain a Theory as that of Chance. Fenton.

Before th' unshaken Pillars of the Earth
Were rear'd; before prolifick Nature's Birth;
Before the Register of Time begun,
Or Heav'ns bright Forces throng'd about the Sun;
Was a wild Void, that no set Bounds restrain'd;
Where Silence, Night, and Desolation reign'd;
Where yet no glimm'ring Track of Light appear'd,
No Discord yet, or Harmony, was heard:
From Ages past lay in th' Eternal's Mind
A finish'd Model of the Work, design'd
To be erected by Almighty Hands,
Where now this round capacious Fabrick stands.

Almighty Vigour strove thro' all the Void,
And such prolifick Influence imploy'd
That antient barren Night did pregnant grow,
And quicken'd with the World in Embryo.
The struggling Seeds of unshap'd Matter lie,
Contending in her Womb for Victory:
No Order, Form, or Parts distinct and clear,
Did in the crude Conception yet appear:
Thick Darkness yet did th' unripe Light embrace,
Which faintly glanc'd on Chaos' shady Face:
Th' unfledg'd Fire has no bright Wings to rise,
But, scarce distinguish'd, with the Water lies:
Its sprightly ruddy Youth not yet attain'd,
The glitt'ring Seeds, Mother of Fire, remain'd,
Like golden Sands, thick scatter'd on the Shore,
Of the wild Deep, and shone in burning Ore:
In glowing Heaps the Stars lay dusky bright,
Rude and unpolish'd Balls of unwrought Light.
The Sky, dispers'd, lay in Etherial Ore;
And Azure Veins betray'd th' Empyreal Store:
The wat'ry Treasures, in th' unfashion'd Birth,
Lay in the rough Embraces of the Earth:
But, at the great Command, will thaw, and throw
The Dross off; and, like melted Metals, flow:
Besides, vast Numbers of loose Atoms stray,
And in the restless Deep of Chaos play:
In dark Encounters they for Empire strive;
And gain what Chance and wild Confusion give;

Which jointly have poſſeſs'd the ſov'raign Sway,
Pleas'd with theſe Subjects moſt, that leaſt obey:
Th' Eternal's Voice compos'd theſe Atoms Jars;
And juſtling Elements inteſtine Wars:
He ſets impriſon'd Heat and Vigour free;
And ſuits and ranges Natures that agree:
He thro' the Maſs a mighty Ferment ſpread,
And, where it came, miſ-ſhap'd Confuſion fled:
Dark Chaos now throws off his gloomy Face,
Puts on freſh Beauty, and a heav'nly Grace:
Th' Almighty ſpoke, and ſtrait the ſprightly Light
With lovely Looks broke from the Abyſs of Night:
On golden Wings it mounts; and, in its Way,
Its Smiles diffuſe new Morn, and unripe Day:
Aloft vaſt ſpreading Sheets of Æther riſe,
Matter for Spheres, and pure tranſparent Skies:
The Sky, which for its Compaſs ſcarce finds Room,
Spun thin, and wove on Nature's fineſt Loom,
The new born World in its ſoft Boſom wraps;
And all around its ſtarry Mantle laps:
The Sun's vaſt Globe, which, till the Birth of Day,
All rough and cloudy in wild Chaos lay,
Well wrought and poliſh'd, is advanc'd on high:
The vagrant Beams, which ſtray'd about the Sky,
Now, beckon'd by creating Pow'r, obey;
And the bright Forces hither haſte away:
Then, hov'ring, on the ſpungy Globe they wait;
And round their new appointed Manſion ſate:
The thirſty Orb drinks in the liquid Beams;
And now but one vaſt Sea of Glory ſeems:
It ſelf a Heav'n, with dazling Luſtre bright,
Pours out pure Floods of overflowing Light.
Here, as in Furnaces of boiling Gold,
Stars, dipp'd, come back, full as their Orbs can hold
Of glitt'ring Light: here too the Moon, all drown'd,
With the bright golden Metal fills her Round:
Sometimes half dipp'd, it but in Part adorns
Her Face, and ſhines with blunt refulgent Horns:
Th' Etherial Plain, now cultivated, bears
A ſhining Harveſt of illuſtrious Stars.
The Spheres ſpread forth their Boſoms, now refin'd,
And belly out, like Sails ſwol'n big with Wind:
The Air, beat out and purify'd, now lies
A cryſtal Deep between the Earth and Skies:
Thro' this thin Void the Sun's indulgent Beams
Flow gently on the Earth in golden Streams,

Which

Which kindly steal away the wat'ry Store;
And rob the Earth, but to enrich it more:
Th'Earth, with its own Burden tir'd, and press'd
Down with its Weight, lies in the Midst at Rest.
A Deep broke up; God calls the Waters; they
Feel the Command, and with quick Flight obey:
In mighty Heaps the foaming Deluge flows;
High liquid Walls, and curling Ridges shows:
Some Waters, with a smooth and gentle Tide,
Upon th'Earth's plain and level Surface glide:
Others, that meet a deep abrupt Descent,
Run down in Floods more deep and turbulent:
At last they flow from the high Precipice,
In noisy Falls, into the dark Abyss;
Till the vast Deluge, with its liquid Store,
Fills up the Deep, and crowns the ambient Shore.
Now their tall Heads the rising Mountains shew,
And wide-mouth'd Valleys sink themselves as low:
The Earth as yet all bare and naked lay:
For Heav'ns Command th'imprison'd Spirits stay:
God spake; and strait a lovely Spring appears;
And ev'ry Field fresh verdant Cloathing wears:
Green Herbs adorn the Hills aspiring Heads;
And smiling Flow'rs enrich th'enamel'd Meads;
Trees, starting up, lifted their Heads so high,
They met the Clouds descending from the Sky.
Some, rang'd in beauteous Order, stately stood;
Others press'd close, and throng'd into a Wood:
Some, where the Sun gives more indulgent Heat,
Transparent Gums and od'rous Juices sweat:
The fragrant Balsam-tree distils around
Her healing Riches on the neighb'ring Ground:
The humble Jessmin breathes Perfumes abroad;
And wanton Zephyrs bear the balmy Load.
Pure crystal Rivers thro' the Meadows flow;
Their flow'ry Banks smile on them, as they go:
Their wat'ry Train in snaky Windings slides,
And in their Streams the scaly Nation glides:
Birds glad to try their Wings, arise from th'Earth,
And with their Songs they celebrate their Birth:
Beasts in their various Kinds, all mild and tame,
Stood gazing round, and wonder'd whence they came.
The bleating Flocks wander on ev'ry Hill;
And lowing Herds th'echoing Valleys fill.
The sporting Lion paws the wanton Bear,
Wolves seek the Woods, the Lawns the tim'rous Deer.

The

The Spheres in tuneful Measures roul above,
And Heav'n's bright Orbs in beauteous Order move. Blac. P. Arth.

C R E E K.

They spy a Creek not far; a peaceful Seat,
Where flying Waves, by furious Tempests beat,
Find, from the fierce Pursuit, a safe Retreat:
Free from th' outrageous Clamours of the Deep,
They rest secure; and unmolested sleep:
Stretch'd smooth beneath the shady Trees and Rocks,
Which guard them from the Winds impetuous Shocks:
Here smaller Vessels may securely ride,
And all th' Assaults of angry Storms deride. Blac. P. Arth.

——— Hard by a Creek,
Where Winds with Reeds and Oziers whisp'ring play.
Milt. Par. Reg.

C R I T I C K.

——— I see some Criticks where they sit,
Scatter'd, like Ratsbane, up and down the Pit:
While others watch, like Parish-Searchers, hir'd
To tell of what Disease the Play expir'd:
O with what Joy they run to spread the News
Of a damn'd Poet, and departed Muse!
But if he 'scape, with what Regret they're seiz'd!
And how they're disappointed, when they're pleas'd!
Criticks to Plays for the same End resort,
That Surgeons wait on Trials in a Court:
For Innocence condemn'd they've no Respect,
Provided they've a Body to dissect;
As Sussex-men, that dwell upon the Shore,
Look out when Storms arise, and Billows roar,
Devoutly praying, with uplifted Hands,
That some well-laden Ship may strike the Sands;
To whose rich Cargo they may make Pretence,
And fatten on the Spoils of Providence:
So Criticks throng to see a new Play split,
And thrive and prosper on the Wrecks of Wit. Cong.

Some few, from Wit, have this true Maxim got,
That 'tis still better to be pleas'd, than not:
And therefore never their own Torment plot.
While the malicious Criticks still agree
To loath each Play they come and pay to see:
The first know, 'tis a meaner Part of Sense,
To find a Fault, than taste an Excellence:

Therefore they praise, and strive to like, while these
Are dully vain of being hard to please.
Poets and Women have an equal Right
To hate the Dull, who, dead to all Delight,
Feel Pain alone, and have no Joy but Spight.
'Twas Impotence did first this Vice begin:
Fools censure Wit, as old Men rail at Sin;
Who envy Pleasure which they cannot taste,
And, good for Nothing, would be wise at last. **Roch.**

When Poets Plots in Plays are damn'd for Spite,
They Criticks turn, and damn the rest that write:
So the State-Plotter, on the like Pretence,
Missing his Aim, becomes an Evidence. ——

Criticks, like these, should branded be for Foes,
Who, for the Poison only, suck the Rose;
Rejecting what is sweet, like Vultures, they
Feed only on the Carrion of a Play;
Snarling and carping without Wit or Sense,
Impeach Mistakes, o'erlooking Excellence. **Lansd.**

Errours, like Straws, upon the Surface flow;
He, that would search for Pearls, must dive below. **Dryd.**

They judge but half, who only Faults can see. **Dryd.**

And they, who of each Trip th' Advantage take,
Find but those Faults, which they want Wit to make. **Dryd.**

—— Thy Criticks in th' Attempt are lost;
When most they rail, know, then they envy most:
In vain they snarl aloof; a noisy Crowd,
Like Women's Anger, impotent and loud:
While they their barren Industry deplore,
Pass on secure, and mind the Goal before:
Old as she is, my Muse shall march behind,
Bear off the Blast, and intercept the Wind. **Dryd.**

Criticks, and aged Beaux, of Fancy chaste,
Who ne'er had Fire, or else whose Fire is past,
Must judge by Rules, what they want Force to taste.
I would a Poet, like a Mistress, try;
Not by her Hair, her Hand, her Nose, her Eye;
But by some nameless Pow'r, to give me Joy.
The Nymph has G—n's, C—l's, C—l's Charms,
If with resistless Fires my Soul she warms,
With Balm upon her Lips, and Raptures in her Arms.
Codrington.

'Tis hard to say, if greater Want of Skill
Appear in writing, or in judging, ill;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' Offence,
To tire our Patience, than mislead our Sense:

Some

Some few in that, but Numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss;
A Fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in Verse makes many more in Prose. *Pope.*

In Poets, as true Genius is but rare,
True Taste as seldom is the Critick's Share;
Both must alike from Heav'n derive their Light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others, who themselves excel,
And censure freely, who have written well.
Authors are partial to their Wit, 'tis true;
But are not Criticks to their Judgment too? *Pope.*

Some are bewilder'd in the Maze of Schools,
And some made Coxcombs Nature meant but Fools:
In Search of Wit these lose their common Sense,
And then turn Criticks in their own Defence.
Those hate, as Rivals, all that write; and others
But envy Wits, as Eunuchs envy Lovers.
All Fools have still an Itching to deride,
And would fain be upon the laughing Side:
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's Spight,
There are, who still judge worse than he can write. *Pope.*

Some neither can for Wits nor Criticks pass,
As heavy Mules are neither Horse nor Ass.

But you, who seek to give and merit Fame,
And justly bear a Critick's noble Name,
Be sure, your self and your own Reach to know,
How far your Genius, Taste, and Learning go:
Launch not beyond your Depth; but be discreet,
And mark that Point where Sense and Dulness meet. *Pope.*

First learned Greece just Precepts did indite,
When to repress, and when indulge our Flight:
High on Parnassus Top her Sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous Paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal Prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal Steps to rise.
From great Examples useful Rules were giv'n;
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n:
The generous Critick fann'd the Poet's Fire,
And taught the World with Reason to admire.
When Criticism the Muses Handmaid prov'd,
To dress her Charms, and make her more belov'd:
But foll'wing Wits from that Intention stray'd;
Who could not win the Mistress, woo'd the Maid;
Set up themselves, and drove a separate Trade;
Against the Poets their own Arms they turn'd;
Sure to hate most the Men from whom they learn'd.

So

So modern 'Pothecaries taught the Art
By Doctors Bills, to play the Doctor's Part,
Bold in the Practice of mistaken Rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their Masters Fools.
Some on the Leaves of antient Authors prey;
Nor Time, nor Moths, e'er spoil'd so much as they.
Some, drily plain, without Invention's Aid,
Write dull Receits, how Poems may be made:
These lost the Sense their Learning to display,
And those explain'd the Meaning quite away. Pope.
A perfect Judge will read each Work of Wit
With the same Spirit that its Author writ;
Survey the Whole; nor seek slight Faults to find,
Where Nature moves, and Rapture warms the Mind:
Nor lose, for that malignant dull Delight,
The gen'rous Pleasure to be charm'd with Wit.
But in such Lays, as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, or regularly low,
That, shunning Faults, one quiet Tenour keep,
We cannot blame indeed, but we may sleep. Pope.
As Men of Breeding, oft the Men of Wit,
T'avoid great Errours, must the less commit;
Neglect the Rules each verbal Critick lays;
For not to know some Trifles is a Praise.
Most Criticks, fond of some subservient Art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
They talk of Principles, but Parts they prize;
And all to one lov'd Folly sacrifice. Pope.
Thus Criticks, of less Judgment than Caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form short Ideas, and offend in Arts,
As most in Manners, by a Love to Parts. Pope.
Avoid Extreams, and shun the Fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much:
At ev'ry Trifle scorn to take Offence;
That always shews great Pride, or little Sense:
Those Heads, as Stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay Turn thy Rapture move;
For Fools admire, but Men of Sense approve:
As Things seem large, which we thro' Mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnifie. Pope.
Of all this servile Herd the worst is he,
That in proud Dulness joins with Quality;
A constant Critick at the Great Man's Board,
To fetch and carry Nonsense for my Lord:

What woful Stuff this Madrigal would be,
In some starv'd Hackney-Sonneteer, or me?
But let a Lord once own the happy Lines,
How the Wit brightens! How the Style refines!
Before his sacred Name flies ev'ry Fault;
And each exalted Stanza teems with Thought. Pope.

Some praise at Morning what they blame at Night;
But always think the last Opinion right:
A Muse by these is like a Mistress us'd;
This Hour she's idoliz'd, the next, abus'd:
While their weak Heads, like Towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt Sense and Nonsense daily change their Side:
Ask them the Cause; They're wiser still, they say;
And still To-Morrow's wiser than To-Day.
We think our Fathers Fools; so wise we grow:
Our wiser Sons, no doubt, will think us so. Pope.

Some, valuing those of their own Side or Mind,
Still make themselves the Measure of Mankind:
Fondly we think we honour Merit then,
When we but praise our selves in other Men:
Parties in Wit attend on those of State;
And publick Faction doubles private Hate.
Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,
In various Shapes of Parsons, Criticks, Beaus;
But Sense surviv'd, when merry Jests were past;
For rising Merit will buoy up at last:
Might he return, and bless once more our Eyes,
New Settles and new Milburns must arise:
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful Head,
Zoilus again would start up from the Dead. Pope.

To what base Ends, and by what abject Ways,
Are Mortals urg'd to sacred Lust of Praise?
Ah! ne'er so dire a Thirst of Glory boast;
Nor in the Critick let the Man be lost:
Good Nature and good Sense must ever join;
To err is humane; to forgive, divine. Pope.

Avoid their Fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an Author into Vice:
All seems infected that th' infected spy;
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd Eye. Pope.

Learn then what Morals Criticks ought to show;
For 'tis but half a Judge's Task to know:
'Tis not enough, Wit, Art, and Learning join;
In all you speak let Truth and Candour shine;
That, not alone what's to your Judgment due,
All may allow; but seek your Friendship too. Pope.

Be silent always, when you doubt your Sense;
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming Diffidence:
Some positive, persisting Fops we know,
That, if once wrong, will needs be always so:
But you, with Pleasure, own your Errors past,
And make each Day a Critick on the last. Pope.

'Tis not enough your Counsel still be true:
Blunt Truths more Mischiefs than nice Falshoods do.
Men must be taught, as if you taught them not;
And Things, ne'er known, propos'd as Things forgot:
Without good Breeding Truth is not approv'd;
That only makes superior Sense be lov'd. Pope.

Be Niggards of Advice on no Pretence;
For the worst Avarice is that of Sense.
With mean Complacence ne'er betray your Trust;
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the Anger of the Wise to raise;
They best can bear Reproof, who merit Praise.
'Twere well might Criticks still this Freedom take;
But Appius reddens at each Word you speak,
And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning Eye,
Like some fierce Tyrant in old Tapestry. Pope.

Fear most to tax an honourable Fool,
Whose Right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull:
Such, without Wit, are Poets when they please;
As without Learning they can take Degrees. Pope.

But where's the Man, who Counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiass'd, or by Favour, or by Spight;
Not dully prepossess'd, or blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well-bred, and, tho' well-bred, sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanly severe?
Who to a Friend his Faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the Merit of a Foe?
Bless'd with a Taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
A Knowledge both of Books and Human-kind;
Gen'rous Converse, a Soul exempt from Pride,
And Love to praise, with Reason on his Side? Pope.

CROCODILE.

So when arm'd Swains, on the fam'd Banks of Nile,
Beset a fierce voracious Crocodile;
In vain their Darts, in vain their Spears assail
His scaly Sides, and native Coat of Mail:
On his hard Back they pour a fruitless War,
Which strait recoils, nor can imprint a Scar. Blac. K. Arth.

In Egypt thus, from the fermented Mud,
The genial Sun [illegible] Breed;
Th' amphibious Wonder at his [illegible] Den,
With hideous [illegible], and [illegible] the trembling Plain;
Destroys all round, yet [illegible] with [illegible] Tears;
He mourns, he murders, weeps, and [illegible] spares. *Vid. John.*

C R O W D.

As, in old Chaos, Heav'n with Earth confus'd,
And Stars with Rocks together crush'd and bruis'd,
The Sun his Light no farther could extend
Than the next Hill, which on his Shoulders lean'd;
So in this Throng bright Sacharissa far'd,
Oppress'd by those, who strove to be her Guard;
As Ships, tho' never so obsequious, fall
Foul in a Tempest on their Admiral.
A greater Favour this Disorder brought
Unto her Servants, than their awful Thought
Durst entertain, when, thus compell'd, they prest
The yielding Marble of her snowy Breast;
While Love insults, disguised in the Cloud,
And welcome Force of that unruly Croud.
So th' am'rous Tree, while yet the Air is calm,
Just Distance keeps from his desired Palm;
But when the Wind her ravish'd Branches throws
Into his Arms, and mingles all their Boughs,
Tho' loth he seems her tender Leaves to press,
More loth he is that friendly Storm should cease,
From whose rude Bounty he the double Use
At once receives, of Pleasure and Excuse.

Wall. Of her passing thro' a Crowd.

C R O W D E R O.

In th' Head of all this warlike Rabble,
Crowdero march'd, expert and able;
A squeaking Engine he apply'd
Unto his Neck, on North-East Side;
Just where the Hangman does dispose
To special Friends, the fatal Noose:
For 'tis great Grace, when Statesmen strait
Dispatch a Friend, let others wait.
His warped Ear hung o'er the Strings,
Which was but Souse to Chitterlings:
For Guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
Are fit for Musick, or for Pudding;

From whence Men borrow ev'ry Kind
Of Minstrelsy, by String or Wind.
His grizly Beard was long and thick,
With which he strung his Fiddle-stick;
For he to Horse-tail scorn'd to owe,
For what on his own Chin did grow.
In Staffordshire, where virtuous Worth
Does raise the Minstrelsy, not Birth;
Where Bulls do chuse the boldest King,
And Ruler o'er the Men of String;
He, bravely venturing at a Crown,
By Chance of War was beaten down,
And wounded sore; His Leg, then broke,
Had got a Deputy of Oak;
For, when a Shin in Fight is cropt,
The Knee, with one of Timber, 's propt;
Esteem'd more hon'rable than th' other,
And takes Place, tho' the younger Brother. Hud.

C U C K O L D.

Now the broad Shame comes staring in the Face, (Pen.
And Boys shall hoot the Cuckold as he passes. Rowe Fair
—— —— May the Husband's Curse
Light here upon my Forehead, for the Boys
To find me out by, as I pass along, (Disapp.
The common Scorn, and Jest for laughing Fools. South.
She might have number'd out the Stars in Sin;
Fed her hot lustful Appetite with Change
Of ev'ry high-fed wanton Fool in Florence;
Yet I been happy, innocently bless'd;
Like a true Marriage-Fool, I might have sate
Contented at the lower End o' th' Feast,
To welcome all, without a farther Thought:
And when the Bus'ness of the Day was over,
When all the Company had danc'd her round,
At Night I might have taken her to my Heart,
With Praises on her Truth and Constancy,
And Thanks to Heav'n for such a virtuous Wife.
But to know my self a Monster, Devil and Hell!
Children and Fools will point me in the Wind,
And I shall stink of Cuckold in the World. South. Disapp.
It is a Woman's foolish, vainest Pride,
To boast a Virtue that has ne'er been try'd:
In equal Folly too those Husbands live,
Who peevishly against themselves contrive.

By early Fears to hasten on the Day:
For Jealousie but shews our Wives the Way.
And, if the forked Fortune be our Doom,
In vain we strive, the Blessing will come home. South. Disap.

C U P I D.

Kind Venus boasted but one only Son;
And rosy Cupid was that boasted one:
He, uncontroul'd, thro' Heav'n extends his Sway;
And Gods and Goddesses by Turns obey:
Or, if he stoops on Earth, great Princes burn,
Sicken on Thrones; and, wreath'd with Laurel, mourn:
Th' inferior Pow'rs o'er Hearts inferior reign,
And pierce the rural Fair, or homely Swain. Eusd. Claud.

C U R S E.

Remorse and Heaviness of Heart still wait thee,
And everlasting Anguish be thy Portion. Rowe J. Shore.
—— —— If there be a Man,
Subtile in Curses, that exceeds all others,
His worst Wish on thee. —— Beaum. King and no King.
O, I will curse thee, till thy frighted Soul
Runs mad with Horrour. —— Lee Cæs. Borg.
All the stor'd Vengeances of Heav'n fall down
On her ungrateful Head: Strike her young Bones,
Ye taking Airs, with Lameness: ——
Ye nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding Flames
Into her scornful Eyes: Infect her Beauty,
Ye Fen-suck'd Fogs, drawn by the pow'rful Sun
To fall and blister. —— —— Shak. K. Lear.
Rain, rain ye Stars; spout from your burning Orbs
Precipitated Fires; and pour, in Sheets,
The blazing Torrent on the Tyrant's Head;
Scorch and consume this curs'd perfidious King. Cong. M. Br.
—— —— O repay him,
Thou great Avenger; give him Blood for Blood:
Guilt haunt him, Fiends pursue him, Lightnings blast him:
Some horrid, cursed Kind of Death o'ertake him
Suddain, and in the Fulness of his Sins. Rowe J. Shore.
Now, Furies lash him with your Scorpion Whips;
Give him the Torments of th' eternal Damn'd;
Prometheus' Vulture, and Ixion's Wheel;
And let his Pains thro' circling Ages last;
Nor Time, expiring, see his Torments done. Tate Loy. Gen.

May he be rooted, where he stands, for ever;
His Eye-balls never move; Brows be unbent;
His Blood, his Entrails, Liver, Heart and Bowels,
Be blacker than the Place I wish him, Hell. Lee OEdip.
O, hear me, Heav'n; I'll speak it tho' I burst;
And, tho' the Air had Ears, and serv'd the Tyrant,
Out it should go: O, hear me, thou great Justice!
The Miseries, that wait upon his Mischiefs,
Let them be numberless: Let no Eye pity him;
Ev'n when his Soul is loaded, and in Labour,
And wounded thro' and thro' with Guilt and Horrour;
Then, when his monstrous Sins, like Earthquakes, shake him,
And those Eyes, that had forgot Heav'n, wou'd look upward;
The bloody Alarms of Conscience, still, still beating,
Let Mercy fly; and Day, struck into Darkness,
Leave his blind Soul to hunt out her own Horrours.
Beaum. Doub. Mar.

The bluest Blast of pestilential Air
Strike, damp, deaden her Charms, and kill her Eyes:
Perdition catch them both, and Ruin part them. Cong. M. Br.
—— —— A Father's Curse has Wings;
Thro' this World and the next it will pursue thee,
And sink thee down for ever. —— Dryd. Love Triumph.
Diseases wait them! Wherefore should I curse them?
If that my Breath were sulph'rous as the Lightning,
That murders with a Blast; or like the Vapours,
The choaking Stench, which, those that die of Plagues
Send with their parting Groans, then I would curse them
With Accents, that should poison from my Tongue,
Deliver'd strongly thro' my gnashing Teeth,
More harsh, more horrible, and more outrageous,
Than Envy in her Cave, or Madmen in their Dens:
My Tongue should stammer in my earnest Words;
My Eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint;
My hoary Hair should start, and stand an end,
My shaking Joints should seem to curse them. Lee.
And all my (Caes. Borg.
—— —— My Heart will break,
Unless I curse them: Poison be their Drink: (them:
Gall, Gall, and Wormwood, Hemlock, Hemlock quench
Their sweetest Shade, a Dell of duskish Adders:
Their fairest Prospect, Fields of Basilisks:
Their softest Touch, as smart as Viper's Teeth;
Their Musick, horrid as the Hiss of Dragons:
And boding Scriech-Owls make the Consort full,
All the foul Terrours of dark-seated Hell. ——
Now by my Wrongs, that turn my Heart to Steel,
Well could I curse away a Winter's Night, Tho'

Tho' standing naked on a Mountain's Top,
And think it but a Minute spent in Sport.
Shak. Hen. 6. p. 2. St. Lee Caes. Borg.

CUSTOM.

Custom, which all, rather than Law obey;
For Laws by Force, Customs by Pleasure, sway. D'Aven.
——— ——— Custom, that unwritten Law,
By which the People keep ev'n Kings in Awe. D'Av. Circe.
Custom, that mighty Sorceress,
Whose pow'rful Witchcraft oft transforms
Enchanted Men to several monstrous Images;
Makes this an odd and freakish Monkey seem,
And that a grave and solemn Ass appear,
And all a thousand beastly Shapes of Folly wear. Oldh.

CYBELE.

——— ——— O Mother Earth;
Goddess unmov'd, whose Guardian Arms extend (Dr. Virg.
O'er Tuscan Tiber's Course, and Roman Tow'rs defend.
——— ——— Glad Berecynthia so
Among her deathless Progeny did go:
A Wreath of Flow'rs adorn'd her rev'rend Head;
Mother of all that on Ambrosia fed. Wall.
——— ——— The Mother of the Gods: confess'd
The common Parent too of Man and Beast:
The Poets sing, that, thro' the Heav'ns above,
She Chariots, drawn by fierce yok'd Lions, drove,
Her lofty Head a mural Garland wears:
She, thus adorn'd with gaudy Pomp and Show,
Goes thro' our Towns; and, as she passes thro',
The Vulgar fear, and all with Rev'rence bow.
Concerning her fond Superstition [illegible]
A thousand odd Conceits, a thousand Names,
And gives her a large Train of Phrygian Dames.
They eunuch all her Priests: ———
Amidst her Pomp fierce Drums and Cymbals beat;
And the hoarse Horns with rattling Notes do threat:
The Pipe with Phrygian Airs disturbs their Souls,
Till, Reason overthrown, mad Passion rules.
They carry Arms, those dreadful Signs of War,
To raise in impious Rogues religious Fear:
When, carry'd thus in Pomp, thro' Towns she goes,
And Health on all most silently bestows;
With offer'd Money they bestrew the Plain,
And Roses cover her, and all her Train.
Here

Here some in Arms dance round among the Crowd,
Look dreadful gay in their own sparkling Blood;
Their Crests still shaking with a dreadful Nod;
These represent those armed Priests who strove
To drown the tender Cries of Infant Jove;
By dancing quick they made a greater Sound,
And beat their Armour, as they danc'd around,
Lest Saturn should have found, and eat the Boy;
And Ops for ever mourn'd her prattling Joy. *Creech Lucr.*

CYCLOPS.

So in their Caves, the brawny Cyclops sweat,
When with huge Strokes the stubborn Wedge they beat,
And all th' unshapen Thunderbolt compleat:
Alternately their Hammers rise and fall;
While griping Tongs turn round the glowing Ball.
With puffing Bellows, some the Flames increase,
And some in Water dip the hissing Mass; *Virg.*
Their beaten Anvils dreadfully resound,
And Ætna shakes all o'er, and thunders under Ground. *Æn.*

CYCNUS.

Old Cycnus lov'd unhappy Phaeton;
And sung his Loss, in Poplar Groves, alone,
Beneath the Sister-Shades, to sooth his Grief:
Heav'n heard his Song, and hasten'd his Relief:
And chang'd to snowy Plumes his hoary Hair;
And wing'd his Flight to chant aloft in Air. *Dryd. Virg.*

CYLLARUS and HYLONOME.

——— ——— The Centaur Cyllarus
Was lov'd by many Maidens of his Kind;
But fair Hylonome possess'd his Mind:
Hylonome, for Features, and for Face,
Excelling all the Nymphs of double Race:
Nor less her Blandishments, than Beauty, move;
At once both loving, and confessing Love:
For him she dress'd; for him with female Care
She comb'd, and set in Curls, her auburn Hair:
Of Roses, Violets, and Lilies mix'd,
And Sprigs of flowing Rosemary betwixt,
She form'd the Chaplet, that adorn'd her Front:
In Waters of the Pegasæan Fount,

And in the Streams that from the Fountain play,
She wash'd her Face, and bath'd her twice a Day.
The Scarf of Furs, that hung below her Side,
Was Ermin, or the Panther's spotted Pride;
Spoils of no common Beast: With equal Flame
They lov'd: Their sylvan Pleasures were the same:
All Day they hunted; and, when Day expir'd,
Together to some shady Cave retir'd.
Invited to the Nupcials both repair;
And, Side by Side, they both engage in War.
Uncertain from what Hand, a flying Dart
At Cyllarus was sent; which pierc'd his Heart:
The Jav'lin drawn from out the mortal Wound,
He faints with stagg'ring Steps; and seeks the Ground:
The Fair within her Arms receiv'd his Fall,
And strove his wand'ring Spirits to recal:
And, while her Hand the streaming Blood oppos'd,
Join'd Face to Face, his Lips with hers she clos'd:
Stifled with Kisses, a sweet Death he dies;
She fills the Fields with undistinguish'd Cries.
In Madness of her Grief she seiz'd the Dart,
New-drawn, and reeking, from her Lover's Heart:
To her bare Bosom the sharp Point apply'd;
And wounded fell; and, falling by his Side,
Embrac'd him in her Arms, and, thus embracing, dy'd.

Dryd. Ovid.

CYPRUS.

Cyprus, sweet Isle, where Venus keeps her Court;
And ev'ry Grace, and all the Loves resort:
Where either Sex is form'd of softer Earth
And takes the Bent of Pleasure from their Birth.

Dryd. Bocc. Cym. & Iphig.

D.

DAGGER.

This Sword a Dagger had his Page;
That was but little for his Age;
And therefore waited on him so,
As Dwarfs upon Knights-Errants do;
It was a serviceable Dudgeon,
Either for Fighting, or for Drudging:

When

When it had stab'd, or broke a Head;
It would scrape Trenchers, or chip Bread;
Toast Cheese or Bacon, tho' it were
To bait a Mouse-Trap, 'twould not care:
'Twould make clean Shooes; and in the Earth
Set Leeks and Onions, and so forth. Hud.

DAMNATION.

What do the Damn'd endure but to despair? (Bride.
But, knowing Heav'n, to know it lost for ever. Cong. M.
—— —— Bid the Damn'd be happy; (Carl.
Who in sad Flames for ever must be tost;
Yet still in View of the lov'd Heav'n they've lost. Otw. Don
Ev'n thus in Hell wander the restless Damn'd;
From scorching Flames to chilling Frosts they run;
Then from their Frosts to Fires return again;
And only prove Variety of Pain. Rowe Tamerl.
What, thou a Statesman,
And make a Business of Damnation
In such a World as this? Why, 'tis a Trade;
The Scriv'ner, Usurer, Lawyer, Shop-keeper,
And Soldier, cannot live but by Damnation:
The Politician does it by Advance,
And gives all gone before-hand. Dryd. Don Seb.

DANCING.

He saw a Quire of Ladies in a Round,
That, featly footing, seem'd to skim the Ground;
For dancing Hand in Hand, so light they were,
He knew not where they trod, on Earth or Air.
Dryd. Chauc. Wife of Bath's Tale.
They danc'd around; but in the Midst was seen
A Lady of a more majestick Mien;
By Stature, and by Beauty, mark'd their Sov'raign Queen.
She in the Midst began with sober Grace:
Her Servants Eyes were fix'd upon her Face;
And, as she mov'd or turn'd, her Motions view'd,
Her Measures kept, and Step by Step pursu'd:
Methought she trod the Ground with greater Grace,
With more of Godhead shining in her Face:
And, as in Beauty she surpass'd the Choir,
Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling Crowd;
For, wheresoe'er she turn'd her Face, they bow'd.
Thus dancing on, and singing as they danc'd,
—— —— A new Ring they made, (Flower & the Leaf.
And footed it about the secret Shade. Dryd. Chauc. The

Their

——— Their Pleasures they pursue,
With Songs of Love, and with Measures new:
Around the holy Tree their Dance they frame,
And ev'ry Champion leads his chosen Dame.

ROPE-DANCER.

So the stretch'd Cord the Skittle Dancer tries,
As prone to fall, as impotent to rise:
When free'd he moves, the sturdy Cable bends,
He mounts with Pleasure, and secure descends;
Now, dropping, seems to strike the distant Ground;
Now high in Air his quiv'ring Feet rebound. Smith.

DANGER.

Danger's the Soldier's Honour. Beaum. Island Princess.
Danger begins what must in Honour end.
D'Aven. Siege of Rhodes.
Who has assay'd no Danger, gains no Praise. Prior.
Great Things thro' greatest Hazards are achiev'd;
And then they shine. ——— ——— Beaum. Loy. Sub.
Danger! thou Dwarf dress'd up in Giant's Cloaths,
That shew'st far off still greater than thou art. Suckl. Aglau.
——— Where one Danger's near,
The more remote, tho' greater, disappear.
So, from the Hawk, Birds to Man's Succour flee,
So, from fir'd Ships, Man leaps into the Sea. Cowl. David.
By a divine Instinct, Men's Minds mistrust
Pursuing Danger, as by Proof we see
The Water swell before a boist'rous Storm. Shak. Rich. 3.
To speak of Dangers past renews my Fears. Dr. Riv. Lad.
The Thoughts of Danger pass'd inspire Delight. Laud.
'Tis with a secret Pleasure I look back, (Virg.
And see the many Dangers I have passed:
The Merchant thus, in dreadful Tempests toss'd,
Thrown by the Waves on some unlook'd-for Coast,
Oft turns, and sees with a delighted Eye,
'Midst Rocks and Shelves the broken Billows fly:
And, whilst th' outrageous Winds the Deep deform,
Smiles on the Tumult, and enjoys the Storm. Phill. Dis. Moth.

DAPHNE turn'd into a Laurel.

A suddain Numbness thro' her Limbs was spread:
Thin Films o'er all her lovely Frame are cast,
And with close Folds they compass in her Waste:

Her

Her Hair to Leaves, her Arms to Branches ſhoot;
Her Feet, depriv'd of Swiftneſs, form the Root;
Her beauteous Head chang'd to the leafy Top;
And yet not wholely, ere the God came up:
Still lovely, tho' of human Shape bereft,
And he ſtill loves her in the Shape ſhe's left:
He lays his Hand upon the new-made Plant,
While yet her Heart, beneath the Rind, did pant:
He claſp'd her, with the Thought of what ſhe'ad been;
And oh! he wiſh'd her ſtill the ſame, as then:
With the ſame Scorn his Kiſſes ſhe diſdain'd;
Her Scorn, alas! was all ſhe ſtill retain'd:
I have thee now, ſuch as thou art, he cry'd,
And thou ſhalt be my Tree, tho' not my Bride:
My Quiver ſhall be hung upon thy Boughs,
And thy dear Leaves be wreath'd about my Brows.
Thou ſhalt the Heads of Demi-Gods adorn,
And be by Poets, and their Heroes, worn:
Thou, planted at Auguſtus' gilded Doors,
Thou, like a Houſehold God, ſhalt guard his Floors:
And; as the Treſſes of my youthful Head,
Keep their firſt Luſtre ſtill, and never fade;
The verdant Beauties of thy Leaves ſhall laſt,
Not to be wither'd by the Winter's Blaſt.
Thus the God finiſh'd, and the Laurel bow'd (Ovid.
Her Branches down, to thank the beauteous God. Hopk.

D A U N T L E S S.

——— ——— Dare all that's poſſible;
And may be Heav'n may yield, and Fate be aw'd;
Vain is the Talk of Deſtiny and Fate,
Since ev'ry gallant Man may make his own:
I'll fall their Envy, if they doom my Fall. Hopk. Pyrr.
If Babylon muſt fall, what is 't to me?
Or can I help immutable Decree?
Down then, vaſt Frame, with all thy lofty Tow'rs;
Since 'tis ſo order'd by th' Almighty Pow'rs:
Preſs'd by the Fates, unlooſe thy golden Bars:
'Tis great to fall the Envy of the Stars. Lee Alex.
Be Witneſs for me, all ye Pow'rs Divine,
If you be angry, 'tis no Fault of mine:
Therefore let Furies face me with a Band
From Hell, my Virtue ſhall not make a Stand:
Tho' all the Curtains of the Sky be drawn,
And the Stars wink, young Ammon ſhall go on. Lee Alex.

As

As when a Stag at Bay, whom Grouds surround
Of eager Huntsmen, bravely stands his Ground,
Resolv'd to die; their Jav'lins fiercely dares,
And bounds aloft on threat'ning Darts and Spears:
Thus rush'd the dying Youth against the Foes,
And, where they thickest stand, undaunted goes. Laud. Virg.

DAWN.

'Twas at the Time when new-returning Light,
With welcome Rays begins to chear the Sight:
When grateful Birds prepare their Thanks to pay;
And warble Hymns to hail the dawning Day:
When woolly Flocks their bleating Cries renew;
And from their fleecy Sides first shake the Dew. Cong.
——— The Dawn of Day,
When Light and Shade contend with doubtful War,
Which shall possess the Empire of the Air:
When like Success and equal Forces lay
In even Scales, the Fortune of the Day:
Now Trav'llers from their Eyes soft slumber shake,
And for new Labour Swains their Beds forsake:
The roaming Lion, surfeited with Spoil,
Comes to his Den, fatigu'd with bloody Toil:
Now wand'ring Ghosts and Spectres leave the Air,
And to their low unlightsome Seats repair. Blac. Eliza.
Nature, that lay before with Shades oppress'd,
Is now with Light, as with a Garment, dress'd. Blac. Job.
Aurora scarce had chas'd away the Night;
And o'er the World diffus'd her rosy Light. Dryd. Theoc.
Scarce from the World the Shades of Night withdrew;
Scarce were the Flocks refresh'd with Morning Dew. Dryd.
——— The Skies were bright Virg.
With rosy Lustre of the rising Light. Dryd. Virg.
The Skies with dawning Light were purpled o'er. Dryd.
The Morn began from Ida to display Hom.
Her rosy Cheeks, and Phosphor led the Day. Dryd. Virg.
Aurora now had left her saffron Bed; (Virg.
And Beams of heav'nly Light the Skies o'erspread. Dryd.
When the fair Morn had shot her early Ray, (Arth.
And spread her purple Loom with dawning Day. Blac. K.
And now the Morn did her grey Wings display, (Arth.
From whence she gently shook the tender Day. Blac. K.
Soon as Aurora with her rosy Light, (Arth.
Had streak'd the gloomy Bosom of the Night. Blac. K.
See fair Aurora now serenely rise,
And with her rosy Footsteps mark the Skies. Blac. K. Arth.

Auro-

Aurora's Beams now on the Mountains smil'd,
And adverse Clouds with purple Edgings gild. Blac. P. Arth.
Now was the Eastern Sky-dy'd Purple spread
For fair Aurora's radiant Feet to tread:
She mounts serene; and, with mild dawning Light,
Smiles on the lowring dusky Face of Night;
That to victorious Day yields up her Seat,
Whilst her black Forces silently retreat. Blac. P. Arth.
Now when the rosy Morn began to rise,
And wav'd her saffron Streamer thro' the Skies;
When Thetis blush'd in Purple, not her own;
And from her Face the breathing Winds were blown.
Dryd. Virg.

DEAD.

Cold Death hangs on his Cheeks, like an untimely Frost,
On early Fruit, there sits, and smiles a sullen Boast, (Oldh.
And yet looks pale at the great Captive, she has taken.
——— She's cold:
Her Blood is settled, and her Joints are stiff: (& Jul.
Death lies on her, like an untimely Frost, Shak. Rom.
Upon the sweetest Flow'r of all the Field.
Death, that has suck'd the Honey of thy Breath,
Has had no Pow'r as yet upon thy Beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd: Beauties Ensign still (& Jul.
Is Crimson in thy Lips, and in thy Cheeks;
And Death's pale Flag is not advanc'd yet there. Shak. Rom.
As gather'd Flowers, while yet their Wounds are new,
Look gay and fresh, as on the Stalk they grew;
Torn from the Root, that nourish'd them, awhile,
Not taking Notice of their Fate, they smile;
And, in the Hand, which rudely pluck'd them, shew
Fairer than those, that to their Autumn grow:
So Love and Beauty still that Visage grace:
Death can not fright them from their wonted Place:
Alive, the Hand of crooked Age had marr'd
Those lovely Features, which cold Death has spar'd.
Wall. On the Picture of a Youth,
taken after he was dead.
O, how I grudge the Grave this heav'nly Form!
Thy Beauties will inspire the Arms of Death,
And warm the pale cold Tyrant into Life. South. Loy. Bro.
Back, thou departed Life, back to thy Cell,
Her Heart: In heav'n thou canst not sweeter dwell:
Move the still Pulse; and thaw each frozen Vein. Lee, Soph.
For ever gone! All her sweet stock of Breath
Spent in one Sigh; the Riot of rich Death! Lee. Sophon.
She's

She's gone! For ever gone! The King of Terrours
Lays his cold Hand upon her lovely Limbs,
And blasts her Beauties with his icy Breath. Dr. Ap. & Virg.

His Eyes are fix'd; and all those Fires gone out,
No longer roul their sparkling Beams about;
The Colour from his faded Cheeks is fled;
And all his Beauty with himself lies dead. Hopk. Ovid.

She's cold already! Her Lips are lovely still:
The Buds, tho' gather'd, keep their damask Colours. Lee.
Cæs. Borg.

—— Cold my Love! She's gone!
And on her Cheeks a scatter'd Purple smiles, (Coriol.
Like Streaks of Sun-shine from a setting Day. Shak. & Tate.

D E A R.

—— O thou art dearer to me
Than all the Comforts ever yet bless'd Man. Otw. Orph.

Dear to my Soul, as the Desire of Fame. Johns. Vict.

Thou art a wondrous Extract of all Goodness, (Orph.
Born for my Joy, and no Pain's felt, when near thee. Otw.

Dearer than all the Joys vain Empire yields, (Love.
Or than to youthful Monarchs conquer'd Fields. Dryd. Tyr.

O dearer than my Soul; if I can call it mine,
For sure we have the same, nay even thine.

Dearer than Light, or Life, or Fame, (Oldh.
Or Crowns, or any Thing, that I can wish, or think, or name.

D E A T H.

———— Death is like Sleep;
A gentle Wafting to immortal Life. Milt. Par. Lost.

—— For what is death,
But an eternal Sleep without a Dream;
Wrapp'd in a lasting Darkness, and exempt
From Hope and Fear, and ev'ry idle Passion?

—— Death's a Stage Play;
We act it ev'ry Night we go to Bed. Dryd. Don. Seb.

Death always is to come or past:
If it be ill, it can not last:
Sure, 'tis a Thing was never known;
For when that's present, we are gone:
'Tis an imaginary Line, (Trag.
Which does our Being here confine. Wall. Maids

—— 'Tis but to die!
'Tis but to do, what, at this very Moment,
In many Nations of the peopled Earth,

A Thouſand and a Thouſand ſhall do with me;
'Tis but to cloſe my Eyes, and ſhut out Day-Light;
To view no more the wicked Ways of Men,
And be a weeping Witneſs of their Woes. Rowe. J. Shore.

Death is but a Ceſſation of our Thought. Dryd. D. Seb.

Since 'tis as natural to die as live;
The Bus'neſs is not when, but how, we die:
Death's but a Scarecrow, which the Gods have plac'd (Virg.
To fright weak Man from taſting Immortality. Den. Ap. &c

Death we ſhould prize, as the beſt Gift of Nature;
As a ſafe Inn, where weary Travellers,
When they have journey'd thro' a World of Cares,
May put off Life, and be at reſt for ever;
If't were in private, void of Pomp and Show:
But Groans, and weeping Friends, and ghaſtly Blacks,
Diſtract us with their ſad Solemnity:
The Preparation's th' Executioner:
For Death, unmask'd, ſhews me a friendly Face;
And is a Terrour, only at a Diſtance:
For, as the Line of Life conducts me on
To Death's great Court, the Proſpect ſeems more fair:
'Tis Nature's Hoſpital; that's always open
To take us in, when we have drain'd the Dregs
Of Life; or worn our Days to Age or Wretchedneſs:
Death's then a ſoft Repoſe, a ſafe Retreat. South. Log. Bro.

——— If I muſt die to Day,
Why then there's one Day leſs for human Ills:
And who wou'd moan himſelf for ſuff'ring that,
Which in a Day muſt paſs? Something, or Nothing!
I ſhall again be what I was, before
I was Adraſtus. ——— Dryd. OEdip.

Thou know'ſt, 'tis common; all, that live, muſt die,
Paſſing thro' Nature to Eternity. Shak. Ham.

——— Men muſt endure
Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither. Shak. K. Lear.

The Senſe of Death is moſt in Apprehenſion;
And the poor Beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal Suff'rance feels a Pang as great,
As when a Giant dies. ——— Shak. Meas. for Meas.

To die's the eaſieſt Action of the Great. D'Aven. Circe.

Men die of Agues; too much Heat or Cold;
And others die ridiculouſly old:
The Thought of human Chance ſhou'd make us bold.
Sedl. Ant. & Cleop.

Short are the Glories that our Lives can boaſt;
And our aſpiring Thoughts in Death are loſt. Hopk. Pyrr.

Death

Death sums up all: By dying we remove
From all the Frowns of Pow'r, and Griefs of Love. D'Aven,
Siege of Rhodes.

Thou dost, O Death, a peaceful Harbour lie,
Upon the Margin of Eternity;
Where the rough Waves of Times impetuous Tide
Their Motion lose, and quietly subside:
Weary, they roul their drowsy Heads asleep
At the dark Entrance of Durations deep:
Hither our Vessels in their Turn retreat,
Here still they find a safe untroubled Seat;
When worn with adverse Passions, furious Strife,
And the hard Passage of tempestuous Life,
Thou dost to Man unfeign'd Compassion show,
Sooth all his Grief, and solace all his Woe:
Impetuous Life is by thy Force subdu'd;
Life the most lasting Fever of the Blood:
The weary in thy Arms lie down to Rest,
No more with Breath's laborious Task oppress'd:
Gen'rous Deliv'rer of distress'd Mankind,
With thee the Sons of Woe a kind Reception find;
To thee for Safety, thee for Ease they fly:
The Comfortless, the Naked, and the Poor,
Thy Subterranean Hospitals receive,
Asswage their Anguish, and their Wants relieve:
Cripples, with Aches and with Age oppress'd,
Crawl on their Crutches to the Grave, for Rest. Blac. Eliza.

There is no Room for Doubt: 'Tis certain Bliss;
'Tis Happiness to die. ———
To lie forgotten in the silent Grave;
To Love and Glory lost; and from among (Tamerl.
The Great Creator's Works expung'd and blotted. Rowe.

O harmless Death, whom still the Valiant brave;
The Wise expect; the Sorrowful invite,
And all the Good embrace, who know the Grave,
A short dark Passage to eternal Light. D'Aven. Gond.

To gain the blissful Land, the golden Coast,
Death's interposing Channel must be cross'd:
'Tis true, the gloomy Flood afflicts the Sight:
The Stygian Tide a dismal Horrour spreads;
And dusky Billows rear their threat'ning Heads:
Nature upon the Brink still shiv'ring stands,
And dreads the Passage; ——— ———
She willing still terrestrial Joys to keep,
Starts at the awful Prospect of the Deep:
Still fears t'explore the dark and unknown Way;
Still backward shrinks; still meditates Delay;

Spins

Spins out the Time, and lingers in Debate;
Displeas'd to try a new and unknown State;
By various Shifts she labours to evade
The frightful Gulph and solitary Shade:
Th' advancing Shades of Death weak Nature scare,
As hideous Forms, and Monsters drawn in Air;
Which, issuing forth from the dark Womb of Night,
Impregnated with Fear, weak Minds affright:
But Nature is controul'd by Reason's Sway;
Reason's her Guide, Reason must lead the Way:
The chiefest Terrours, which in Death we dread,
Are in our own Imagination bred:
We dive by Death, but to emerge in Bliss. Blac. K. Arth.

To die is sure to go we know not whither:
We lie in silent Darkness, and we rot.
Perhaps the Spirit, which is future Life,
Dwells, Salamander-like, unharm'd in Fire;
Or else with wand'ring Winds is blown about
The World: but if condemn'd like those,
Whom our uncertain Thought imagines howling,
Then the most loath'd and the most weary Life,
Which Age, or Ach, Want or Imprisonment,
Can lay on Nature, is a Paradise,
To what we fear of Death —— D'Av. Law against Lovers.

To die 's to dream; a kind of breathless Sleep,
When once the Soul's gone out. Dryd. Temp.

——— ——— To die
Is less than to be born; a lasting Sleep;
A quiet Resting from all Jealousie;
A Thing we all pursue: Death is no more (Phil.
Than giving over of a Game that must at last be lost. Beau.

Death, for ought I know,
Is but to think no more. Dryd. All for Love.

Death is all, ——— ———
In most Conditions of Humanity,
To be desir'd; but to be shunn'd in none;
The Remedy of many, Wish of some,
And certain End of all. ——— South. Oroon.

By Hope Death's scorn'd, and by Despair 'tis sought,
Pursu'd by Honour, and by Sorrow brought. How.

Death is the End of Evils; and a Rest
Rather than Torment: It dissolves all Grief,
And beyond that is neither Care nor Joy. Johns. Cat.

Inexorable Death at ev'ry Heart,
Without Distinction shoots her fatal Dart. Blac. P. Arth.

In vain we think that free-will'd Man has Pow'r
To hasten or protract the pointed Hour:

Our

Our Term of Life depends not on our Deed:
Before our Birth our Fun'ral was decreed.
Not aw'd by Foresight, nor misled by Chance,
Imperious Death directs the Ebon Lance.
Alike must ev'ry State, and ev'ry Age
Sustain the universal Tyrant's Rage.
Some from the stranded Vessel force their Way,
Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the Sea:
Some, who escape the Fury of the Wave,
Sicken on Earth, and sink into a Grave,
In Journeys, or at Home; in War, or Peace;
By Hardships many, many fall by Ease:
Each changing Season does its Poison bring;
Rheums chill the Winter, Agues blast the Spring.
Wet, Dry, Cold, Hot, at the appointed Hour
All act subservient to the Tyrant's Pow'r.
And when obedient Nature knows his Will,
A Fly, a Grape-stone, or a Hair, can kill.
For restless Proserpine for ever treads
In Paths unseen, o'er our devoted Heads;
And, on the spacious Land and liquid Main,
Spreads slow Disease, or darts afflictive Pain:
Variety of Deaths confirms her endless Reign. *Prior.*

The num'rous Nations of the Earth obey,
Victorious Death, thy unresisted Sway;
Monarchs to thy resistless Pow'r submit;
They lay their Crowns and Scepters at thy Feet:
Thou stalk'st with horrid Grace thro' all their Rooms of (State:
His subtle Wit, his wise projecting Head,
By no Expedient can the Statesman save:
For who knows where to dig, to countermine the Grave?
Thou dost the Miser's proffer'd Gold disdain:
Scar'd and affrighted, he attempts in vain
To melt thee with his Tears, and bribe thee with his God:
None e'er shall thy impartial Stroke decline:
What Judge has Ears so deaf, or Hands so clean as thine?
Blac. Eliza.

Great Deity! who in thy Hands dost bear
That rusty Scepter, which poor Mortals fear;
Who, wanting Eyes thy self, respectest none,
And neither spar'st the Laurel, nor the Crown:
O thou, whom all Mankind in vain withstands!
Each of whose Blood must one Day stain thy Hands;
O thou, who ev'ry Eye, that sees the Light,
Closest again in an eternal Night!
Thou only Comforter of Minds opprest!
The Port, where weary'd Spirits are at rest!

Con-

Conductor to Elysium! [illegible]
But Men, their frail and mortal State forgot,
Before thy Altars are not to be brought
Without Constraint: The Noise of dying Rage,
Heaps of the Slain of ev'ry Sex and Age,
The Blade all reeking in the Gore is shed,
With sever'd Arms and Heads confus'dly spread,
The rapid Flames of a perpetual Fire,
The Groans of Wretches, ready to expire,
This Tragick Scene makes them in Terrour live,
'Till that be forc'd, which they should freely give:
Yielding unwillingly what Heav'n will have,
Their Fears eclipse the Glory of their Grave.
Before thy Face they make indecent Moan,
And feel a hundred Deaths in fearing one. Buck.

Ah! no, 'tis all in vain; believe me 'tis,
This pious Artifice:
Not all these Pray'rs and Alms can buy
One Moment tow'rd Eternity.
Fix'd are those Limits, which prescribe
A short Extent to the most lasting Breath:
And though thou could'st for Sacrifice lay down
Millions of other Lives to save thy own,
'Twere fruitless all, and would not bribe
One supernumerary Gasp from Death.
In vain thy inexhausted Store
Of Wealth; in vain thy Pow'r;
Thy Honours, Titles, all must fail,
Where Piety it self can nought avail.
The Rich, the Great, the Innocent and Just,
Must all be huddled to the Grave,
With the most vile and ignominious Slave;
And undistinguish'd lie in Dust.
In vain the fearful flies Alarms,
In vain he is secure from Wounds and Arms;
In vain avoids the faithless Seas,
And is confin'd to Home and Ease,
Bounding his Knowledge to extend his Days.
In vain are all those Arts we try,
All our Evasions, and Regret to die:
From the Contagion of Mortality
No Clime is pure, no Air is free;
And no Retreat
Is so obscure, as to be hid from Fate.
The very Hour thou now dost spend
In studying to avoid, brings on, thy End.

Thou

Thou must forego the dearest Joys of Life;
Leave the warm Bosom of thy tender Wife,
And all the much lov'd Offspring of her Womb,
To moulder in the cold Embraces of a Tomb.
All must be left, all must be lost;
Thy House, whose stately Structure so much cost,
Shall not afford
Room for the stinking Carcass of its Lord.
Of all thy pleasant Gardens, Grots, and Bow'rs,
Thy costly Fruits, thy far-fetch'd Plants and Flow'rs,
Nought shalt thou have,
To wither with thee in the Grave:
They all shall live and flourish to upbraid
Their transitory Master dead. Cong. Hor.
Death is a Tribute all Things owe to Fate. Rosc. Hor.
All the vast Stock of humane Progeny,
Which now, like Swarms of Insects, crawl
Upon the Surface of Earth's spacious Ball,
Must quit this Hillock of Mortality,
And in its Bowels bury'd lie.
The mightiest King and proudest Potentate,
In Spite of all his Pomp and all his State,
Must pay this necessary Tribute unto Fate,
As well as the poor tatter'd Wretch, that begs his Bread,
And is with Scraps out of the common Basket fed. Oldh. Hor.
For Death is only certain: All Things else
Depend on Fortune's arbitrary Freak,
And may, or may not, happen. Death is Fate
And only sure and common to us all. Den. Iphig.
One destin'd Period Men in common have;
The Great, the Vile, the Coward, and the Brave,
Are Food alike for Worms, Companions in the Grave.
The Prince and Parasite together lie:
No Fortune can exalt, but Death will climb as high. Lansd.
It is to thee, O Death, that all our Moments tend,
In thee the Hurricane of Life must end:
Tho' murm'ring Waters from the Ocean crowd,
From thee by Nature no Return's allow'd:
For, tho' the Seas have Leave to ebb and flow,
The Streams of Life must always forward go. ———
When Death arrives, nor Good, nor Bad can fly
Th'irrevocable Doom of Destiny. Dryd. Hom.
No Man can die before his Hour is come:
And, when 'tis come, no Man can put it off;
Brave or not brave, a Hero or a Coward:
The Moment that we're born our Fate is fix'd. ———

O what

O what a Trifle is a Moment's Breath,
Laid in the Scale with everlasting Death! Denh.
———— ———— I was born to die:
'Tis but expanding Thought, and Life is nothing:
Ages and Generations pass away,
And, with resistless Force, like Waves o'er Waves,
Roul down th' irrevocable Stream of Time,
Into th' insatiate Ocean for ever. Steele Lad. Friendship.
All the while I've liv'd, I have been dying:
Time equal Steps to Death and Life does give;
And those, that fear to die, must fear to live.
Death reconciles the World's and Nature's Strife,
And is a Part of Order, and of Life. How. Vest. Virg.
All Steps of Life were going to this Home;
But this does not bring Death, but shew 'tis come:
So Motion causes what it can't express:
'Tis the last Step declares the Weariness. How. Vest. Virg.
Figures of Things are never at a Stand;
But, chang'd by Nature's innovating Hand,
All Things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd:
The shifted Scene's for some new Show imploy'd:
Then, to be born, is to begin to be
Some other Thing we were not formerly:
And what we call to die, is not t'appear,
Or be the Thing that formerly we were:
Those very Elements, which we partake
Alive, when dead, some other Bodies make:
Translated grow, have Sense, or can discourse;
But Death on deathless Substance has no Force. Dryd. Ovid.
The Time, we leave behind, is ours no more,
Nor our Concern, than Time that was before.
We all must pass thro' Death's dead Sea of Night,
To reach the Haven of eternal Light. How.
———— When Man resigns his Breath,
He ne'er returns from the dark Shades of Death.
The Sea may suffer by deserting Waves,
That steal thro' secret subterranean Caves;
Or by the lighter Steams, which fly away,
Drawn by the Sun's attenuating Ray;
But Heav'n and Earth, in Rivers and in Rain,
Restore their Spoils, and reimburse the Main:
A flowing River, or a standing Lake,
May dry their Banks, and naked Shores forsake:
Their Waters may exhale, and upward move;
Their Channel leave, to roul in Clouds above:
But the returning Winter will restore
What in the Summer they had lost before:

The

The Snow and Rain, and Torrents, will repay
What the warm Sun steals with his plund'ring Ray,
And by his Summer Inroads bears away:
But if, O Man, thy vital Streams desert
Their purple Channels, and defraud the Heart,
With fresh Recruits they ne'er will be supply'd,
Nor feel their leaping Life's returning Tide. *Blac. Job.*

When the last Sentence of Fate is once receiv'd,
This mortal Life can never be retriev'd:
As a high Hill, with stormy Weather worn,
With inbred Tempests, or with Thunder torn,
Does with its Ruins all the Valley spread,
But can no more erect his lofty Head;
Moulder'd to Dust, he hopes no more to break
The Clouds long Order with his snowy Peak:
As a vast Rock, by Earthquakes once remov'd,
And from its Basis amidst the Ocean shov'd,
Its shatter'd Pillars never after rears,
Nor thrusts his tow'ring Top amidst the Stars. *Blac. Job.*

Death, thou art he, that will not flatter Princes;
That stoops not to Authority, nor gives
A specious Name to Tyranny, but shews
Our Actions in their own deformed Likeness. *Den. Sophy.*

How great's the Difference 'twixt the Good and Bad,
Death only shews: for Life is a false Light;
But the true Diamond appears by Night. *Crown Dar.*

What has this Bugbear Death, that's worth our Care?
After a Life in Pain and Sorrow past,
After deluding Hope, and dire Despair,
Death only gives us Quiet at the last.
How strangely are our Love and Hate misplac'd!
Freedom we seek, and yet from Freedom flee;
Courting those tyrant Sins, that chain us fast,
And shunning Death, that only sets us free. *Walsh.*

——— ——— We all must die;
All leave our selves: it matters not where, when,
If we die well. ——— ——— *Roch. Valent.*

How beautiful is Death, when earn'd by Virtue! *Add. Cato.*

If we die well, our Deaths will speak themselves,
And need no living Witness. ——— *Dryd. All for Love.*

Death is a dreadful Thing, but living Shame more hateful.
D'Aven. Law against Lovers.

——— ——— Does not e'en Virtue dread
To reach the doubtful Mansions of the Dead? *D'Av. Circe.*

To those, whom foul Dishonours stain,
Life it self should be a Pain. *Add.*

——— Come

——— ——— Come Death!
Come thou most gen'rous of th' immortal Pow'rs; (Arm.
Thou only God, that's true to the Unhappy. Den. Rin. &c.

Th' Unhappy wish for Death, but wish in vain;
Death flies their Courtship with a coy Disdain;
While to the youthful and the happy Breast
He is too oft a bold unwelcome Guest. ———

I fear not Death, because my Life I hate;
But envious Death still shuns th' Unfortunate. Dryd. Auren.

Grim tho' he be, Death pleases when he frees. Dr. Auren.

Tyrant of Nature; I would view thee near;
Thou chief of Terrours, Death! a Form so horrid,
As ev'n the Wretched shun. ——— Tate Loy. Gen.

The Gout, the Stone, like Martyrs we endure,
Those Torments which our dear-bought Passions give,
With all the Cruelty attends their Cure,
We freely bear, and all in hopes to live;
And tho' unshaken Reason does proclaim,
That there's eternal Ease among the Dead;
We quake, we sicken at the Bugbear Name, (nest.
And Fear almost performs the Work we dread. Ste-

O Nature, ——— ——— ———
How dost thou mock Mankind! to make him free,
And yet to make him fear: or, when he dost,
That Freedom, why did he not lose his Fear?
That Fear of Fears, the Fear of what we know not,
While yet we know it is in vain to fear it:
Death, and what follows Death; 'twas that which stamp'd
A Terrour on the Brow of Kings; that gave
Fortune her Deity, and Jove his Thunder;
Banish but Fear of Death, those Giant Names
Of Majesty, Pow'r, Empire, finding nothing
To be their Object, will be nothing too;
Then he dares yet be free, that dares to die;
May laugh at the grim Face of Law, and scorn
The cruel Wrinkle of a Tyrant's Brow. Denh. Sophy.

——— No Man is blest but he,
Whose Mind from anxious Thoughts of Death is free.
Let Laurel Wreaths the Victor's Brows adorn, ———
Sublime thro' gazing Throngs in Triumph borne;
Let Acclamations ring around the Skies,
While curling Clouds of balmy Incense rise;
Let Spoils immense, and Trophies gain'd in War,
And conquer'd Kings attend his rouling Car;
If Dread of Death still unsubdu'd remains,
And, secret, o'er the vanquish'd Victor reigns,

Th' illustrious Slave in endless Thraldom bears
A heavier Chain, than his led Captive wears:
With swiftest Wing the Fears of Future Fate
Elude the Guards, and pass the Palace-Gate;
Traverse the lofty Rooms, and unperceiv'd,
Fly hov'ring round the painted Roofs, and, bold,
To the rich Arras cling, and perch on Busts of Gold.
Familiar Horrours haunt the Monarch's Head,
And, unrestrain'd, ill-boding, from the Downy Bed
Chase gentle Sleep; black Cares the Soul infest,
And broider'd Stars adorn a troubled Breast:
In vain they ask the charming Lyre, in vain
The Flatt'rer's sweetest Voice, to lull their Pain:
Riot and Wine but for a Moment please;
Delights they oft enjoy, but never Ease.
Behold the Shepherd, the industrious Swain,
Who plows the Field, or reaps the ripen'd Grain;
How mean, and yet how wholesome is their Fare!
How sweet their Sleep! Their Souls how free from Care!
They drink the sparkling Crystal, and escape
Th' inflaming Juice of the purple Grape;
And, to protect their Limbs from rig'rous Air,
Garments, their own domestick Work, they wear:
Yet Thoughts of Death, their lonely Cots molest,
Affright the Hind, and break the Lab'rer's Rest.
Since these Reflections on approaching Fate,
Distrust and ill-presaging Care create,
'Tis clear, we strive for Happiness in vain,
Whilst Fears of Death, within insulting, reign.
Thy Force alone, Religion, Death disarms,
Breaks all his Darts, and ev'ry Viper charms:
Soften'd by thee, the grisly Form appears
No more the horrid Object of our Fears.
We, undismay'd, this awful Pow'r obey,
That guides us thro' the safe, tho' gloomy Way,
Which leads to Life, and to the blest Abodes,
Where ravish'd Minds enjoy, what here they own'd, a God,
Blac. Creat.

—— Yet Men, when Death
Comes like a rushing Lion, couch like Spaniels
With lolling Tongues, and tremble at the Paw. Dr. D. Seb.
Poor Reason, what a wretched Aid art thou?
For still, in Spight of thee,
These two long Lovers, Soul and Body, dread
Their final Separation. Dryd. All for Love.
Since all must certainly to Death resign,
Why should we make it dreadful, or repine?

How

How vain is Fear, when nothing can prevent
The Loſs, which he, that loſes, can't lament:
From Something into Nothing is a Change
Grown terrible, by making it ſo ſtrange?
We always ſhould remember Death is ſure.
What grows familiar moſt, we beſt endure:
For Life and Death ſucceed like Night and Day;
And neither gives Encreaſe, nor brings Decay. *How.*

Meerly to die, no Man of Reaſon fears:
For certainly we muſt
As we are born from Duſt return to Duſt:
Death's the laſt Point of many ling'ring Years:
But whither then we go,
Whither, we fain would know;
But human Underſtanding cannot ſhow:
This makes us tremble, and creates
Strange Apprehenſions in the Mind;
Fills it with reſtleſs Doubts, and wild Debates,
Concerning what we, living, cannot find.
None know what Death is, but the Dead;
Therefore we all, by Nature, Dying dread,
As a ſtrange doubtful Way, we know not how to tread. *Roſc.*

O our Life's Sweetneſs!
That we the Pain of Death would hourly die,
Rather than die at once! *Shak. K. Lear.*

Now Death draws near, a ſtrange Perplexity
Creeps coldly on me, like a Fear to die:
Courage uncertain Dangers may abate,
But who can bear th' Approach of certain Fate?
The wiſeſt and the beſt ſome Fear may ſhow,
And wiſh to ſtay, tho' they reſolve to go.
As ſome faint Pilgrim, ſtanding on the Shore,
Firſt views the Torrent, he would venture o'er;
And then his Inn upon the farther Ground,
Loth to wade thro', and lother to go round;
Then, dipping in his Staff, does Trial make,
How deep it is, and, ſighing, pulls it back:
Sometimes reſolv'd to fetch his Leap; and then
Runs to the Bank, but there ſtops ſhort again:
So I at once
Both heav'nly Faith, and human Fear obey;
And feel before me in an unknown Way. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*

Death, when far off, did terrible appear;
But looks leſs dreadful as he comes more near. *Dr. In. Emp.*

As for my ſelf, I do not Life deſpiſe,
But as the greateſt Gift of Nature prize:

My Fears of Death are strong;
And whate'er is, its Being would prolong:
Were there no Sting in Death, for me to die,
Would not be Conquest but Stupidity:
But if vain Honour can confirm the Soul,
And Sense of Shame the Fear of Death controul,
How much more then should Faith uphold the Mind,
Which, shewing Death, shews future Life behind?
Dryd. Tyr. Love.

Could we live always, Life were worth our Cost,
But now we keep with Care what must be lost:
Here we stand shiv'ring on the Bank, and cry,
When we should plunge into Eternity:
One Moment ends our Pain;
And yet the Shock of Death we dare not stand,
By Thought scarce measur'd, and too swift for Sand:
'Tis but because the living Death ne'er knew,
They fear to prove it, as a Thing that's new. Dr. Tyr. Love.
'Tis better once to die, than still to fear.
Dryd. Conq. of Gran. p. 1.
What follows Death, the Dead alone can tell. Tate L. Gen.
But what has Bugbear Death to frighten Man,
If Souls can die, as well as Bodies can? Creech. Lucr.
For, as before our Birth we felt no Pain,
When Punick Arms infested Land and Main;
When Heav'n and Earth were in Confusion hurl'd,
For the debated Empire of the World,
Which aw'd with dreadful Expectation lay,
Sure to be Slaves, uncertain who should sway. Dryd. Lucr.
So after Death, when we shall be no more;
What tho' the Seas forsake their usual Shore,
And rise to Heav'n? What tho' Stars drop from thence?
How can all this disturb our perish'd Sense? Creech Lucr.
Tho' Earth in Seas, and Seas in Heav'n were lost,
We should not move, we only should be tost. Dryd. Lucr.
But ev'n suppose, the Soul, when separate,
Can live, and think in a divided State;
Yet what is that to us, who are the Whole;
A Frame compos'd of Body, join'd with Soul?
Nay, grant, the scatter'd Ashes of our Urn
Be join'd again, and Life and Sense return:
Yet how can that concern us, when 'tis done,
Since all the Mem'ry of past Life is gone?
Now we ne'er joy nor grieve, to think that we
Were heretofore; not what those Things shall be,
Which, fram'd from us, succeeding Times shall see.
Creech Lucr.

For backward if you look on that long Space
Of Ages past, and view the changing Face
Of Matter, toss'd, and variously combin'd
In sundry Shapes; 'tis easy for the Mind
From thence t' infer, that Seeds of Things have been
In the same Order, as they now are seen;
Which yet our dark Remembrance cannot trace. Dr. Lucr.
For who now minds, now knows his former State?
The Interim of Death, the Hand of Fate,
Has stopt the Seeds, or made them all commence
Such Motions, as destroy'd the former Sense.
What Man soe'er is wretched, must perceive
He wretched is: He then must be, and live;
But now since Death permits to feel no more
Those Cares, those Troubles, which we felt before;
It follows too, that when we die again,
We need not fear; for he must live, who lives in Pain.
But sure the Dead, tho' they should all return
To Life again, would grieve no more, nor mourn
For Evils past, than if they'd ne'er been born.
And therefore if a Man his Fate bemoan,
And mourn his Lot, that, when his Life is gone,
His Limbs must waste, and rot in Earth; or feast
The greedy Flames, or some devouring Beast.
All is not well: He, by strong Fansy led,
Imagines Sense remains among the Dead:
Fond Fool! He thinks himself himself survives;
Thinks still his Carcass must be he; and thence
His idle Fears infer, there must be Sense:
Therefore he grieves that he was born to die,
Subject to treacherous Mortality:
But never thinks, alas! that when kind Death
Shall close his Eyes in Night, and stop his Breath;
Then nothing of this thinking Thing remains,
No other He, to feel sharp Griefs and Pains. Creech Lucr.
If, after Death, 'tis painful to be torn
By Birds and Beasts; then why not so to burn?
Or, drench'd, in Floods of Honey to be soak'd,
Imbalm'd at once to be preserv'd and choak'd?
Or on an airy Mountain's Top to lie,
Expos'd to Cold, and Heav'n's Inclemency:
Or crowded in a Tomb, to be opprest
With Monumental Marble on thy Breast. Dryd. Lucr.
But ah! he now is snatch'd from all his Joys;
From his chaste Wife, and his dear prating Boys.
Creech Lucr.

Whose little Arms about his Legs are cast,
Who, climbing for a Kiss, prevent their Mother's Haste, }
Inspiring secret Pleasure thro' his Breast. Dryd. Lucr.
But ah! he now no more from Wars shall come,
Bring Peace and Safety to his Friends at home.
Ah Wretch, ah Wretch! they cry, one woful Day
All the Delights of Life has snatch'd away.
Thus they bewail; but go no farther to;
Nor add, his Wish and Want of them are gone:
Which, if well weigh'd, how soon would all give o'er
Their vain imaginary Grief, and weep no more?
'Tis true, thou sleep'st in Death; and there shalt lie,
Free from all Cares, to all Eternity. (Years
But we, thy Friends, shall mourn thee still: No Length of
Shall overcome our unavailing Grief, or dry our fruitless
Why vex thy self thus then, and beat thy Breast, (Tears.
Because thou once must sleep in Death, and rest?
Thus, when the jolly Blades, with Garlands crown'd,
Sit down to drink, while frequent Healths go round:
Some, looking grave, this Observation make;
All the Delights are short we Men can take:
Now we enjoy; but, gone, we wish in vain,
In vain desire to call them back again. Creech Lucr.
Ideots with all that Thought! to whom the worst
Of Death, is want of Drink, and endless Thirst;
Or any fond Desire, as vain as those. Dryd. Lucr.
Fools! ev'n in common Sleep what Cares molest, (Lucr.
What Thoughts for Life or Health disturb our Rest? Creech
Were that sound Sleep eternal, it were Death:
Yet the first Atomes then, the Seeds of Breath,
Are moving near to Sense: we do but shake
And rowze that Sense, and strait we are awake. Dr. Lucr.
Then Death, if there can be a Less than Least,
Is troubled less with anxious Cares than Rest:
Because in Death no Parts of Mind remain;
And he, that sleeps in Death, ne'er wakes again.
But if great Nature should begin to speak,
And thus with loud Complaints our Folly check:
Fond Mortal, what's the Matter thou dost sigh?
Why all these Tears because thou once must die,
Must once submit to strong Mortality?
For, if the Race, thou hast already run,
Was pleasant; if with Joy thou saw'st the Sun;
If all thy Pleasures did not pass thy Mind,
As thro' a Sieve; but left some Sweets behind.
Why dost thou not then, like a thankful Guest,
Rise chearfully from Life's abundant Feast, }
And with a quiet Mind go take thy Rest?

But

But if all those Delights are lost and gone,
Spilt idly all, and Life a Burden grown;
Why then, fond Mortal, dost thou ask for more;
Why still desire t'encrease thy wretched Store?
And wish for what must waste like those before?
Nor rather free thy self from Pains and Fear,
And end thy Life, and necessary Care?
My Pleasures always in a Circle run;
The same returning with the yearly Sun:
And thus, tho' thou dost still enjoy thy Prime,
And tho' thy Limbs feel not the Rage of Time;
Yet I can find no new, no fresh Delight:
The same dull Joys must vex thy Appetite,
Ev'n tho' thou couldst prolong thy wretched Breath
For num'rous Years; much more if free from Death.
But if a Wretch, a Man oppress'd by Fate,
Mourns coming Death, and begs a longer Date;
Him she more fiercely chides: What, thou, she cries,
Thou Wretch! cease thy Complaints, and dry thy Eyes:
If old, thou hast enjoy'd the mighty Store (Lucr.
Of gay Delights; and now canst taste no more. Creech
But this is still th' Effect of wishing more;
Unsatisfy'd with all that Nature brings;
Loathing the present, liking absent Things.
From hence it comes, thy vain Desires, at Strife
Within themselves, have tantaliz'd thy Life,
And ghastly Death appear'd before thy Sight, (Lucr.
Ere thou hadst gorg'd thy Soul and Senses with Delight. Dryd.
Yet leave these Toys, that not befit thy Age;
New Actors now come on, resign the Stage. Creech Lucr.
Is Nature to be blam'd if thus she chide?
No sure; for 'tis her Business to provide
Against this ever-changing Frame's Decay,
New Things to come, and old to pass away:
One Being, worn, another Being makes;
Chang'd, but not lost; for Nature gives and takes:
New Matter must be found for Things to come;
And these must waste like those, and follow Nature's Doom.
All Things, like thee, have Time to rise and rot;
And from each other's Ruins are begot. Dryd. Lucr.
And still decaying Things shall new produce:
For Life's not given to possess, but use.
Those Ages, that in long Procession ran,
And measur'd hasty Time ere we began,
What are they all to us? From this think farther on;
Think what is Time to us, when Life is gone.

Besides; What dreadful Things in Death appear?
What tolerable Cause for all our Fear?
What sad, what dismal Thoughts to bid us weep?
Death is a quiet State, and soft as Sleep.
For all, which we from Poets Tales receive
As done below, we see, ev'n whilst alive.
No wretched Tantalus, as Stories tell,
Looks up, and dreads th' impending Stone in Hell:
But heavy Weights of superstitious Care
Oppress the Living: they disturb us here,
And force us Chance and future Ills to fear.
No Tityus there is by the Eagle torn;
No new Supplies of Liver still are born:
For, grant him big enough, that all the nine,
Those Poets Acres, his vast Limbs confine
To narrow Bounds; but let him spread o'er all,
And let his Arms clasp round the wat'ry Ball:
Yet how could he endure eternal Pain?
Or how his eaten Liver grow again?
But he's the Tityus here, that lies oppress'd
With vexing Love; or whom fierce Cares molest:
Those are the Eagles that still tear his Breast.
He's Sisyphus, that strives with mighty Pain?
To get some Office, but still strives in vain:
Who poorly, meanly begs the People's Voice;
But's still refus'd, and ne'er enjoys the Choice:
For still to seek, and still in Hopes devour,
And never to enjoy the long'd-for Pow'r,
What is it, but to roul a weighty Stone
Against the Hill; which strait will tumble down:
Almost at Top, it must return again,
And with swift Force roul thro' the humble Plain.
Lastly, since Nature feeds with gay Delight,
And never fills the greedy Appetite;
Since ev'ry Year, with the returning Springs,
She new Delights, and Joys, and Pleasures brings;
And yet our Minds, amidst this mighty Store,
Are still unsatisfy'd, and wish for more:
Sure this they mean, who teach, that Maids below
Their idle Pains, and Care, and Time bestow,
In pouring Streams into a leaky Urn,
Which flow as fast again, as fast return.
The Furies, Cerberus, black Hell, and Flames,
Are airy Fansies all, meer empty Names:
But, whilst we live, the Fear of dreadful Pains
For wicked Deeds; the Prison, Scourge, and Chains;

The Wheel, the Block, the Fire, affright the Mind,
Strike deep, and leave a constant Sting behind.
Nay, those not felt, the guilty Soul presents
These dreadful Shapes, and still her self torments,
Scourges and stings; nor ever seems to know
An End of these, but fears more fierce below,
Eternal all: Thus fansy'd Pains we feel,
And live as wretched here, as if in Hell.
But more to comfort thee; ———
Consider, Ancus perish'd long ago;
Ancus, a better Man by much than thou:
Consider, mighty Kings in Pomp and State
Fall, and ingloriously submit to Fate. Creech Lucr.

That haughty King, who lorded o'er the Main,
And whose stupendous Bridge did the wild Waves restrain;
In vain they foam'd, in vain they threaten'd Wreck,
While his proud Legions march'd upon their Back;
Him Death, a greater Monarch, overcame,
Nor spar'd his Guards the more for their immortal Name.
The Roman Chief, the Carthaginian Dread,
Scipio, the Thunderbolt of War, is dead; Lucr.
And, like a common Slave, by Fate in Triumph led. Dryd.

Ev'n greatest Wits, and Poets too, that give
Eternity to others, cease to live.
Homer, their Prince, that Darling of the Nine,
(What Troy would at a second Fall repine,
To be thus sung?) is nothing now but Fame;
A lasting, far diffus'd, but empty Name. Creech Lucr.

Democritus, perceiving Age invade,
His Body weaken'd, and his Mind decay'd,
Obey'd the Summons with a chearful Face,
Made Haste to welcome Death, and met him half the Race.
That Stroke ev'n Epicurus could not bar,
Tho' he in Wit surpass'd Mankind as far,
As does the Mid-day Sun the Midnight Star. Dryd. Lucr.

Then how dar'st thou repine to die, and grieve,
Thou meaner Soul; thou dead, ev'n whilst alive?
That sleep'st and dream'st the most of Life away:
Thy Night is full as rational as thy Day. Creech Lucr.

Eternal Troubles haunt thy anxious Mind,
Whose Cause and Cure thou never hop'st to find;
But still uncertain with thy self at Strife,
Thou wander'st in the Labyrinth of Life. Dryd. Lucr.

Our Life must once have End; in vain we fly
Pursuing Fate: ev'n now, ev'n now we die.
Life adds no new Delights to those possess'd:
But since the absent Pleasures seem the best,

With wing'd Desire and Haste we those pursue;
But those enjoy'd we loath, and call for new.
Life, Life we wish; still greedy to live on;
And yet what Fortune with the foll'wing Sun
Will rise, what Chance will bring, is all unknown.
What tho' a thousand Years prolong thy Breath,
How can this shorten the long State of Death?
For, tho' thy Life should num'rous Ages fill,
Thy State of Death will be eternal still:
And he, that dies to Day, shall be no more,
As long as he that perish'd long before. Creech Lucr.

DEER.

See where the Deer trot after one another;
Male, Female, Father, Daughter, Mother, Son,
Brother and Sister, mingled all together:
No Discontent they know; but, in delightful
Wildness and Freedom, lusty Health and Innocence,
Enjoy their Portion: If they see a Man,
How will they turn together all, and gaze
Upon the Monster! ———— Orw. Orph.

———— See how the sportive Fawn
Skips thro' the Woods, and dances o'er the Lawn! ————

As tim'rous Deer, which thro' the Forest fly,
Perceiving by his Roar a Lion nigh,
Double their Speed; and, to their airy Feet,
Wing'd with their Fear, their Safety they commit:
The Herd, if in their Flight by Chance withstood
By some extended Lake or swelling Flood,
List'ning and trembling on the Margin stand,
Doubtful, if they should trust the Flood or Land:
But soon the roaring Foe in Sight appears,
Confirms their Terrour, and ends their Fears:
Soon does his Presence the sad Doubt decide;
The Lion to escape, they chuse the Tide. Blac. Eliza.

———— The hunted Deer,
Closely pursu'd, quits all her wonted Fear,
And takes the nearest Waves, which, from the Shore,
She oft with Horrour had beheld before. Cowl. David.

DEFORMITY.

The Owl shriek'd at thy Birth; an evil Sign!
Dogs howl'd, and hideous Tempests shook down Trees.
The Raven rook'd her on the Chimney's Top,
And chatt'ring Pies in dismal Discords sung:

Thy Mother felt more than a Mother's Pain,
And yet brought forth less than a Mother's Hope,
An indigested Lump. ——— ——— Shak. Rich. 3.
  Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature:
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my Time
Into this breathing World: scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That Dogs bark at me as I halt by them:
I, that in this weak piping Time of Peace,
Have no Delight to pass away the Time,
Unless to view my Shadow in the Sun,
And descant on my own Deformity. Shak. Rich. 3.
  Thou elfish, mark'd, abortive Monster;
Thou that wast seal'd in thy Nativity,
The Slave of Nature, and the Son of Hell:
Thou Slander of thy heavy Mother's Womb. Shak. Rich. 3.
  ——— ——— Thou talk of sacred Love!
Hast thou a Nook in all that huddled Frame,
Fit for so soft a Guest? It cannot be.
Fly from my Sight thou bungled Botch of Nature;
Thou Snuff of Life, and Ruins of a Man. ———
——————— Curse Nature,
That ne'er reform'd thy Dross! curse thy own Fate,
That warm'd that unconcocted Lump to Life,
Half finish'd into Man. ———
  ——— ——— Thou art a Thing so loathsome,
Nature has shut thee quite from that thou art:
Made, like the Bird of Night, to be pursu'd,
Abhorr'd, and loath'd, by all thy Fellow Creatures ———
  In Nature there's no Blemish but the Mind:
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind. Shak. Twelfth Night.
    His Back, or rather Burthen, show'd,
  As if it stoop'd with its own Load:
  For, as Æneas bore his Sire
  Upon his Shoulders thro' the Fire,
  Our Knight did bear no less a Pack
  Of his own Buttocks on his Back;
  Which now had almost got the upper
  Hand of his Head for want of Crupper:
  To poise this equally, he bore
  A Paunch of the same Bulk before. Hud.

D E L A Y.

——————— The Bane of Enterprize. Oldh.
For all Delays are dangerous in War. Dryd. Tyr. Love.
Things once resolv'd are ruin'd by Delay. Dryd. Rival Lad.

For.

Fortune looks fair on thofe, make Hafte to win her.
Beaum. Ill. Princefs.

Refift at firft; for Help in vain we pray,
When Ills have gain'd full Strength by long Delay.
Be fpeedy; left, perhaps, the growing Hour
Put what is now within, beyond, our Pow'r. King. Ovid.

'Th' incroaching Ill you early fhould oppofe:
Flatter'd, 'tis worfe; and by Indulgence grows. Dr. Atten.

Tear up the Seeds of the unrooted Ill,
While they are weak, and you have Pow'r to kill:
Slip not one Minute; who defers to Day,
To Morrow may be harden'd in Delay. Tate Ovid.

——— What muft be fuffer'd, we in vain
Delay fome Moments, and prolong our Pain. Crown. Deftr. (of Jerus.

When Heav'n commands, 'tis impious to delay. Laud. Vir.

How long's the fhorteft Moment of Delay
To a Heart, impatient of its Pangs, like mine,
In Sight of Eafe, and panting to the Goal. Otw. Orph.

For as when Men in Sicknefs ling'ring lie,
They count the tedious Hours by Months and Years:
So ev'ry Day deferr'd to dying Lovers,
Is an whole Age of Pain. ——— Dryd. Span. Fry.

Delays, if not too long, encreafe Defire. Cong. Ovid.

DEMY-GODS.

Far in thofe azure Regions of the Air,
Which border on the rouling ftarry Sphere,
Beyond our Orb, and nearer to that Height,
Where Cynthia drives around her filver Light;
Their happy Seats the Demy-Gods poffefs,
Refin'd by Virtue, and prepar'd for Blifs;
Of Life unblam'd a pure and pious Race,
Worthy that lower Heav'n and Stars to grace,
Divine, and equal to the glorious Place. Rowe Luc.

Them Death nor Danger ever could difmay:
Victorious Names, who made the World obey:
Who, while they liv'd, in Deeds of Arms excell'd;
And, after Death, for Deities were held.
Dryd. Chauc. The Flower and Leaf.

DESPAIR.

——— Amidft a fhady Wood,
Which in a wild amazing Defart ftood;
Where only ancient Pines and baleful Yews,
Unwholfome Box and mournful Cyprefs grew:

The

The noxious Glebe can'd nothing elſe produce,
But pois'nous Flow'rs, and Herbs of Magick Uſe;
Bald Toadſtools, Henbane, Nightſhade, Hemlock, here,
Abundant Choice of Miſchief, all appear:
The Birds obſcene, which love the Shades of Night,
Frightful to hear, and odious to the Sight,
Owls, Ravens, Bats, and all th' ill-boding Race,
Increaſe the Horrours of the diſmal Place:
Within the Midſt an ancient Caſtle ſtood,
Encompaſs'd with a Moat of reeking Blood;
Wherein a dreadful Monſter did reſide;
Who all th' Attempts of humane Force defy'd:
A cruel Tyrant, of infernal Shape,
Whom none, who fear her Fury, can eſcape:
Vipers, like thoſe, in Stygian Caverns found,
Swol'n with black Gore, her meager Temples crown'd:
Her ghaſtly Eyes were ſunk within her Head,
And Death-like Paleneſs both her Cheeks o'erſpread.
Her long lank Breaſts ſhe o'er her Shoulders flung;
Or to her Waiſt the loathſom Burden hung:
Her ſhapeleſs Form no Words have Force to tell;
Black as the Night, and horrible as Hell:
She brandiſh'd in her Hand a poiſon'd Dart,
Which ſtrikes deſponding Mortals to the Heart:
Faſt in the feſt'ring Wound the Weapon reſts,
And tears with Pain their miſerable Breaſts:
For Death in vain the tortur'd Wretches cry;
They ſtill live on, but ſtill they live to die:
But ſhe the Tim'rous only can devour:
She flies the Brave, who dare reſiſt her Pow'r. Blac. K. Arth.
(in a Tub.
Deſpair's the Iſſue of ignoble Minds,
And but with Cowards Entertainment finds. Ether. Love
From Cowardice, not Prudence, ſprings Deſpair; (H. Love.
Who doubt their Fortune, are not wiſe, but Fear. Lanſd.
——— ——— Deſpair,
Often makes Courage out of Fear. Sedl.
Deſpair's undaunted, and defies all Odds. Lanſd. Her. Love.
The damn'd in Hell endure no greater Pain, (Sec. Love.
Than ſeeing Heav'n from far with hopeleſs Eyes. Dryd.
——— I've ſhaken Hands with Hope, (Tamerl.
And all my Thoughts are Rage, Deſpair and Horrour. Rowe.
Our Woes are like the genuine Shade beneath,
Where Fate cuts off the very Hopes of Day,
And everlaſting Night and Horrour reign. Rowe. Tamerl.
For in Deſpair and ever during Death, (Bride.
There is no Bound, but Infinite of Woe. Cong. Mourn.

O

O horrid State! Weep Eyes, and bleed O Heart! (Borg.
Let Nature burst with these unheard of Sufferings. Lee, Cæs.
Whatother Remedy has Nature left
For Ills, beyond a Cure, but welcome Death?
Death ends our Sorrows, and begins our Joys?
Why shou'd the Wretched live?
Curst, as I am, to Misery and Sorrow!
Better to die, than linger out in Pain;
Let those the World calls happy, wish to live:
My Happiness is not to be. Death is no Terrour,
Not to a Mind, lost in Despair like mine:
The Terrours of my Thoughts are worse than Death?
A lasting Torment! Oh for some skilful Pilot,
To steer this little Voyage of my Life, (of Parma.
And land me safe upon the peaceful Shore. Smith. P.
—— Why should a Wretch,
That groans beneath intolerable Woe,
Fear Death, his kind Redeemer. Den. Iphig.
The wretched Queen, pursu'd by cruel Fate,
Begins at length the Light of Heaven to hate,
And loaths to live. —— ——
Stung with Despight, and furious with Despair,
She struck her trembling Breast, and tore her Hair.
Then, sinking underneath a Load of Grief,
From Death alone she seeks her last Relief,
A mortal Paleness in her Face appears. Dryd. Virg.
All else of Nature's common Gift partake;
Unhappy Dido was alone awake:
Nor Sleep nor Ease the furious Queen can find;
Sleep fled her Eyes, as Quiet fled her Mind.
Despair, and Rage, and Love, divide her Heart: (Virg.
Despair and Rage had some, but Love the greater, Part. Dryd.
In Change of Torment wou'd be Ease:
Could you divine what Lovers bear,
Ev'n you, Prometheus, wou'd confess, (Ven.
There is no Vulture like Despair. Lansd. Jew of
Then, with the Wildness of her Soul let loose,
And all the Fury that her Wrongs infuse,
She weeps, she raves, she rends her flowing Hair,
Wild in her Grief, and raging with Despair:
At length, her restless Thoughts an Utt'rance find,
And vent the Anguish of her lab'ring Mind. Yald. Strada.
And must I drag a wretched Life beneath,
An endless Round of still returning Woes,
And all the gnawing Pangs of vain Remorse;
Live above all most infinitely wretched (and Hip.
Oh! 'tis in Death alone I can have Ease. Smith. Phæd.

Have

Have I not Cause to rave, and beat my Breast,
To rend my Heart with Grief, and run distracted?
Talk not of Comfort; 'tis for lighter Ills:
I will indulge my Sorrows, and give Way
To all the Pangs and Fury of Despair. Add. Cato.
'Tis not in Fate to ease my tortur'd Breast;
This empty World, to me a joyless Desart,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy. Add. Cato.
O Lucius, I am sick of this bad World:
The Day-light and the Sun grow painful to me. Add. Cato.
What's Life to him who has no Use of Life? (and Cress.
A barren Purchase, held upon hard Terms. Dryd. Troil.
Comfort us not, for Reason tedious grows,
When such a Tide of Sorrow 'twou'd oppose:
In our own Hands our Remedy we have; (Corneill.
For who dares die, may all Misfortunes brave. Orinda.
He is not ruin'd who wou'd not be sav'd. Hig. Gen. Conq.
——— ——— This one
Relief the vanquish'd have, to hope for none. Denh. Virg.
Nothing to hope, I nothing have to fear. South. Fatal Cap.
Be dumb for ever; silent as the Grave;
Nor let thy fond officious Love disturb
My solemn Sadness with the Sound of Joy:
If thou wilt sooth me tell some dismal Tale
Of pining Discontent, and black Despair:
For, Oh! I 've gone around thro' all my Thoughts,
But all are Indignation, Love, or Shame; (Pen.
And my dear Peace of Mind is lost for ever! Rowe. Fair
Why do I wander this wide barren Waste,
Forsaken and forlorn, when a fair Prospect
Of everlasting Rest stands right in View?
This Load of Woe, that bends me to the Ground,
I can with Life put off: Yes, I will rush
Into the Arms of Death, and shelter there:
There sleep securely all my Cares away;
Nor shall the Noise of Empire or of Love
Awaken me to Wretchedness again. South. Loy. Bro.
——— 'Tis with me, as with one
Who, wand'ring over a wide barren Waste,
Views the last Circles of the sinking Sun;
Then gazing round, quite destitute of Hope,
Forsaken and forlorn, sits sighing down,
To mix with Night, and entertain Despair. South. Disapp.
O, let me hunt my travel'd Thoughts again,
Range the wide Waste of desolate Despair;
Start any Hope: Alas! I lose my Toil;
'Tis pathless, dark, and barren all to me. South. Oroon.

My

My Torch is out: and the World stands before me,
Like a black Desart at th' Approach of Night:
I'll lay me down, and stray no further on. Dryd. All for (Love.
I feel a Sleep like Death
Upon me, and I sigh to be at Rest. Lee OEdip.
Chuse then the gloomiest Part through all the Grove,
Throw thy abandon'd Body on the Ground,
With thy bare Breast lie wedded to the Dew:
There, as thou drink'st the Tears that trickle from thee,
So stretch'd resolve to lie 'till Death shall seize thee:
Thy sorrowful Head hung o'er some tumbling Stream,
To rock thy Griefs with melancholy Sounds;
With broken Murmurs, and redoubled Groans,
To help the Gurgling of the Water's Fall:
Or, if thy Passion will not be kept in,
As in that Glass of Nature thou shalt view
Thy swol'n drown'd Eyes with the inverted Banks,
The Tops of Willows, and their Blossoms turn'd
With all the under Sky ten Fathom down,
Wish that the Shadow of the swimming Globe
Were so indeed, that thou might'st leap at Fate,
And hurl thy Fortune headlong at the Stars.
Nay, do not bear it: turn thy wat'ry Face
To yond' misguided Orb, and ask the Gods,
For what bold Sin they doom the wretched Titus
To such a Loss as that of Teraminta?
O Teraminta! I will groan thy Name,
'Till the tir'd Echo faint with Repetition;
'Till all the breathless Grove, and quiet Myrtles
Shake with my Sighs, as if a Tempest bow'd them. Lee. L. (J. Brut.
——— Yes, yes, ye cruel Gods!
Let the eternal Bolts, that bind this Frame,
Start from their Order: Since you push me thus,
Ev'n to the Margin of this wide Despair,
Behold I plunge at once in this Dishonour,
Where there is neither Shore, nor Hope of Heav'n;
No floating Mark thro' all the dismal Vast;
'Tis rockless too, no Cliff to clamber up,
To gaze about, and pause upon the Ruin: Lee. Luc. Jun. (Brut.
——— I'll to the Grave, and hide me:
Earth, open; or I'll tear thy Bowels up:
Ye Gods, dash all at once ———
This House of Clay into a Thousand Pieces,
That my poor ling'ring Soul may take her Flight
To your immortal Dwellings. Lee. OEdip.
Fly, by the Gods or by the Fiends, I charge thee,
Far as the East, West, North, or South of Heaven;

But think not thou shalt ever enter there;
The golden Gates are barr'd with Adamant,
'Gainst thee and me: and the celestial Guards,
Still, as we rise, will dash our Spirits down. Lee OEdip.

Yes, with my Life, I'll expiate my Frenzy,
And die for thee, my headlong Rage destroy'd:
Thee I pursue, Oh Great ill-fated Youth,
Pursue thee still, but now with chaste Desires;
Thee thro' the dismal Waste of gloomy Death,
Thee thro' the glimm'ring Dawn, and purer Day,
Thro' all the Elysian Plains. O righteous Minos!
Elysian Plains! There he, and his Ismena
Shall sport for ever, shall for ever drink
Immortal Love; while I far off shall howl
In lonely Plains; while all the blackest Ghosts
Shrink from the baleful Sight of one more monstrous,
And more accurst than they. Smith. Phoed. and Hip.

Let her, like me, of ev'ry Joy forlorn,
Devote the Hour when such a Wretch was born;
Like me, to Desarts, and to Darkness run;
Abhor the Day, and curse the golden Sun;
Cast ev'ry Good, and ev'ry Hope behind;
Detest the Works of Nature; loath Mankind;
Like me, with Cries distracted fill the Air;
Tear her poor Bosom; rend her frantick Hair;
And prove the Torments of the last Despair. Rowe J. Shore.

Despairing Lover.

Sad Damon, stretch'd beneath an Olive Shade,
And wildly staring upwards, thus inveigh'd
Against the conscious Gods; and curs'd the cruel Maid.
Star of the Morning, why dost thou delay?
Come Lucifer, drive on the lagging Day;
While I my Nisa's perjur'd Faith deplore:
Witness ye Pow'rs, by whom she falsely swore!
The Gods, alas! are Witnesses in vain:
Yet shall my dying Breath to Heav'n complain:
Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet Mænalian Strain.
Mopsus triumphs; he weds the willing Fair:
When such is Nisa's Choice, what Lover can despair!
Now Griffons join with Mares: Another Age
Shall see the Hound and Hind their Thirst asswage,
Promiscuous at the Spring. Prepare the Lights,
O Mopsus, and perform the bridal Rites:
Scatter thy Nuts among the scrambling Boys:
Thine is the Night, and thine the nuptial Joys:
For thee the Sun declines: O happy Swain!

O Nisa,

O Nisa, justly to thy Choice condemn'd!
Whom hast thou taken, whom hast thou contemn'd?
For him thou hast refus'd my browzing Herd;
Scorn'd my thick Eyebrows, and my shaggy Beard:
Unhappy Damon sighs, and sings in vain;
While Nisa thinks no God regards a Lover's Pain:
I view'd thee first; How fatal was the View!
And led thee where the ruddy Wildings grew,
High on the spreading Hedge, and wet with Morning Dew.
I saw, I perish'd; yet indulg'd my Pain:
I know thee, Love; in Desarts thou wert bred,
And at the Dugs of savage Tigers fed:
Alien of Birth! Usurper of the Plains!
Relentless Love the cruel Mother led,
The Blood of her unhappy Babes to shed:
Love lent the Sword; the Mother struck the Blow:
Inhuman she, but more inhuman thou!
Old doting Nature, change thy Course anew;
And let the trembling Lamb the Wolf pursue:
Let Oaks now glitter with Hesperian Fruit;
And purple Daffodils from Alder shoot;
Fat Amber let the Tamarisk distil;
And hooting Owls contend with Swans in Skill:
Hoarse Tityrus strive with Orpheus in the Woods;
And challenge fam'd Arion on the Floods:
Or, oh! let Nature cease, and Chaos reign!
Let Earth be Seas; and let the whelming Tide
The lifeless Limbs of luckless Damon hide:
Farewel ye secret Woods, and shady Groves,
Haunts of my Youth, and conscious of my Loves!
From yon high Cliff I plunge into the Main:
Take the last Present of thy dying Swain
And cease, my silent Flute, the sweet Mænalian Strain.

Dryd. Virg.

DEVIL.

Prince of the Thrones, who, in the Fields of Light,
Led'st forth th' imbattel'd Seraphims to fight,
Who shook the Pow'r of Heav'n's eternal State;
Had broke it too, if not upheld by Fate:
But now those Hopes are fled; thus low we lie,
Shut from this Day, and that contented Sky;
And lost, as far as heav'nly Forms can die.
Yet not all perish'd; we defie him still,
And yet wage War with our unconquer'd Will. Dryd. State of Inn.

O Prince, O Chief of many throned Pow'rs,
That led th' imbattel'd Seraphim to War
Under thy Conduct; and in dreadful Deeds
Fearless, endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King,
And put to Proof his high Supremacy,
Whether upheld by Strength, or Chance, or Fate;
Too well I see and rue the dire Event,
That with sad Overthrow and foul Defeat
Has lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty Host
In horrible Destruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and heav'nly Essences
Can perish: For the Mind and Spirit remains
Invincible; and Vigour soon returns,
Tho' all our Glory extinct, and happy State
Here swallow'd up in endless Misery.
But what if he, our Conqu'rour, whom I now
Of Force believe Almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpower'd such Strength as ours,
Have left us this our Spirit and Strength intire,
Strongly to suffer and support our Pains,
That so we may suffice his vengeful Ire,
Or do him mightier Service as his Thralls
By Right of War, whate'er his Bus'ness be
Here in the Heart of Hell to work in Fire,
Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep;
What can it then avail, tho' yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal Being
To undergo eternal Punishment? Milt. Par. Lost. Spoken
by Belzebub to Satan.

Thus spoke th' Apostate Angel, though in Pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep Despair. Milt. P. Lost.
——— Leader of those Armies bright;
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that Voice, their liveliest Pledge
Of Hope in Fears and Dangers, heard so oft
In worst Extreams, and on the perilous Edge
Of Battel when it rag'd, in all Assaults
Their surest Signal they will soon resume
New Courage and revive, tho' now they lie
Grov'ling and prostrate on yon' Lake of Fire,
As we e'erwhile, astounded and amaz'd:
No Wonder, fall'n such a pernicious Height. Milt. P. Lost.
Spoken of Satan by Belzebub.

Satan, so call him now; his former Name
Is heard no more in Heav'n; He of the first,
If not the first Arch-Angel, great in Pow'r,

In

In Favour and Pre-eminence, yet fraught
With Envy 'gainst the Son of God. ——— Milt. Par. Lost.
——— ——— ——— Great indeed
His Name, and high was his Degree in Heav'n:
His Countenance, as the Morning Star that guides
The starry Flock, allur'd them, and with Lies
Drew after him the third Part of Heav'n's Host. Milt. Par. Lost.
——— ——— Satan, alarm'd,
Collecting all his Might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:
His Stature reach'd the Sky, and on his Crest
Sate Horrour plum'd; nor wanted in his Grasp
What seem'd both Spear and Shield. ——— Milt. Par. Lost.
——— ——— His pond'rous Shield,
Æ therial Temper, massie, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad Circumference,
Hung on his Shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb
Through optick Glass the Tuscan Artist views
At Ev'ning from the Top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new Lands,
Rivers, or Mountains in her spotty Globe.
His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine,
Hewn on Norwegian Hills, to be the Mast
Of some great Admiral, were but a Wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy Steps
Over the burning Marle. ——— Milt. Par. Lost.
Satan, now first inflam'd with Rage, came down,
The Tempter, ere th' Accuser, of Mankind:
——— ——— Nor with Cause to boast
Begins his dire Attempt, which, nigh the Birth
Now rouling, boils in his tumultuous Breast;
And, like a devillish Engine, back recoils
Upon himself. Horrour and Doubt distract
His troubled Thoughts, and from the Bottom stir
The Hell within him: for within him Hell
He brings, and round about him; nor from Hell
One Step no more than from himself can fly
By Change of Place: now Conscience wakes Despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter Memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse Deeds worse Suff'rings must ensue:
Sometimes tow'rds Eden, which now in his View
Lay pleasant, his griev'd Eyes he fixes sad:
Sometimes tow'rds Heav'n, and the full blazing Sun,
Which now sate high in his Meridian Tow'r:
Then, much revolving thus in Sighs began.
——— ——— To thee I call,

But

But with no friendly Voice, and add thy Name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy Beams,
That bring to my Remembrance from what State
I fell, how glorious once above thy Sphere;
Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless King:
Ah! wherefore? He deserv'd no such Return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright Eminence; and with his Good
Upbraided none; nor was his Service hard:
What could be less than to afford him Praise,
The easiest Recompense, and pay him Thanks,
How due! yet all his Good prov'd Ill in me,
And wrought but Malice: lifted up so high
I'sdain'd Subjection, and thought one Step higher
Would set me highest, and in a Moment quit
The Debt immense of endless Gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
And understood not that a grateful Mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd: What Burden then?
O had his pow'rful Destiny ordain'd
Me some inferiour Angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded Hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? Some other Pow'r
As great might have aspir'd, and me, tho' mean,
Drawn to his Part: but other Pow'rs as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken; from within,
Or from without, to all Temptations arm'd:
Hadst thou the same Free Will and Pow'r to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what t'accuse,
But Heav'n's free Love dealt equally to all?
Be then his Love accurst; since Love or Hate,
To me, alike, it deals eternal Woe:
Nay, curs'd be thou, since against his thy Will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which Way shall I fly
Infinite Wrath, and infinite Despair?
Which Way I fly is Hell: my self am Hell;
And in the lowest Deep a lower Deep,
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.
O then at last relent: Is there no Place
Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left?
None left but by Submission; and that Word
Disdain forbids me, and my Dread of Shame

Among

Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other Promises, and other Vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that Boast so vain;
Under what Torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the Throne of Hell,
With Diadem and Scepter high advanc'd,
The lower still I fall; only supream
In Misery: such Joy Ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By Act of Grace my former State; how soon
Would Height recall high Thoughts! how soon unsay
What feign'd Submission swore? Ease would recant
Vows made in Pain, as violent and void:
For never can true Reconcilement grow,
Where Wounds of deadly Hate have pierc'd so deep;
Which would but lead me to a worse Relapse,
And heavier Fall; so should I purchase dear
Short Intermission bought with double Smart.
This knows my Punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging Peace:
So farewel Hope, and with Hope farewel Fear,
Farewel Remorse: all Good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my Good; by thee at least
Divided Empire with Heav'n's King I hold;
By thee, and more perhaps than half will reign. Milt. P. Lost.
He ended frowning, and his Look denounc'd
Desp'rate Revenge, and Battel dangerous
To less than Gods. ——— Milt. Par. Lost.
He spake, and to confirm his Words out-flew
Millions of flaming Swords, drawn from the Thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden Blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell: highly they rag'd
Against the Highest, and, fierce with grasped Arms,
Clash'd on their sounding Shields the Din of War,
Hurling Defiance tow'rd the Vault of Heav'n. Milt. P. Lost.
———— As when the potent Rod
Of Amram's Son in Egypt's evil Day
Wav'd round the Coast, up-call'd a pitchy Cloud
Of Locusts, warping on the Eastern Wind;
That o'er the Realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hov'ring on Wing under the Cope of Hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires;
Till, at a Signal given, th' uplifted Spear

Of

Of their great Sultan, waving to direct
Their Course, in ev'n Ballance down they light
On the firm Brimstone, and fill all the Plain.
A Multitude, like which the pop'lous North
Pour'd never from her frozen Loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barb'rous Sons
Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibralter to the Lybian Sands.
Forthwith from ev'ry Squadron and each Band
The Heads and Leaders thither haste, where stood
Their great Commander; God-like Shapes, and Forms
Excelling human, princely Dignities,
And Pow'rs that erst in Heav'n sate on Thrones;
Tho' of their Names in heav'nly Records now
Be no Memorial, blotted out and raz'd,
By their Rebellion from the Book of Life. Milt. Par. Lost.

——— ——— Then forth
In Order came the grand infernal Peers;
Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seem'd
Alone th' Antagonist of Heav'n, nor less
Than Hell's dread Emperour with Pomp supream,
And God-like imitated State: him round
A Globe of fiery Seraphims inclos'd
With bright Imblazonry, and horrent Arms. Milt. P. Lost.

A Thousand Devils round run roaring in:
Some with a dreadful Smile deformedly grin.
Some stamp their cloven Paws; some frown, and tear
The gaping Snakes from their black knotted Hair;
As all the Grief and all the Rage of Hell
Were doubled now; or that just now they fell. Cowl. Dav.

Ah! never let it be, ye assembled Gods,
For still, we still th' unconquer'd Spirit feel
Of that eternal Valour, when of old
Begirt with shining Arms, and brighter Flames,
Against th' Omnipotent we daring fought:
'Tis true, we lost the Day, but not for Want
Of Valour, equal to the vast Design:
Fortune gave him the Field; th' immortal Fame
Was ours of having made the brave Attempt:
Th' immortal Fame was ours, who still retain
That Fire invincible, with which we fought,
And dar'd what never Angels durst before. Den. Tasso.

So, now we are our selves again: an Host,
Fit to tempt Fate once more, for what we lost;
To o'erleap th' Ethereal Fence; or, if so high
We cannot climb, to undermine his Sky.

And blow him up, who justly rules us now,
Because more strong: Should he be forc'd to bow,
The Right were ours again: 'Tis just to win
The highest Place; t'attempt and fail is Sin.
Chang'd as we are, we're yet from Homage free;
We have by Hell at least gain'd Liberty:
That's worth our Fall; thus low tho' we are driven,
Better to rule in Hell, than serve in Heaven. Dr. State of Inn.

Heav'n cannot envy you an Empire here. Dr. State of Inn.

High on a Throne of royal State, which far
Outshone the Wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest Hand
Show'rs on her Kings Barbarick Pearl and Gold,
Satan exalted sate; by Merit rais'd
To that bad Eminence; and, from Despair
Thus high uplifted beyond Hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain War with Heav'n. ——— Milt. Par. Lost.

——— He knew himself too weak
The smallest Link of strong-wrought Fate to break,
Yet would he rage, and struggle with the Chain,
Lov'd to rebel, tho' sure that 'twas in vain.
Thrice did he knock his Iron Teeth, thrice howl,
And into Frowns his wrathful Forehead roul;
His Eyes dart forth red Flames, which scare the Night,
And with worse Fires the trembling Ghosts affright. Cowl. David.

At his Approach the Monsters cease their Dins
And bow at Distance with a dreadful Grin. Blac. P. Arth.

Like a tall Oak, above the verdant Wood
Blasted from Heav'n, the ruin'd Seraph stood:
With lab'ring Wings he mounts the steepy Way,
And quickly reach'd the tender Verge of Day. Bl. P. Arth.

Then from the Mountain's Brow, without Delay,
With his brown Wings outstretch'd, he made his Way,
To the low Realms, unknown to Peace and Day.
As when, a Town besieg'd, a flaming Bomb
Discharg'd from some capacious Mortar's Womb,
On its destructive Message swiftly flies,
Inflames the Air, and terrifies the Skies:
So swiftly Satan flew; and, in his Flight,
Left Clouds of Smoke behind, and Tracks of dismal Light:
He plung'd himself amidst Tartarean Shade,
And to his dusky Court in Wrath his Passage made. Blac. Eliz.

DEVOUT.

Devout she is, as holy Hermits are,
Who share their Time 'twixt Ecstasie and Pray'r. Oldh.
So pious, as she had no Time to spare
For human Thought, but stood confin'd to Pray'r. Dryd.
——— The Good are God's peculiar Care;
And such as honour Heav'n, shall heav'nly Honour share.
Dryd. Ovid.

DIANA.

——— The Queen of Night, (Pal. & Arc.
Who takes in sylvan Sports her chaste Delight. Dryd. Chauc.
The new-rising Sister of the Day. ——— Dryd. Juv.
Goddess renown'd for Chastity. ——— Den. Iphig.
As on the Hills of Cynthus, or the Meads
Of cool Eurotas, where Diana leads
The Chorus of her Nymphs, who there advance,
A thousand shining Maids! and form the Dance:
The stately Goddess, with a graceful Pride,
Sweet and majestick, does the Figure guide;
Treading in just and easy Measures round,
She walks above them all: ———
The silver Arrows on her Shoulders sound. Hal.
Diana too the Paphian Queen defies;
Her smiling Arts and proffer'd Friendship flies:
She loves, with well-mouth'd Hounds and chearful Horn,
And silver-sounding Voice, to wake the Morn:
To draw the Bow; or dart the pointed Spear;
To wound the Mountain Boar, or rowze the Woodland Deer:
Sometimes, of gloomy Groves she likes the Shades;
And there of Virgin Nymphs the Chorus leads:
And sometimes seeks the Towns, and leaves the Plains;
And loves Society, where Virtue reigns. Cong. Hom.
Then shook the sacred Shrine; and sudden Light
Sprung thro' the vaulted Roof, and made the Temple bright:
The Pow'r, behold! the Pow'r in Glory shone,
By her bent Bow and her keen Arrows known:
The rest, a Huntress issuing from the Wood,
Reclining on her Cornel Spear she stood.
——————— She vanish'd from the Place:
The Sheaf of Arrows shook, and rattled in the Case.
Dryd. Chauc. Pal. & Arc.

Temple of DIANA.

Tir'd with Deformities of Death, I haste
To the third Temple of Diana chaste.
A sylvan Scene with various Greens was drawn,
Shades on the Sides, and on the Midst a Lawn:
The silver Cynthia, with her Nymphs around,
Pursu'd the flying Deer; the Woods with Horns resound.
Calistho there stood manifest of Shame,
And, turn'd a Bear, the Northern Star became:
Her Son was next; and, by peculiar Grace,
In the cold Circle held the second Place:
The Stag Actæon in the Stream had spy'd
The naked Huntress; and, for seeing, dy'd:
His Hounds, unknowing of the Change, pursue
The Chace, and their mistaken Master slew:
Peneian Daphne too was there to see;
Apollo's Love before, and now his Tree:
Th' adjoining Fane th' assembled Greeks express'd,
And hunting of the Caledonian Beast:
OEnides' Valour, and his envy'd Prize;
The fatal Pow'r of Atalanta's Eyes;
Diana's Vengeance on the Victor shown,
The Murd'ress Mother, and consuming Son:
The Volscian Queen, extended on the Plain,
The Treason punish'd, and the Traitor slain.
The rest were various Huntings, well design'd,
And salvage Beasts destroy'd of ev'ry Kind:
The graceful Goddess was array'd in Green:
About her Feet were little Beagles seen;
That watch'd, with upward Eyes, the Motions of their Queen.
Before her stood a Woman in her Throes,
And call'd Lucina's Aid, her Burden to disclose.
All these the Painter drew with such Command,
That Nature snatch'd the Pencil from his Hand;
Asham'd and angry that his Art could feign,
And mend the Tortures of a Mother's Pain.

Dryd. Chauc. Pal. & Arc.

DIASENNA.

Thou Scandal of the mighty Pæan's Art;
At thy Approach the Springs of Nature start;
The Nerves unbrace: Nay, at the Sight of thee,
A Scratch turns Cancer; th' Itch a Leprosie. Garth.

DIS-

4

DISCORD.

Then to the Grecian Fleet Saturnian Jove
Sent Discord, dreadful in a bloody Vest,
Bearing the Signal of destructive Battel:
——— Discord,
The God of Slaughter's Sister and Associate:
Tho' small when born, insensibly she grows,
And soon arrives to such prodigious Stature,
Heav'n wraps her Head, while here on Earth she stalks:
Greedy of Slaughter, there the Goddess stood,
And rais'd her terrible and jarring Voice
To all the Greeks; and breath'd into their Souls
The Rage of Battel, and the Thirst of Blood. Broome Hom.
Have I so often banish'd lazy Peace
From her dark Solitude and lov'd Recess?
Have I made South and Sherlock disagree;
And puzzle Truth with learn'd Obscurity?
Have I, Britannia's Safety to insure,
Expos'd her naked, to be more secure?
Have I made Parties, opposite, unite,
In monstrous Leagues of amicable Spite,
T'embroil their Country; while the common Cry
Is Freedom; but their Aim the Ministry?
Garth. Spoken by Discord.

DISEASE.

Unhappy Man! by Nature made to sway,
And yet is ev'ry Creature's Prey;
Destroy'd by those that should his Pow'r obey.
Of all the World we call Mankind the Lords;
Flatt'ring our selves with mighty Words,
Of all Things we the Monarchs are;
And so we rule, and so we domineer:
All Creatures else about us stand,
Like some Pretorian Band,
To guard, to help, and to defend;
Yet they sometimes prove Enemies,
Sometimes against us rise,
Our very Guards rebel, and tyrannize.
Thousand Diseases, sent by Fate,
Unhappy Servants! on us wait;
A thousand Treacheries within
Are laid weak Life to win:

Huge Troops of Maladies without,
A grim, a meager, and a dreadful Rout:
Some formal Sieges make,
And with sure Slowness still our Bodies take;
Some with quick Violence storm the Town,
And all is in a Moment down;
Some one peculiar Port assail;
Some by a general Attempt prevail.
Nor is this all, for we not only breed
Within our selves the fatal Seed
Of Change, and of Decrease in ev'ry Part;
Head, Belly, Stomach, and the Root of Life, the Heart;
Nor only have our Autumn, when we must
Of our own Nature turn to Dust,
When Leaves and Fruit must fall;
But are expos'd to mighty Tempests too,
Which do at once what that would slowly do:
Which throw down Fruit and Tree of Life withal:
From Ruin we in vain
Our Bodies by Repair maintain;
Still from without as well we fear
A dang'rous and destructive War,
From Heav'n, from Earth, from Sea, from Air:
We, like the Roman Empire, should decay,
And our own Force would melt away
By the intestine Jar
Of Elements, which on each other prey;
The Cæsars and the Pompeys which within we bear;
Yet are, like that, in Danger too
Of foreign Armies, and external Foe:
Sometimes the Gothish and the barb'rous Rage
Of Plague, or Pestilence, attends Man's Age,
Which neither Force nor Arts assuage,
Which cannot be avoided or withstood,
But drowns, and over-runs with unexpected Flood.

Bishop of Rochester's Plague of Athens.

Acute Distempers fierce our Veins assail,
Rush on with Fury, and by Storm prevail:
Others with Thirst dispense their Stores of Grief,
And by the Sap prolong the Siege of Life:
While to the Grave we for Deliv'rance cry,
And, promis'd still, are still deny'd, to die:
See Cholick, Gout, and Stone, a cruel Train,
Oppos'd by all the healing Race in vain,
Their various Racks and ling'ring Plagues imploy,
Relieve each other, and by Turns annoy,
And, Tyrant-like, torment, but not destroy.

We noxious Insects in our Bowels feed,
Engender Deaths, and dark Destruction breed.
The Spleen with sullen Vapours clouds the Brain,
And binds the Spirits in its heavy Chain:
Hydropick Wretches by Degrees decay,
Growing the more, the more they waste away:
By their own Ruins they augmented lie;
With Thirst and Heat amidst a Deluge fry:
And whilst in Floods of Water they expire,
More, scorching, perish by the Fever's Fire. Blac. Creat.
——— ——— Diseases wait
On Death, as the sad Messengers of Fate. Creech. Lucr.

DISPENSARY.

Here, Phyals in nice Discipline are set:
There, Gally-pots are rang'd in Alphabet:
In this Place, Magazines of Pills you spy:
In that, like Forage, Herbs in Bundles lie:
While lifted Pestles, brandish'd in the Air,
Descend in Peals, and Civil Wars declare:
Loud Strokes, with pounding Spice, the Fabrick rend;
And Aromatick Clouds in Spires ascend. Garth.
The Gates each Day ten thousand Night-caps crowd;
And Mortars utter their Attempts aloud:
If they should once unmask our Mystery,
Each Nurse ere long would be as learn'd as we:
Our Art expos'd to ev'ry vulgar Eye,
And none, in Complaisance to us, would die.
What, if we claim their Right t' assassinate,
Must they needs turn Apothecaries strait?
Prevent it Gods! all Stratagems we try,
To crowd with new Inhabitants your Sky:
'Tis we, who wait the Destinies Command,
To purge the troubled Air, and weed the Land:
And dare the College of Physicians aim,
To equal our Fraternity in Fame?
Crabs Eyes as well with Pearl for Use may try;
Or Highgate-Hill with lofty Pindus vie:
So Glow-Worms may compare with Titan's Beams;
Or Hare-Court Pump with Aganippe's Streams.
Our Manufacture now they meanly sell;
And spightfully th' intrinsick Value tell. Garth. Spoken of the Dispensary by an Apothecary.

DISPUTE.

Spare, gen'rous Victor, spare the Slave,
Who did unequal War pursue;
That more than Triumph he might have,
In being overcome by you.
In the Dispute whate'er I said,
My Heart was by my Tongue bely'd;
And in my Looks you might have read
How much I argu'd on your side.
You, far from Danger as from Fear,
Might have sustain'd an open Fight;
For seldom your Opinions err;
Your Eyes are always in the right.
Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the Fight aspir'd;
To keep the beauteous Foe in View,
Was all the Glory I desir'd.
But she, howe'er of Vict'ry sure,
Contemns the Gift too long delay'd;
And, arm'd with more immediate Pow'r,
Calls cruel Silence to her Aid.
Deeper to wound, she shuns the Fight;
She drops her Arms to gain the Field;
Secures her Conquest by her Flight;
And triumphs, when she seems to yield.
So when the Parthian turn'd his Steed,
And from the hostile Camp withdrew;
With cruel Skill the backward Reed
He sent; and as he fled, he slew. *Prior.* To a Lady, who refus'd to continue a Dispute with him, and left him in the Argument.

DISSEMBLING.

We'll mock the Time with fairest Show:
False Face must hide, what the false Heart does know. *Shak. Mach.*
Who cannot steal a Shape that means Deceit?
Shak. Hen. 6. p. 2.
He in his open'd Face conceal'd his Heart. *D'Aven.*
Mean time the King, tho' inwardly he mourn'd,
Compos'd his Looks to counterfeited Cheer.
Dryd. Chauc. Pal. & Arc.
—— While Grief and Anguish fill his Heart,
His chearful Looks disguise his inward Smart. *Laud. Virg.*
Whilst chearful Looks varnish her black Design,
And seeming Hopes o'er real Anguish shine. *Laud. Virg.*
His Face spoke Hope, whilst deep his Sorrows flow. *Dryd.*

To

To shew an unfelt Sorrow is an Office,
Which the false Man does easy. Shak. Mach.
So unconcern'd a Face my Sorrow wears;
I must constrain unruly Floods of Tears:
My Eyes and Tongue put on dissembling Forms;
I shew a Calmness in the Midst of Storms:
I seem to hope, when all my Hopes are gone,
And, almost dead with Grief, discover none. Norm.
Hard is the Task, in Love or Grief to feign;
When Passion is sincere, it will complain. Lansd. Brit. Ench.
Thy very Looks are Lies; eternal Falshood (Hip.
Smiles in thy *Lips*, and flatters in thy Eyes. Smith. Phaed. &
——— Curses on him,
First flatter'd with his Tongue; on her that first
Dissembled in her Silence. ———
What Miseries have they entail'd on Life,
To bring in Fraud, and Diffidence in Love!
Simplicity's the Dress of honest Passion:
Then why our Arts, why to a Man enamour'd,
That at our Feet effuses all his Soul, (Lying Lover.
Must Woman cold appear, false to her self and him? Steele
Her secret Soul to Cymon was inclin'd,
But she must suffer what her Fates assign'd: (& Iphig.
So passive is the Church of Womankind! Dryd. Boc. Cym.
He took a lowring Leave; but who can tell,
What outward Hate might inward Love conceal?
Her Sexes Arts she knew; and why not then,
Might deep Dissembling have a Place in Men?
Dryd. Bocc. Theod. & Hon.
But oh! his Steps proclaim no Lover's Haste;
On the low Ground his fix'd Regards are cast:
His artful Bosom heaves dissembled Sighs,
And Tears, suborn'd, fall copious from his Eyes:
With Ease, alas! we credit what we love:
His painted Grief does real Sorrow move
In the afflicted Fair; adown her Cheek,
Trickling the genuine Tears their Current break. Prior.
He that hangs, or beats out's Brains,
The Devil's in him if he feigns. Hud.

D O G.

Like Dogs, that snarl about a Bone,
And play together, when they've done. Hud.
Like tim'rous Hounds, that hunt the gen'rous Lion,
Bay afar off, and tremble in Pursuit;

But, when he ſtruggles in th'entangling Toils,
Inſult the dying Prey. Smith Phaed. & Hip.

Setting-Dog.

When milder Autumn Summer's Heat ſucceeds,
And in the new-ſhorn Field the Partridge feeds;
Before his Lord the ready Spaniel bounds:
Panting with Hope, he tries the furrow'd Grounds:
But, when the tainted Gales the Game betray,
Couch'd cloſe, he lies, and meditates the Prey;
Secure they truſt th'unfaithful Field, beſet,
Till, hov'ring o'er them, ſweeps the ſwelling Net.
So, if ſmall Things we may with great compare,
When Albion ſends her eager Sons to War,
Pleas'd, in the Gen'ral's Sight, the Hoſt lie down
Sudden, before ſome unſuſpecting Town:
The Young, the Old, one Inſtant makes our Prize;
And high in Air Britannia's Standard flies. Pope.

Hound.

His Back is crooked, and his Belly plain;
Of Fillet ſtretch'd, and huge of Haunch behind;
A tap'ring Tail, that nimbly cuts the Wind:
Truſs-thigh'd, ſtrait-hamm'd, and Fox-like form'd his Paw:
Large-legg'd, dry-ſol'd, and of protended Claw:
His flat, wide Noſtrils ſnuff the ſav'ry Steam;
And from his Eyes he ſhoots pernicious Gleam;
Middling his Head, and prone to Earth his View;
With Ears and Cheſt, that daſh the Morning Dew. Tick.

Blood-Hound.

O'er all, the Blood-Hound boaſts ſuperior Skill,
To ſcent, to view, to turn, and boldly kill:
His Fellows vain Alarms rejects with Scorn;
True to the Maſter's Voice and learned Horn;
His Noſtrils oft, if antient Fame ſings true,
Trace the ſly Felon thro' the tainted Dew:
Once ſnuff'd, he follows with unalter'd Aim,
Nor Odours lure him from, the choſen Game!
Deep-mouth'd he thunders; and, inflam'd, he views;
Springs on relentleſs; and to Death purſues. Tick.

DOOMS-DAY.

The tow'ring Bard then ſung in nobler Lays,
How the laſt Trumpet wakes the lazy Dead,
How Saints aloft the Croſs triumphant ſpread;

How

How op'ning Heav'n's their happy Regions show,
And yawning Gulphs with flaming Vengeance glow,
And Saints rejoice above, and Sinners howl below.
Well might he sing the Day he could not fear,
And paint the Glories he was sure to wear. *Smith.*

Above, the Seats of Bliss their Pomp display,
Brighter than Brightness, this distinguish'd Day;
Less glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
From Realms of Night return'd with Trophies won;
Thro' Heav'n's high Gates when he triumphant rode,
And shouting Angels hail'd the Victor God:
Horrours, beneath, Darkness in Darkness, Hell
Of Hell, where Torments behind Torments dwell:
A Furnace, formidably deep, and wide,
O'erboiling with a mad sulphureous Tide,
Expands its Jaws, most dreadful to survey,
And roars outrageous for the destin'd Prey.
The Sons of Light, scarce unappal'd, look down,
And nearer press Heav'ns everlasting Throne.
Loud Peals of Thunder give the Sign; then all
Heav'ns Terrours in Array surround the Ball:
Fierce Lightnings with the Meteors Blaze conspire;
And, darted downward, set the World on Fire:
Black rising Clouds the thickest Æther choak,
And spiry Flames shoot thro' the rouling Smoke;
With keen Vibrations cut the sullen Night,
And strike the darken'd Sky with dreadful Light.
From Heav'ns four Regions with immortal Force,
Angels drive on the Winds impetuous Course,
T'enrage the Flame: it spreads, it soars on high,
Swells in the Storm, and bellows thro' the Sky:
Here, winding Pyramids of Fire ascend;
Cities and Desarts in one Ruin blend:
There, undermin'd, down rush eternal Hills;
The neighb'ring Vales the vast Destruction fills:
High midst the Clouds the boiling Ocean roars,
And looks far down on his decreasing Shores:
Leviathans in plaintive Thunder cry:
In distant dismal Plaints the long-liv'd Echo's die.
Each lost in each, the mingling Kingdoms glow,
And all, dissolv'd, one firy Deluge flow.
Thus Earth's contending Monarchies are join'd,
And a full Period of Ambition find.
So Bubbles from the foaming Stream expire;
So Sparks that scatter from the kindling Fire. *Young.*

DOUBT.

O Doubt, how insupportable's thy Pain! ——
—— —— My Soul still labours
Beneath Uncertainty and anxious Doubt,
The Mind's worst State. —— Rowe Tamerl.
Doubt is the worst Estate: 'Tis better once
To die, than still to live in Pain. —— Lansd. Jew of Ven.
'Tis better still to doubt, and still to hope,
Than, knowing of our Fates, to know
That we are lost for ever. —— Lansd. Jew of Ven. (of Inn.
Most Confidence has still most Cause to doubt. Dr. State

DRAGON.

Ye Dragons, whose contagious Breath
Peoples the dark Retreats of Death,
Change your fierce Hissing into joyful Song,
And praise your Maker with your forked Tongue. Rosc.
With Adamant the Gates are barr'd,
Whose Entrance two fierce Dragons guard;
At each Approach they lash their forky Stings,
And clap their brazen Wings:
And, as their scaly Horrours rise,
They all at once disclose,
A thousand fiery Eyes,
Which never know Repose. Cong. Semele.
Down from the Hill a mighty Dragon came,
Whose hideous Cries fill'd all the Valley round:
The monstrous Beast was of prodigious Size;
Smoke from his Nostrils broke, Fire from his Eyes:
His odious Feet resembled Harpy's Claws;
And the fierce Crocodile's, his bloody Jaws;
Which, when expanded wide, three march'ing Rows
Of Teeth, his native Armoury, disclose:
His Wings, spread out, o'ershadow'd all the Air,
Wide as the broadest Sails in Ships of War:
Hard scaly Armour to his Body grew
For Ornament and for Protection too:
Along he drew his mighty pois'nous Train,
Like crooked Rivers sliding thro' a Plain:
As on the Ground the turgid Volumes rowl'd,
They all their speckled Terrours did unfold:
Sometimes, like heavy Bustards, rais'd with Pain,
He flew, and sometimes ran upon the Plain:
Sometimes, imploying Feet and Pinions too,
The Dragon, all at once, both ran and flew,

Some-

Sometimes he yawn'd, and belch'd out dreadful Flames
Amidst the Air in long impetuous Streams. Blac. K. Arth.

Transformation of the Dragon's Teeth.

——— Pallas, descending from the Skies,
Bid Cadmus plough the Field, and scatter round,
The Serpents Teeth, o'er all the furrow'd Ground;
Then tells the Youth, how to his wond'ring Eyes
Embattled Armies from the Field should rise:
He sows the Teeth at Pallas's Command,
And flings the future People from his Hand:
The Clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows;
And now the pointed Spears advance in Rows;
Now nodding Plumes appear, and shining Crests,
Now the broad Shoulders, and the rising Breasts;
O'er all the Field the breathing Harvest swarms,
A growing Host, a Crop of Men and Arms.
So, thro' the parting Stage, a Figure rears
Its Body up, and Limb by Limb appears,
Till all the Man by just Degrees arise,
And in his full Proportion strikes the Eyes. Add. Ovid.

DRANCES.

Factious and rich; bold at the Council-Board;
But, cautious in the Field, he shunn'd the Sword;
A close Caballer, and Tongue-valiant Lord:
First in the Council-Hall to steer the State,
And ever foremost at a Tongue-Debate. Dryd. Virg.

DREAMS.

Dreams are the Children of an idle Brain,
Begot of nothing but vain Phantasie. Shak. Rom. & Jul.
At dead of Night imperial Reason sleeps,
And Fansy with her Train loose Revels keeps:
Then airy Phantoms a mixt Scene display,
Of what we heard, or saw, or wish'd by day:
For Memory those Images retains,
Which Passion form'd; and still the strongest reigns.
Huntsmen renew the Chace they lately run;
And Gen'rals fight again their Battels won;
Spectres and Furies haunt the Murd'rer's Dreams,
Grants or Disgraces are the Courtier's Themes:
The Miser spies a Thief, or a new Hoard,
The Cit's a Knight, the Sycophant a Lord.

Thus

Thus Fansy's in the wild Distraction lost,
With what we most abhor, or covet most;
But, of all Passions, that our Dreams controul,
Love prints the deepest Image in the Soul;
For vig'rous Fansy, and warm Blood dispense
Pleasures so lively, that they rival Sense.
Such are the Transports of a willing Maid,
Not yet by Time and Place to act betray'd;
Whom Spies, or some faint Virtue, force to fly
That Scene of Joy, which yet she dies to try;
Till Fansy bawds, and, by mysterious Charms,
Brings the dear Object to her longing Arms;
Unguarded then she melts, acts fierce Delight,
And curses the Returns of envious Light.
In such blest Dreams Byblis enjoys a Flame,
Which, waking, she detests, and dares not name.
Ixion gives a Loose to his wild Love,
And in his airy Vision cuckolds Jove.
Honours and State before this Phantome fall;
For Sleep, like Death, its Image, equals all. Stepn.

In boding Dreams Mirmillo spent the Night,
And frightful Fantoms danc'd before his Sight. Garth.

But then, if Sleep around me nodding flies
With flaggy Wings, and lights upon my Eyes;
Visions and Dreams, compos'd of frightful Air,
The drowsy Stranger from my Eyelids scare. Blac. Job.

For Dreams and Visions are not always vain;
But often Prophecies; they oft forebode;
And Homer plainly says they come from God.
Dryd. Chau. The Cock and the Fox.

Consult, O King, the Prophets of th' Event:
And whence these Ills, and what the Gods Intent,
Let them by Dreams explore; for Dreams from Jove are sent.
Dryd. Hom.

——— Our Morning Dreams foreshow
Th' Events of Things, and future Weal or Woe.
Of Daniel you may read in holy Writ,
Who, when the King his Vision did forget,
Could, Word for Word, the wond'rous Dream repeat.
Nor less of Patriarch Joseph understand;
Who by a Dream inslav'd th' Egyptian Land:
The Years of Plenty and of Dearth foretold,
When, for their Bread, their Liberty they sold?
Nor must th' exalted Butler be forgot;
Nor he whose Dream presag'd his hanging Lot.
And did not Crœsus the same Death foresee,
Rais'd in his Vision on a lofty Tree?

The

The Wife of Hector, in his utmost Pride,
Dreamt of his Death the Night before he dy'd:
Well was he warn'd from Battel to refrain;
But Men, to Death decree'd, are warn'd in vain:
He dar'd the Dream, and by his fatal Foe was slain.
Dryd. Chauc. The Cock and the Fox.

As famish'd Men, whom pleasing Dreams delude,
Seem to grow full, with their imagin'd Food;
Appease their Hunger, and indulge their Taste
With fansy'd Dainties, while their Visions last;
Till some rude Hand breaks up the flatt'ring Scene;
Awaken'd, with Regret, they starve again. Hopk.

As when, asleep, in Dreams we think we run,
Yet, fainting, fall, before the Race begun:
In vain we strive; in vain we think we cry;
Strength fails our Limbs; nor Tongue our Voice supply.
Laud. Virg.

Thus gentle Dreams our waking Thoughts pursue;
And, one Dream pass'd, we slide into a new:
So close they follow, such wild Order keep,
We think our selves awake, and are asleep. Dryd.

——— When th' Eyes, with Sleep oppress'd,
And all the Body lies dissolv'd in Rest;
The Members seem awake; and, vig'rous still,
Now o'er a Plain, now Flood, or shady Hill,
They seem to move; and, ev'n in darkest Nights,
They think they see the Sun diffuse his Light;
They see him chace the frighted Shades away,
And clear a Passage for approaching Day:
They seem to hear a Voice, tho' all around
Deep Silence stands, nor hears the weakest Sound. (Lucr. Creech.

——————— Dark Dreams,
Sick Fansy's Children, have been over-busy,
And all the Night play'd Farces in my Brain;
But 'twas th' Effect of my distemper'd Blood,
And, when the Health's disturb'd, the Mind's uneasy. (Orph. Otw.

We always dream: the Life of Man's a Dream,
In which fresh Tumults agitate his Breast;
Till the kind Hand of Death unbolts the Bars,
Which clog'd the noble and aspiring Soul:
Then, then we truly wake. Hig. Gen. Conq.

Then all the Past will like a Vision seem,
Whose Images, confus'd, perplex the Brain,
And with convulsive Terrours fright the Mind:
But, when the chearful Morn calls up the Day,
We wake with Joy to find it but a Dream. Hig. Gen. Conq.

O Then

O Night, more pleasing than the brightest Day,
When Fansy gives what Absence takes away;
And, dress'd in all its visionary Charms,
Restores my fair Deserter to my Arms!
But when with Day the sweet Delusions fly,
And all Things wake to Life and Joy, but I;
As if once more forsaken, I complain,
And close my Eyes to dream of you again. **Pope. Ovid.**

——— ——— Shroud thy hated Light,
Thou rising Sun, nor summon with such Speed
Th'o'erlabour'd World to Toils of a new Day:
Why, flatter'd Mortals, will you wake to Cares,
When Sleep in kind Delusion may divert
Your pensive Mind with pleasing Images?
A Dream sets free the Captive; can restore
Lost Fields to Soldiers; to wreck'd Merchants Wealth.
In Dreams the Exile visits his sweet Home,
And, o'er the sparkling Bowl relates at large
His past Distresses to his wond'ring Friends:
The Lover too, the sad forsaken Lover,
May dream, and feign the faithless Mistress true. **Tate L. Gen.**

Beneath a Myrtle Shade,
Which Love for none but happy Lovers made,
I slept; and strait my Love before me brought
Phillis, the Object of my waking Thought:
Undress'd she came my Flames to meet,
While Love strow'd Flow'rs beneath her Feet;
Flow'rs, which, so press'd by her, became more sweet.
From the bright Vision's Head
A careless Veil of Lawn was loosely spread:
From her white Temples fell her shaded Hair,
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too brown, nor fair:
Her Hands, her Lips, did Love inspire;
Her ev'ry Grace my Heart did fire;
But most her Eyes, which languish'd with Desire.
Ah, charming Fair, said I,
How long can you my Bliss and yours deny?
By Nature and by Love this lonely Shade
Was for Revenge of suff'ring Lovers made:
Silence and Shade with Love agree:
Both shelter you, and favour me:
You cannot blush, because I cannot see.
No, let me die, she said,
Rather than lose the spotless Name of Maid:
Faintly methought she spoke; for, all the while,
She bid me not believe her with a Smile.

Then

Then die, said I; she still deny'd.
And is it thus, thus, thus, she cry'd,
You use a harmless Maid? and so she dy'd.
I wak'd, and strait I knew,
I lov'd so well, it made my Dream prove true:
Fansy, the kinder Mistress of the two,
Fansy had done, what Phillis would not do.
Ah! cruel Nymph, cease your Disdain;
While I can dream, you scorn in vain:
Asleep or waking, you must ease my Pain. Dryd. Conq. of Gran. p. 1.

O Sea-born Goddess, with thy wanton Boy!
Was ever such a charming Scene of Joy?
Such perfect Bliss! such ravishing Delight!
Ne'er hid before in the kind Shades of Night:
How pleas'd my Heart! in what sweet Raptures tost!
Ev'n Life it self in the soft Combate lost!
While breathless he on my heav'd Bosom lay,
And snatch'd the Treasures of my Soul away. Harv. Ovid.

The Vision did such quick Delight dispense,
I sometimes doubt if Fansy were not Sense:
I felt, perfectly felt, what I adore;
The God-like Touch gave Bliss, unknown before;
Th' immortal Pleasure ran thro' all my Frame,
Thro' all my Bones, and inmost Marrow came,
That melted, and ran pouring down before th' impetuous Flame.
Denn. Ovid.

Gods, what a Scene of Joy was that! How fast
I clasp'd the Vision to my panting Breast!
With what fierce Bounds I sprung to meet my Bliss,
While my rapt Soul flew out in ev'ry Kiss!
Till breathless, faint, and softly sunk away,
I all dissolv'd in reeking Pleasures lay!
How sweet is the Remembrance yet! tho' Night
Too hasty fled, driv'n on by envious Light. Oldh. Ovid.

The Shadow drawn so lively did appear,
As made him think the real Substance there:
Then was he blest, all Rapture, stunn'd with Joy,
Excess of Pleasure did his Bliss destroy.
He thought her naked, soft and yielding Waste
Within his pressing Arms lay folded fast:
Nor was it only Dream:
For how could Pleasure to such Raptures flow?
Th' Effect was real: then the Cause was so.
Thus Bliss is real, which the Fansy frames,
Or these, call'd real Joys, are only Dreams. Farq.

DRONE.

The lab'ring Bee, when his sharp Sting is gone,
Forgets his golden Work, and turns a Drone. Dryd.
The lazy Drones, without their Share of Pain,
In Winter Quarters free, devour the Grain. Dryd. Virg.
Like lazy Drones, that feed on others Labours,
And fatten with the Fruits they never toil'd for. Otw. C. Mar.

DROWNING.

He, in the gen'ral Rout,
Mistook a swelling Current for a Ford;
And in Mocazer's Flood was seen to rise:
Thrice was he seen; at length his Courser plung'd,
And threw him off: the Waves whelm'd over him,
And, helpless in his heavy Arms, he drown'd. Dryd. D. Seb.
Like some despairing Wretch,
That boldly plunges in the frightful Deep,
Then pants, and struggles with the whirling Waves,
And catches ev'ry slender Reed to save him. Smith Phæd. & (Hip.

DRUNK.

—— When Wine's quick Force has pierc'd the Brain,
And the brisk Heat's diffus'd thro' ev'ry Vein;
Why do the Members all grow dull and weak;
The Tongue not with its usual Swiftness speak;
The Eye-balls swim; the Legs not firm and strait,
But bend beneath the Bodies nat'ral Weight:
Unmanly Quarrels, Noise, and Sobs deface,
The Pow'rs of Reason, and usurp their Place. Creech Lucr.

DRUID.

They teach, that Souls, from fleshly Chains unbound,
Seek not pale Shades, and Erebus profound;
But, fleeting hence, to other Regions stray,
Once more to mix with animated Clay:
Hence Death's a Gap, if Men may trust the Lore,
'Twixt Lives behind, and Ages yet before:
A blest Mistake! which Fate's dread Pow'r disarms,
And spurs its Vot'ries on to War's Alarms:
Lavish of Life, they rush with fierce Delight
Amidst the Legions, and provoke the Fight;
O'ermatching Death, and freely cast away
The Loan of Life, the Gods are bound to pay. ——

DUN.

DUN.

Thus while my joyleſs Hours I ling'ring ſpend ;
With Looks demure, and ſilent Pace, a Dun,
Horrible Monſter! hated by Gods and Men,
To my aerial Cittadel aſcends,
With vocal Heel, thrice thund'ring at my Gates,
With hideous Accent thrice he calls. I know
The Voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn Sound ;
What ſhou'd I do, or whither run? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark Receſs I fly
Of Wood-hole ; ſtrait, my briſtling Hair erect,
My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech,
So horrible he ſeems! His faded Brow,
Intrench'd with many a Frown, and conick Beard,
And ſpreading Band, admir'd by modern Saints,
Diſaſtrous Acts forebode: In his right Hand
Long Scrowls of Paper ſolemnly he waves,
With Characters and Figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to Mortal Eyes! Ye Gods, avert
Such Plagues from righteous Men. Phil.

DWARF.

Deſign, or Chance makes others wive,
But Nature did this Match contrive ;
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As ſhe deny'd her little Bed
To him, for whom Heav'n ſeem'd to frame,
And meaſure out this only Dame.
Thrice happy is that humble Pair,
Beneath the Level of all Care,
Over whoſe Heads thoſe Arrows fly,
Of ſad Diſtruſt, and Jealouſy ;
Secured in as high Extream,
As if the World held none but them.
To him the faireſt Nymphs do ſhow
Like moving Mountains, topp'd with Snow ;
And ev'ry Man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea ſeem :
None may preſume her Faith to prove,
He proffers Death, that proffers Love.
Ah, Chloris, that kind Nature thus
From all the World had ſever'd us ;
Creating for our ſelves us two,
As Love has me for only you! Wall. On the Marriage
(of two Dwarfs.

Courting.

Concerning a Fair Lady.

Giants, that durst invade the Sky,
By wrathful Pow'rs were doom'd to die:
Shall better Fate the [illegible] share,
Who dares attempt a heav'nly Fair?
Correct his Rashness, Powers divine,
You want not Lightning, [illegible]:
Strike this aspiring Mortal dead,
And make the Grave his Bridal-Bed.

D Y I N G.

When to the Margin of the Grave we come,
And scarce have one black painful Hour to live,
No Hopes, no Prospect of a kind Reprieve,
To stop our speedy Passage to the Tomb;
How moving, and how mournful is the Sight?
How wond'rous pitiful? How wretched our [illegible]?
Where then is [illegible], where a Comfort to be had,
In the dark Minutes of the dreadful Night,
To cheer our drooping Souls for their amazing Flight?
Feeble and languishing in Bed we lie;
Despairing to recover; void of Rest;
Wishing for Death, and yet afraid to die;
Terrours and Doubts distract our Breast,
With mighty Agonies, and mighty Pains oppress'd.
Our Face is moisten'd with a clammy Sweat,
Faint, and irregular the Pulses beat;
The Blood unactive grows,
And thickens as it flows,
Depriv'd of all its Vigour, all its Heat.
Our dying Eyes roul heavily about,
Their Lights just going out;
And for some kind Assistance call,
But Pity, useless Pity's all,
Our weeping Friends can give,
Or we receive;
The Tongue's unable to declare
The Pains, the Griefs, the Miseries we bear;
How insupportable our Torments are.
Musick no more delights our deaf'ning Ears,
Restores our Joy, or dissipates our Fears:
But all is Melancholy, all is sad,
In Robes of deepest Mourning clad;
For ev'ry Faculty, and ev'ry Sense
Partakes the Woe of this dire Exigence.

Our

Our Friends and Relatives stand weeping by,
    Dissolv'd in Tears to see us die,
And plunge into the deep Abyss of wide Eternity:
    In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve;
    Their Sorrows cannot ours relieve:
They pity our deplorable Estate;
    But what, alas! can Pity do,
    To soften the Decrees of Fate,
    Or cut off the Entail of Death?
Mournful they look, and crowd about our Bed;
    One, with officious Haste,
Brings us a Cordial, we want Sense to taste;
Another softly raises up our Head;
This wipes away the Sweat; that, sighing, cries,
See, what Convulsions, what strong Agonies
    Both Soul and Body undergo!
    His Pains no Intermission know;
For ev'ry Gasp of Air he draws, returns in Sighs:
    Each would his kind Assistance lend,
But still in vain with Destiny they all contend.
  The Soul, unable longer to maintain
    The fruitless and unequal Strife;
    Finding her weak Endeavours vain,
    To keep the Counterscarp of Life,
By slow Degrees retires towards the Heart;
    And fortifies that little Fort,
  With all the kind Artillery of Art;
  Botanick Legions guarding ev'ry Port:
  But Death, whose Arm no Mortal can repel,
    A formal Siege disdains to lay,
    Summons his fierce Battalions to the Fray,
  And in a Minute storms the feeble Citadel.
    Since our first Parents fall,
  Inevitable Death descends on all:
A Portion, none of human Race can miss;
But when th' impenitent and wicked die,
They feel amazing Terrors, mighty Pains,
As Earnest of that vast stupendous Woe,
Which they to all Eternity must undergo,
    Confin'd in Hell with everlasting Chains:
    Infernal Spirits hover in the Air,
Like rav'nous Wolves, to seize upon their Prey,
    And hurry the departed Souls away,
    To the dark Recepticles of Despair;
Where they must dwell till that tremendous Day,
When the loud Trump shall call them to appear,
Before a Judge most terrible, and most severe;

By

By whose just Sentence they must go
To everlasting Pains and endless Woe:
Which always are extream, and always will be so.
But the Good Man, whose Soul is pure,
Unspotted, regular, and free
From all the ugly Stains of Lust and Villany;
Of Mercy, and of Pardon sure,
Looks thro' the Darkness of the gloomy Night,
And sees the Dawning of a glorious Day;
Sees Crowds of Angels, ready to convey
His Soul, whene'er she takes her Flight,
To the surprizing Mansions of immortal Light:
Then the celestial Guards around him stand,
Nor suffer the black Demons of the Air
T'oppose his Passage to the promis'd Land;
Or terrify his Thoughts with wild Despair;
But all is calm within, and all without is fair:
And when his Soul's releas'd from dull Mortality,
She passes up in Triumph thro' the Sky;
Where she's united to a glorious Throng
Of Angels, who, with a celestial Song,
Congratulate her Conquest, as she flies along. Rosc.
Ere here thy Courage [illegible] thee to out-brave
All the flight Sorrows of the Grave:
Pale Death [illegible]
Ne'er shock'd thy Breast
Nor cou'd it in the dreadful'st Figure drest:
That ugly Skeleton may guilty Spirits daunt,
Whom the dark Ghosts of Crimes departed haunt:
Arm'd with bold Innocence thou couldst their Mormo dare,
And on the [illegible] King of Terrours stare,
As free from all its Effects, as from the Cause, of Fear.
Thy Soul so willing from thy Body went,
As if both parted by Consent:
No Murmur, no Complaining, no Delay,
Only a Sigh, a Groan, and so away.
Death seem'd to glide with Pleasure in,
As if in this Sense it'ad lost her Sting:
Like some well acted Comedy, Life swiftly pass'd,
And ended just so still and sweet at last:
Thou, like its Actors seem'd'st in borrow'd Habit here (beneath,
And could'st, as easily
As they do that, put off Mortality:
Thou did'st breathe out thy Soul as free as common Breath,
As unconcern'd as they are in a feigned Death. Old.
She fell, shook'd with a thousand Sighs;
And now the pleas'd expiring Saint,

Her

Her dying Looks, where new-born Beauty shines,
Oppress'd with Blushes, modestly declines;
While Death approach'd with a Majestick Grace,
Pleas'd to look lovely once in such a Face:
Her Arms, spread to receive her welcome Guest,
With a glad Sigh she drew into her Breast:
Her Eyes then languishing tow'rds Heav'n she cast,
To thank the Pow'rs that Death was come at last.
And, at th' Approach of the cold silent God,
Ten thousand hidden Glories rush'd abroad. Roch. Valent.
His drooping Lids, that seem'd for ever clos'd,
Were faintly rear'd, to tell me that he liv'd;
The Balls of Sight, dim and depriv'd of Motion,
Sparkled no more with that Majestick Fire,
At which ev'n Kings have trembled; but had lost
Their common useful Office, and were shaded
With an eternal Night. Rowe. Amb. Stepm.
He with a cold
And shaking Hand, just in the Pangs of Death,
Groan'd out a parting Sigh,
Fain wou'd have spoke, but faulter'd in his Speech
With undistinguish'd Sounds. Dryd. D. Seb.
Groaning he lay, and fetch'd long double Sighs; (P. Arth,
Whilst with thick Mists Death swims upon his Eyes. Blac.
His Eyeballs roul in Death
Behold the ling'ring Souls convulsive Strife, (of Gran. p. 1.
His thick short Breath catches at parting Life. Dryd. Conq.
——— ——— He then
Fail'd in his Speech, and rattled in his Throat;
Death o'er his Eyes did a thick Gloom display;
Enthron'd the Night, and dispossess'd the Day. Blac. Eliza.
Cold Death congeal'd his Blood within his Veins,
And clos'd his Eyes with everlasting Chains. Blac. P. Arth.
——— ——— The Agonies of Death are on her,
She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold Hand:
——— ——— In that Sigh fled her Soul,
And left her Load of Misery behind. Rowe. J. Shore.
Ha! She is going: see, her languishing Eyes (Theod.
Draw in their Beams, the Sleep of Death is on her. Lee.
Then iron sleep, in Darkness and in Death,
Clos'd his benighted Eyes ——— Broome. Hom.
She faints: pale Death seals up her sparkling Eyes,
While from her Cheeks the crimson Lustre flies. Laud. Virg.
I feel Death rising higher still, and higher
Within my Bosom: Ev'ry Breath I fetch,
Shuts up my Life within a shorter Compass;

And, like the vaniſhing Sound of Bells, grows leſs
And leſs each Pulſe, 'till it be loſt in Air. Dryd. Riv. Lad.
——— My Life is gone: that buſy Thing,
The Soul is packing up, and juſt on Wing,
Like parting Swallows, when they ſeek the Spring:
Like them, at its appointed Time it goes,
And flies to Countries, more unknown than thoſe. Dryd.
(Conq. of Gran. p. 2.

My Soul is on the Beach, and ſtrait muſt launch
Into th' Abyſs of the black Sea of Death:
But oh! he's come: cold Tyrant, I obey,
And hug thy Dart, that bears my Life away. Lee. Mithr.
The Malady, that's lodg'd within, grows ſtronger;
I feel the Shock of my approaching Fate;
My Heart too trembles at his diſtant March,
Nor can I utter more ——— Lee Theod.
——— The Hand of Death
Comes, like eternal Night, with her dark Wing,
To bar the comfortable Light for ever
From theſe my aged Eyes. ——— Lee. Mithr.
The Lamp of Life burns dimly in my Breaſt; (Job.
Soon from its beating Toil my weary Heart will reſt. Blac.
Already I am onward of my Way:
Thy tuneful Voice comes like a hollow Sound
At Diſtance to my Ears: My Eyes grow heavy; (Tamerl.
And all the glorious Lights of Heav'n look dim. Rowe.
While thou art ſpeaking, Life begins to fail;
And ev'ry tender Accent chills like Death.
——— ——— The Day declines
And the long Night prevails. ——— Rowe. Tamerl.
My Heart beats higher, and my nimble Spirits
Ride ſwiftly thro' their purple Channels round:
'Tis the laſt Blaze of Life: Nature revives,
Like a dim winking Lamp, that flaſhes brightly
With parting Light, and ſtrait is dark for ever. Rowe. Tam.
The peaceful Slumber of the Grave is on me:
Ev'n all the tedious Day of Life I've wander'd,
Bewilder'd with Misfortunes: ———
At length 'tis Night, and I have reach'd my Home:
Forgetting all the Toils and Troubles paſt,
Weary I lay me down, and ſleep for ever. Rowe. Tamerl.
Perceiving now the King of Terrours near,
Stung with Remorſe, and grip'd with conſcious Fear,
He drew in Throbs his interrupted Breath, (Eliza.
And, ſhudd'ring, felt the cold Embrace of Death. (Blac.
——— ——— He agonizing lay,
His Strength declining by a ſwift Decay!

Cold

Cold Sweats, deep Sighs, short, interrupted Breath,
Sadly presag'd the near Approach of Death:
His Heart its vital Labour scarce sustain'd,
And Life's dim Lamp a doubtful Flame maintain'd:
The dying Youth fetch'd deep redoubled Sighs,
And endless Night seal'd up his beauteous Eyes:
In Part his Beauty did the Youth survive,
In Part his Charms in Death remain'd alive:
So the gay Tulip and the sweet Jonkyle,
Cut by the Gard'ner's unrelenting Steel,
Lie, gawdy Ruin! smiling on the Ground,
Still with their lovely Hue and flow'ry Honours crown'd.
(Blac. Eliza.

Ev'n thus the Youth, altho' bereav'd of Breath,
Preserv'd a pleasing Look, and smil'd in Death:
So a young Deer, whose Front the sprouting Horn
With the first Velvet Honours does adorn,
Prais'd for his Beauty, for his Vigour fear'd,
At once the Pride and Envy of the Herd;
Ah! hapless Fate! by cruel Huntsmen slain,
Lies, lovely Victim! bleeding on the Plain:
So a young Cedar, whose conspicuous Head
The fragrant Groves on Mocha's Hills survey'd;
Which, strait and tall, the present Glory stood,
The Hopes and promis'd Guardian of the Wood;
Fell'd by the Steels untimely Stroke, descends,
And on the Ground his beauteous Limbs extends. Blac. Eliza.

Death, like a Frost on a too early Spring,
Steals on thy Blossoms. ——— How. Vest. Virg.

To die when thou art young,
Is but too soon to fall asleep,
And lie asleep too long. D'Aven. Siege of Rhodes.

When Tides of youthful Blood run high,
And Scenes of promis'd Joys are nigh;
Health presuming,
Beauty blooming,
Oh, how dreadful 'tis to die! Add. Ros.

But why do we thy Death untimely deem,
Or Fate blaspheme?
We should thy full ripe Virtues wrong,
To think thee young:
Fate, when she did thy vig'rous Growth behold,
And all thy forward Glories told,
Forgot thy Tale of Years, and thought thee old:
The brisk Endowments of thy Mind,
Scorn'd in the Bud to be confin'd
Outrun thy Age, and left slow Time behind:

Which

Which made thee reach Maturity ſo ſoon,
And, at firſt Dawn, preſent a full-ſpread Noon:
So thy Perfections with thy Soul agree,
Both knew no Nonage, knew no Infancy:
Thus the firſt Pattern of our Race began
His Life in middle Age; at's Birth a perfect Man. Oldh.

——— By Fate untimely torn,
This Hero blaſted in the Bloſſom lies:
The lovely Flow'r, hard Fate! but blows and dies:
Does it gay Honours to our Eyes diſplay,
And, while we praiſe its Beauty, ſinks away. Blac. Eliza.

E.

EAGLE.

The Bird that bears th' Artillery of Jove;
The ſtrong pounc'd Eagle. ——— Dryd. Ovid.

Doſt thou inſtruct the Eagle how to fly,
To ſcorn the low'r Air, and tow'r the Sky?
On ſounding Pinions borne, he mounts and ſhrowds
His proud aſpiring Head amongſt the Clouds:
Strong-pounc'd and fierce, he darts upon his Prey,
He ſoars in Triumph thro' th' Ethereal Way,
Bears on the Sun, and basks in open Day. Broome.

And as ſome Eagle, that deſigns to fly
A long unwonted Journey thro' the Sky,
Conſiders all the dang'rous Way before,
Over what Lands and Seas ſhe is to ſoar;
Doubts her own Strength ſo far, and juſtly fears
That lofty Road of airy Travellers;
Prunes ev'ry Feather, views her ſelf with Care,
At length, reſolv'd, ſhe cleaves the yielding Air;
Away ſhe flies, ſo ſtrong, ſo high, ſo faſt,
She leſſens to us, and is loſt at laſt. Norm.

As the ſtrong Eagle in the ſilent Wood,
Mindleſs of warlike Rage and hoſtile Care,
Plays round the rocky Cliff, or criſtal Flood,
'Till, by Jove's high Beheſts call'd out to War,
And charg'd with Thunder of his angry King,
His Boſom with the vengeful Meſſage glows:
Upward the noble Bird directs his Wing,
And, tow'ring round his Maſter's Earth-born Foes,
Swift he collects his fatal Stock of Ire,
Lifts his fierce Talon high, and darts the forked Fire. Prior.

Thus when the royal Eagle ſtoops to pair,
With a delib'rate Wing he beats the Air;
Views all the Queens of his heroick Race,
To judge whoſe Eyes deſerve imperial Grace:
But, having choſe, aloft his Empreſs bears, (Glory
To kiſs Jove's Feet, and know her kindred Stars. Lee.

Swifter than Lightning, downward tending,
An Eagle ſtoop'd of mighty Size,
On purple Wings deſcending:
Like Gold his Beak, like Stars ſhone forth his Eyes,
His ſilver plumy Breaſt with Snow contending vies. Cong.

So when Jove's Bird, on ſome tall Cedar's Head,
Has a new Race of gen'rous Eagles bred,
While, yet unplum'd, within the Neſt they lie,
Wary, ſhe turns them to the Eaſtern Sky:
Then if, unequal to the God of Day,
Abaſh'd they ſhrink, and ſhun the potent Ray,
She ſpurns them forth, and caſts them quite away.
But if with daring Eyes unmov'd they gaze,
Withſtand the Light, and bear the golden Blaze,
Tender ſhe broods them with a Parent's Love,
The future Servants of her Maſter Jove. Rowe. Luc.

The callow Eaglet wiſely takes his Reſt,
Safe in the Covert of a downy Neſt;
'Till, grown mature in Strength, he dares to fly;
Faces the glaring Sun, and tow'rs on high;
And bears the rattling Thunder thro' the Sky. Tick.

As when an Eagle high his Courſe does take,
And in his griping Talons bears a Snake;
A thouſand Folds the Serpent caſts, and high
Setting his ſpeckled Scales, goes whiſtling thro' the Sky;
The fearleſs Bird but deeper gores his Prey,
And thro' the Clouds he cuts his airy Way. Staff. Virg.

Lo! thro' the Skies the Imperial Bird of Jove
Flew on the Left, and in his Talons bore
A wounded Serpent, thro' th' etherial Way:
The Serpent hiſs'd, and fought in twining Folds,
Brandiſh'd his Tail, and ſhot his pois'nous Tongue,
And wounded, as he flew, the royal Bird:
Pierc'd with the Pain of the envenom'd Sting,
He dropt the Prey, ——
Then with a dreadful Cry he rent the Air, (Hom.
And clapt his ſounding Wings, and ſoar'd away. Broome.

So when an Eagle in his crooked Pounces,
Truſſes a tim'rous Hare, and takes her up;
Struggling ſhe mounts, and ſqueaks amidſt the Skies;
And, faſter than ſhe ran before, ſhe flies. Blac. P. Arth.

EARTH.

Behold the Ball of Earth, and Water mix'd,
Self-centred and unmov'd. Dryd. State of Inn.
——— The Earth's the Source of all;
And all, when cruel Death dissolves, return,
To Earth again; and she's both Womb and Urn. (Lucr. Creech.
——— The propitious Earth, who from her Womb
Pours needful Sustenance for Man and Beast. Broome. Hom.
See from her fertile Bosom how she pours
Verdant Conceptions; and, refresh'd with Show'rs,
Covers the Field with Corn, and paints the Mead with Flow'rs.
(Blac. Creat.

Now view the Earth in finish'd Beauty dress'd:
See, how sublime th' uplifted Mountains rise,
And with their pointed Heads invade the Skies!
How high the Cliffs their craggy Arms extend,
Distinguish States, and sever'd Realms defend!
How ambient Shores confine the restless Deep,
And in their ancient Bounds the Billows keep!
The hollow Vales their smiling Pride unfold;
Regard their lovely Verdure: ravish'd, view
The springing Flow'rs, of various Scent and Hue!
Not Eastern Monarchs, on their Nuptial Day,
In dazling Gold and Purple shine so gay,
As the bright Natives of th' unlabour'd Field,
Unvers'd in spinning, and in Looms unskill'd.
See, how the rip'ning Fruits the Gardens crown,
Imbibe the Sun, and make his Light their own!
See, the sweet Brooks in silver Mazes creep,
Enrich the Meadows, and supply the Deep;
While from their weeping Urns the Fountains flow,
And vital Moisture, where they pass, bestow:
Admire the narrow Stream, and spreading Lake,
The proud aspiring Grove, and humble Brake:
How do the Forests, and the Woods, delight!
How the sweet Glades and Op'nings charm the Sight!
Observe the pleasant Lawn, and airy Plain;
The fertile Furrows, rich with various Grain;
How useful all! How all conspire to grace,
Th' extended Earth, and beautify her Face! Blac. Creat.
So when the Earth long gasps for Rain,
If she at length some new Drops gain,
She's parch'd the more, more than at first,
That small Recruit encreas'd the Thirst. Orinda.

EARTHQUAKE.

Sick Nature, at that Instant, trembled round; (of Inn.
And Mother Earth sigh'd as she felt the Wound. Dr. State
As when Convulsions cleave the lab'ring Earth,
Before the dismal Yawn appear, the Ground
Trembles and heaves, the nodding Houses crash;
He's safe that from the dreadful Warning flies;
But he, that sees its op'ning Bosom, dies. Smith. P. and Hip.
The gaping Chasms, dreadful to the Sight,
Mingle the Day with subterranean Night;
Th' inclining Poles as wrench'd aside appear;
And diving Isles conceal themselves for fear. Blac. Job.
Thus Earthquakes kill without a Blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow. Hud.

ECHO.

Silenus sung: the Vales his Voice rebound;
And carry to the Skies the sacred Sound. Dryd. Virg.
As o'er the hollow Vaults we walk,
A hundred Echos round us talk,
From Hill to Hill the Voice is toss'd:
Rocks rebounding,
Caves resounding,
Not a single Word is lost. Add. Ros.
The pitying Rocks, the groaning Caves return
Their sad Complaints again, and seem to mourn:
The dancing Words from Hill to Hill rebound.
They all receive and all restore the Sound. Cr. Lucr.

ELEPHANT.

Such, by Getulian Hunters compass'd in,
The vast unwieldy Elephant is seen:
All cover'd with a steely Show'r from far,
Rowzing he shakes, and sheds the scatter'd War:
In vain the distant Troops the Fight renew;
And with fresh Rage the stubborn Foe pursue:
Unconquer'd still the mighty Savage stands,
And scorns the Malice of a thousand Hands. Rowe. Luc.

ELOQUENCE.

See, how resistless Orators perswade,
Draw out their Forces, and the Heart invade:
Touch ev'ry Spring and Movement of the Soul,
This Appetite excite, and that controul;
Their pow'rful Voice can flying Troops arrest,
Confirm the weak, and melt th'obdurate Breast;
Chace from the Sad their melancholy Air;
Sooth Discontent, and solace anxious Care:
When threat'ning Tides of Rage and Anger rise,
Usurp the Throne, and Reason's Sway despise;
When in the Seats of Life this Tempest reigns,
Beats thro' the Heart, and drives along the Veins;
See, Eloquence with Force perswasive binds
The restless Waves, and charms the warring Winds:
Resistless, bids tumultuous Uproar cease,
Recals the Calm, and gives the Bosom Peace. Blac. Creat.

O that my Tongue had ev'ry Grace of Speech,
Great and commanding as the Breath of Kings;
Sweet as the Poets Numbers, and prevailing
As soft Persuasion to a Love-sick Maid!
That I had Art and Eloquence divine! Rowe J. Shore.

——— ——— His weighty Sense (Ach.
Flows in fit Words, and heav'nly Eloquence. Dryd. Abs. &

——— ——— His Tongue was made
Smooth, soft, and fluent, fitted to perswade. Blac. P. Arth.

Words, sweet as Honey, from his Mouth distill'd. Dryd.

For winning Eloquence he was renown'd; (Hom
And sure Persuasion hung upon his Lips;
Sweet were his Words, and tunefully they flow'd. Br. Hom.

Whene'er he speaks, such Graces flow with Ease,
Strength to convince, and Elegance to please;
——— ——— The list'ning Thousand hung,
And bless'd the moving Accents of his Tongue. Trap.

——— ——— Th'attentive Throng,
Profoundly silent, all around me wait:
Like clust'ring Bees upon my Lips they hung,
And suck'd the Words, like Honey, from my Tongue:
My Speech upon them dropp'd like Summer Rain,
That falls from Heav'n upon the thirsty Plain. Blac. Job.

Now from his Seat arose Laertes' Son;
Look'd down a while, and paus'd ere he begun:
Then to th'expecting Audience rais'd his Look,
And not without prepar'd Attention spoke:

Soft was his Tone, and sober was his Face;
Actions his Words, and Words his Actions grace. Dr. Ovid.
——— —— The wond'rous Tale,
With such a Grace, his florid Tongue could frame,
The Story still was new, tho' still the same. Cong. Ovid.
He ceas'd; and, ceasing, with Respect he bow'd.
Heav'n, Air, and Ocean, rung with loud Applause;
And by the gen'ral Vote he gain'd the Cause:
Thus Conduct won the Prize, when Courage fail'd;
And Eloquence o'er brutal Force prevail'd. Dryd. Ovid.

ELYSIUM.

A fairer Scene now opens to your View;
An Earth more verdant, and a Heav'n more blue;
Another Phoebus gilds these happy Skies;
And other Stars with purer Flames arise.
The blissful Climes no Change of Ages knew;
The Golden first began, and still is new.
The Golden Age our World awhile could boast;
But here it flourish'd, and was never lost:
Perpetual Zephyrs breathe thro' fragrant Bow'rs;
And painted Meads smile with unbidden Flow'rs:
Flow'rs of immortal Bloom, and various Hue;
In the Recess of a cool sylvan Glade,
A Monarch Tree projects no vulgar Shade;
Encumber'd with their Wealth, the Branches bend;
And golden Apples to your Reach descend:
Spare not the Fruit; but pluck the blooming Ore;
The yellow Harvest will increase the more. Eusden. Claud.
——————— The gloomy Arbours,
The Grots and Mansions of the blessed Dead:
O blissful Prospect of a future State!
Delightful Ecstasie in Thoughts of Death!
Methinks, thro' all the vast and verdant Meads,
No Rose lies blasted, and no Myrtle fades,
But ever bloom,
Thro' all Elyzium, all the flow'ry Groves. Hopk. Pyrrhus.
There the brave Youth, with Love of Virtue fir'd,
Who greatly in his Countrey's Cause expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd: the firm Patriot there,
Who made the Welfare of Mankind his Care,
Tho' still by Faction, Vice, and Fortune crost,
Shall find the gen'rous Labour was not lost. Add. Cato.

EMBRACING.

Within each others Arms we'll ever rest;
Thy Eyes shall make my Days serene and bright;
Thy Arms, thus circling round me, bless the Night.
Lansd. Brit. Ench.

O let me press thee in my youthful Arms,
And smother thy old Age in my Embraces. Lee OEdip.
Thus let me grow to thee, too close for Fate to sever!
O let Death find me in these dear, dear Arms,
And, looking on thee, spare my better Part,
And take me willing hence. Dryd. Cleom.
Is it then given me to behold thy Beauties?
Those blushing Sweets, those lovely loving Eyes?
To press, to strain thee to my beating Heart,
And grow thus to my Love? Smith Phaed. & Hip.
I swear, I press thee with as hearty Joy,
As ever fearful Bride embrac'd her Man;
When from a Dream of Death she wak'd, and found
Her Lover safe and sleeping by her Side. Lee Theod.
——— Lock'd in each others Arms,
We'll lie for ever thus, and laugh at Fate. Lee L. J. Brut.
Thus let me rob the Fountains and the Groves;
Thus gird me to thee with the fastest Knot
Of Arms and Spirits, that would clasp thee thro';
Cold as thou art, and wet with Night's fall'n Dews,
Yet dearer so, thus richly dress'd with Sorrows,
Than if the Gods had hung thee round with Kingdoms.
Lee L. J. Brut.

O I will hold thee with these longing Arms;
Hold thee till Morn; and from that Morn till Ev'ning;
From Ev'ning to Mid-day; from Day to Night; (L. J. Brut.
From Night to Death: —— I'll clasp thee thus for ever. Lee
For ever thus, thus in each others Arms
Ages shall see us flourish. ——— South. Loy. Bro.
Thus in my Arms I'll hold thee
To my last Gasp, and grasp thee after Death. Lee Constant.
——— ——— Thus, my Chrusels, thus
Embrace me close, and join thy Lips to mine.
There's no Security in other Joys;
Here Happiness is rivetted alone;
Here nothing fades, nothing decays; the Sweets
Immortal are, and never cease to spring. Lansd. Her. Love.
Here let me hold thee ever in my Arms,
And all our Quarrels be but such as these,
Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace. Dr. D. Seb.
The Heart of Guise is rivetted to thine. Dr. D. of Guise.

So

So ſpake our gen'ral Mother, and with Eyes
Of conjugal Attraction unreprov'd,
And meek Surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our firſt Father; half her ſwelling Breaſt
Naked met his, under the flowing Gold
Of her looſe Treſſes hid: he in Delight
Both of her Beauty and ſubmiſſive Charms
Smil'd with ſuperior Love, as Jupiter
On Juno ſmiles, when he impregns the Clouds
That ſhed May-Flow'rs; and preſs'd her Matron-Lip
With Kiſſes pure. ——— ——— Milt. Par. Loſt.

His Wife beheld him, and with eager Pace
Flew to his Arms, to meet a dear Embrace:
Breathleſs ſhe flew, with Joy and Paſſion wild. Dryd. Hom.

No Gueſt ſo welcome to my longing Arms:
I ran, I flew to meet th'expected Boy
With all the Tranſports of unruly Joy:
Not with ſuch eager Haſte, ſuch fond Deſires,
The Traveller, when ſcorch'd by Syrian Fires,
To ſome well-ſpreading Beeches Shade retires. ——

He dearly graſps the Treaſure of his Soul;
Hangs on his Neck, and feeds upon his Form. Lee.

Then here, Oh! here, on his cold bloody Breaſt,
Thus let me breathe my laſt. ——
T' embrace thee now is not Immodeſty:
Or, if it were, I think my bleeding Heart
Would make me criminal in Death to claſp thee:
Break all the tender Niceties of Honour,
To fold thee thus, and warm thee into Life. Lee Theod.

——— ——— O let me preſs thee;
Pant on thy Boſom; ſink into thy Arms,
And loſe thy ſelf in the luxurious Fold. Rowe J. Shore.

EMPIRE.

All Empires on the Gods depend; (Roſc. Hor.
Begun by their Commands, at their Commands they end.

Empire muſt move apace,
When ſhe begins the Race. D'Aven.

Empire's like Heav'n, which who would bravely win,
Muſt, Giant-like, with high Aſſault begin. Lee Glor.

What is Command, for which we ſo contend;
Danger and Envy the high Charge attend; Cleop.
A few we pleaſe, and Multitudes offend. Sedl. Ant. &c.

Let no Man of his preſent Fortune ſwell;
The Fate of growing Empires who can tell? Ant. & Cleop.
We ſtand but on that Greatneſs, whence ſome fell. Sed.

This absolute Command, this Pow'r supreme,
This boundless Grandeur, this illustrious Title,
Believe me, Friends, is like a dazling Beauty,
That strikes the Sight; but, when enjoy'd, grows pall'd.
For in the Lust of Empire, oft 'tis found
High Hope much better than Fruition pleases. D'Aven.

Great Empires, like their Founders, mortal are,
And the sad Marks of Age and Sickness bear:
Their strong Foundations, mould'ring, wear away,
And, sapp'd by Time's devouring Teeth, decay. Bl. P. Arth.

Empire is safest moderately great, (Cleop.
And Deaths unseen still on Ambition wait. Sedl. Ant. &

——— ——— A falling State
Has always its own Errours join'd with Fate. Cowl. David.

Like Empires, to their fatal Height arriv'd,
They must be ruin'd by themselves alone. Dryd. Riv. Lad.

Nations and Empires flourish and decay;
By Turns command, and in their Turns obey:
Time softens hardy People; Time again
Hardens to War a soft, unwarlike Train.
Thus Troy for ten long Years her Foes withstood,
And, daily bleeding, bore th' Expence of Blood:
Now, for thick Streets, it shews an empty Space;
Or, only fill'd with Tombs of her own perish'd Race,
Her self becomes the Sepulchre of what she was.
Mycenæ, Sparta, Thebes, of mighty Fame,
Are vanish'd out of Substance into Name.
And Dardan Rome, that just begins to rise,
On Tiber's Banks, in Time shall mate the Skies;
Wid'ning her Bounds, and working on her Way,
Ev'n now she meditates Imperial Sway:
Yet this is Change; but she by changing thrives,
Like Moons new-born; and in her Cradle strives
To fill her Infant Horns: an Hour shall come, (Ovid.
When the new World shall be contain'd in Rome. Dryd.

Let others better mould the running Mass
Of Metals, and inform the breathing Brass;
And soften into Flesh a Marble Face:
Plead better at the Bar; describe the Skies,
And when the Stars descend, and when they rise:
But, Rome, 'tis thine alone, with awful Sway,
To rule Mankind, and make the World obey;
Disposing Peace and War thy own majestick Way:
To tame the Proud, the fetter'd Slave to free;
These are Imperial Arts, and worthy thee. Dryd. Virg.

ENJOYMENT.

Go, Love, thy Banners round the World diſplay,
And teach rebellious Mortals to obey:
Triumph o'er thoſe, who proudly ſlight thy Pow'r,
And make them, what they now deride, adore:
To conquer, only bid them, taſte and know;
And ſoon their fanſy'd Pleaſures they'll forego,
And ſoon acknowledge thee, the Lord of all below.
Oh! what a Rapture did my Soul ſurround,
When firſt I claſp'd her Body cloſe to mine!
'Twas more than Rapture all! 'Twas all divine!
Such Joys I knew, as Words want Pow'r to tell;
Joys, which the feeble Reach of Thought excel.
My Soul, ſurpriz'd at that Exceſs of Joy,
Unable to ſuſtain it, wing'd away,
Whilſt all intranc'd and extaſy'd I lay.
Where did my Soul in that ſhort Tranſport go?
Did it with willing Haſte to her depart?
It did; I'm ſure it did; and flutter'd round her Heart;
It heav'd, it trembled, and it panted there:
But all its weak Efforts to ſtay were vain;
A Kiſs reſtor'd the Fugitive again:
My Soul re-enter'd; we repeated o'er
A thouſand Joys, unknown to both before.
No Time ſhall paſs without that dear Delight;
I'll talk of Love all Day, and act it all the Night;
Pleaſure and I, as to one Goal deſign'd,
Will run with equal Pace, while Sorrows lag behind.
O that I had but Jove's unbounded Might,
To lengthen Pleaſures, and extend a Night!
Three trivial Nights ſhould not my Wiſh confine;
Whole Years themſelves, whole Ages ſhould combine,
To make my Joys as laſting, as divine:
Then would I lie encloſ'd within her Arms,
Fierce as my Love, and vig'rous as her Charms;
And both ſhould be, could I decree their State,
As fix'd, and as immutable as Fate:
Then wond'ring Mortals ſhould with Envy ſee,
That only thoſe were bleſs'd, who lov'd like me;
And Gods themſelves ſhould at my Bliſs repine,
And learn to mend their own imperfect Joys by mine.

O my Soul!
Whither, whither art thou flying,
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous Dying?

You tremble, Peleus; so do I;
Ah stay, and we'll together die:
My Soul shall take her Flight with thine.
Life dissolving in Delight,
Heaving Breasts, and swimming Sight,
Fault'ring Speech, and gasping Breath,
Symptoms of delicious Death:
My Soul is ready for the Flight. Lansd. Jew of (Ven.

Whilst Alexis lay prest
In her Arms he lov'd best,
With his Hands round her Neck, and his Head on her Breast,
He found the fierce Pleasure too hasty to stay,
And his Soul in the Tempest just flying away:
When Celia saw this,
With a Sigh and a Kiss,
She cry'd, Oh my Dear, I am robb'd of my Bliss;
'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done,
To leave me behind you, and die all alone.
The Youth, tho' in Haste,
And breathing his last,
In Pity dy'd slowly, while she dy'd more fast:
Till at length she cry'd, Now, my Dear, now let us go,
Now die, my Alexis, and I will die too.
Thus intranc'd they did lie,
Till Alexis did try
To recover new Breath, that again he might die:
Then often they dy'd; but the more they did so,
The Nymph dy'd more quick, and the Shepherd more slow.
Dryd. M. A-la-mode.

If for my self alone I would possess,
'Twere sensual Joy, and brutal Happiness.
When most we love, embracing and embrac'd,
The Particle sublime of Bliss is plac'd
In Raptures that we feel the ravish'd Charmer taste.
Lansd. Brit. Ench.

Close in my Arms, and languishing she lies,
With dying Looks, short Breath, and wishing Eyes.
Otw. Friendsh. in Fash.

O would'st thou meet my Warmth, when I dissolve
Into thy Lap, and give down all thy Love. Dryd. Amphit.

O there's a Joy, to melt in her Embrace,
Dissolve in Pleasures;
And make the Gods curse Immortality,
That so they could not die. Dryd. Don. Seb.

Not dying Saints enjoy such Ecstasies,
When they in Visions antedate their Bliss:

Not Dreams of a young Prophet are so blest
When holy Trances first inspire his Breast,
And the God enters there to be a welcome Guest.
Let duller Mortals other Pleasures prize,
Pleasures, which enter at the waking Eyes;
Might I each Night such sweet Enjoyments find,
I'd wink for ever, be for ever blind. Oldh.
O let me press these balmy Lips all Day,
And bathe my Love-scorch'd Soul in thy moist Kisses:
Now, by my Joys, thou art all sweet and soft;
And thou shalt be the Altar of my Love:
Upon thy Beauties hourly will I offer,
And pour out Pleasure, and blest Sacrifice,
To the dear Memory of my Lucina:
No God nor Goddess ever was ador'd
With such Religion as my Love shall be:
For, in those charming Raptures of my Soul,
Clasp'd in thy Arms, I'll waste my self away,
And rob the ruin'd World of their great Lord;
While, to the Honour of Lucina's Name,
I leave Mankind to mourn the Loss for ever. Roch. Valent.
Let her transport me with surprizing Bliss:
Help me, ye Pow'rs of Love, I faint! I die!
The Thought screws Nature to a Pitch too high:
Scarcely my Breast my flitting Soul retains,
Such Gusts of Pleasure hurry thro' my Veins!
One Touch of hers ———
More Blisses brings than pamper'd Prelates prove
In snatch'd Embraces of forbidden Love,
With eager Arms I clasp'd the lovely Maid;
My humble Thanks to mighty Love I pay'd; (Brown.
And, as I wanted nothing else, for nothing else I pray'd.
He, stifled in my Arms, shall lose his Breath,
And Life it self shall envious be of Death. Dryd. Auren.
When half denying, more than half content,
Embraces warm'd me to a full Consent; (Ovid.
Then with tumultuous Joys my Heart did beat,
And Guilt, that made them anxious, made them great. Dryd.
Now let us start, and give a Loose to Love,
Feast ev'ry Sense with most luxurious Pleasure,
Improve our Minutes, make them more than Years, (Stepn.
Than Ages; and ev'n live the Life of Gods. Rowe Amb.
Oh, let me sink upon thy gentle Bosom,
And, blushing, tell, how greatly I am blest!
Forgive me, Modesty, if here I vow,
That all the Pleasures of my Virgin-State
Were poor and trifling to the present Rapture.

A gen-

A gentle Warmth invades my glowing Breast,
And, while I fondly gaze upon thy Face,
Ev'n Thought is lost in exquisite Delight. Rowe Amb. (Step.
Fansy it self, ev'n in Enjoyment, is
But a dumb Judge, and cannot tell its Bliss. Dryd. Auren.
——— ——— Then ev'ry Glance imparts
The sweet Confusion of their meeting Hearts.
His Hand she can no more, nor he his Rage, restrain:
Nor Words their Way, nor broken Accents find;
More violent he grows, and she more kind.
The rising Raptures break their swelling Sighs,
And, breathless, in the Bridegroom's Arms she lies.
Her Fears are flown, she clasps the furious Boy,
Gives all her Beauties up, and meets the Joy. ———
——— O thou great Chymist, Nature,
Who draw'st one Spirit so divinely perfect,
Thou mak'st a Dreg of all the World beside. Lee Cæs. Borg.
O thou 'st Inspiration, Ecstasie and Transport, (Clev.
All the bewitching Joys that make Men mad. Lee P. of
——— Let me press thee in my Arms,
Tune of my Heart, and charmer of my Eyes:
Nay, thou shalt learn the Ecstasie from me;
I'll make thee smile with my extrav'gant Passion;
Drive thy pale Fears away; and, ere the Morn,
I swear, O Teraminta, O my Love,
Cold as thou art, I'll warm thee into Blushes. Lee L. J. Brut.
I'll steal into th' eternal Knot of Love
This Night: this Night shall tell thee how I love thee;
When Words are at a Loss, and the mute Soul
Pours out her self in Sighs and gasping Joys,
Life grasps, the Pangs of Bliss, and murm'ring Pleasures,
Thou shalt confess all Language then is vile, (Brut.
And yet believe me most without my Vowing. Lee L. J.
Come to my Breast thou Tempest-beaten Flow'r,
Brim-full of Rain, and stick upon my Heart:
O short-liv'd Rose; yet I some Hours will wear thee:
Yes, by the Gods, I'll smell thee till I languish,
Rifle thy Sweets, and run thee o'er and o'er;
Fall, like the Night, upon thy folding Beauties,
And clasp thee dead: then, like the Morning Sun,
With a new Heat kiss thee to Life again,
And make the Pleasure equal to the Pain. Lee L. J. Brut.
The lovely Maid lay panting in my Arms;
And all she said and did was full of Charms:
Winds, on your Wings to Heav'n her Accents bear,
Such Words as Heav'n alone is fit to hear. Dryd. Virg.

Strait a new Heat return'd with his Embrace,
Warmth to my Blood, and Colour to my Face:
Till, at the length, with mutual Kisses fir'd,
To the last Bliss we eagerly aspir'd,
And both alike attain'd what both alike desir'd. (Theoc. Dryd.

Oft in soft Battels have I spent the Night,
Yet rose next Morning vig'rous for the Fight,
Fresh as the Day, and active as the Light. Oldh.

For vig'rous Blood and fresh Recruits of Force,
Enabled languish'd Love to take the Field. Dryd. Amph.

So the kind Nymph, dissolving as she lay,
Expecting sigh'd, and chid the Shepherd's Stay:
When, panting to the Joy, he flew to prove
The Immortality of Life and Love. South. Disapp.

——— To known Delight they haste;
And, panting in each other's Arms, embrac'd:
Rush to the conscious Bed, a mutual Freight,
And heedless press it with their wonted Weight:
The thoughtless Pair, indulging their Desires,
Alternate, kindled, and then quench'd, their Fires.
Dryd. Bocc. Sig. & Guisc.

He saw the Queen, and from her conqu'ring Eyes
Thro' all his Veins the pointed Lightning flies:
Th' Almighty, soon dissolv'd with warm Desires,
Feels in his Blood those soft and tender Fires,
Which youthful Breasts inflame, when first they prove,
With Joy transported, the sweet Thefts of Love:
Thus, fir'd and ravish'd with her heav'nly Charms,
He snatch'd the yielding Goddess to his Arms:
The joyful Earth was pleas'd, and, smiling, spread
Her flow'ry Lap to form the fragrant Bed;
Pansies and Hyacinths were strew'd around,
And a new blooming Spring adorn'd the Ground:
Upon their naked Limbs, in gentle Show'rs,
A golden Cloud ambrosial Moisture pours.
At length the God, with Love and Sleep opprest,
Melts in her Arms, and sinks to pleasing Rest. Pope Homer.
Spoken of Jupiter and Juno.

——— He press'd her to his panting Breast;
The smiling Earth spread Beds of new-born Flow'rs,
Pansies, and Violets, and fragrant Roses,
And Hyacinths, beneath and round the Pair.
Conceal'd they lay in a bright Cloud of Gold:
The Heav'ns gave Signs of Joy; ambrosial Dews
Pour'd down their sweetest Influence; and the Air
Breath'd odorous, replete with rich Perfumes.
Thus the dread Father of the Gods and Men,

By

By Love and Sleep oppress'd on Ida's Height,
Reclin'd his Head, entranc'd on Juno's Bosom. Br. Hom.
——— Erminia stays;
Thy soft desiring Wife expects thy coming:
Busy in Thought, and hasty for the Hour,
She turns, and sighs, and wishes; counts the Clock;
And ev'ry Minute drags a heavy Pace,
Till thou appear, the Champion of thy Bed,
Arm'd at all Points, and eager for the Charge,
That calls her to the Combate of thy Love. South. Disapp.
And all those Joys insatiably to prove,
With which rich Beauty feasts the Glutton Love. ———
——— Oh I have slept, and dreamt,
And dreamt again. Where hast thou been, thou Loiterer?
Tho' my Eyes clos'd, my Arms have still been open'd,
Stretch'd ev'ry Way betwixt my broken Slumbers,
To search if thou wert come to crown my Rest:
There's no Repose without thee. —— Oh the Day
Too soon will break, and wake us to our Sorrow:
Come, come to Bed, and bid thy Cares Good-night.
Otw. Ven. Pres.

When will the dear Man come, that all my Doubts
May vanish in his Breast? that I may hold him
Fast as my Fears can make me; hug him close
As my fond Soul can wish; give all my Breath (Alex.
In Sighs and Kisses; swoon, die away with Rapture. Lee.
I found a Pleasure I ne'er felt before; (Clev.
Dissolving Pains, and swimming shudd'ring Joys. Lee P. of
——— Then haste, my Charmer,
Let's feast our famish'd Souls with am'rous Riot,
With fiercest Bliss attone for our Delay, (& Hip.
And in a Moment love the Age we've lost. Smith Phæd.
Burns not my Flame as brightly as at first?
Ev'n now my Heart beats high: I languish for thee;
My Transports are as fierce, as strong my Wishes,
As thou hadst never bless'd me with thy Beauty.
Rowe Fair Pen.

Once in a lone and secret Hour of Night,
When ev'ry Eye was clos'd, and the pale Moon
And Stars alone, shone conscious of the Theft,
Hot with the Tuscan Grape, and high in Blood,
Happ'ly I stole unheeded to her Chamber.
I found the fond, believing, love-sick Maid,
Loose, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of Wishes;
Fierceness and Pride, the Guardians of her Honour,
Were charm'd to Rest, and Love alone was waking:
Within her rising Bosom all was calm,

As

As peaceful Seas that know no Storms, and only
Are gently lifted up and down by Tides:
I snatch'd the glorious, golden Opportunity,
And with prevailing, youthful Ardour press'd her,
Till, with short Sighs, and murm'ring Reluctance,
The yielding Fair One gave me perfect Happiness;
Ev'n all the live-long Night we pass'd in Bliss,
In Ecstasies too fierce to last for ever;
At length the Morn and cold Indiff'rence came;
When, fully sated with the luscious Banquet,
I hastily took Leave, and left the Nymph
To think on what was past, and sigh alone.
I saw her soon again; Alas! too soon:
For Oh! that Meeting was not like the former:
I found my Heart no more beat high with Transport;
No more I sigh'd, and languish'd for Enjoyment:
'Twas past; and Reason took her Turn to reign, (Pen.
While ev'ry Weakness fell before her Throne. Rowe Fair

Hope with a gawdy Prospect feeds the Eye,
Sooths ev'ry Sense, does with each Wish comply:
But false Enjoyment the kind Guide destroys;
We lose the Passion in the treach'rous Joys:
Like the gay Silk-worm, when it pleases most,
In that ungrateful Web it spun, 'tis lost.
Fruition only cloys the Appetite;
More does the Conquest than the Prize delight.
Who most expects, enjoys the Pleasure most:
'Tis rais'd by Wishes, by Fruition lost. Yald.

Blessings when cheap, or certain, we despise:
From sure Possession what Desire can rise?
Love, like Ambition, dies as 'tis enjoy'd, (Ench.
By Doubt provok'd, by Certainty destroy'd. Lansd. Brit.

Thus therefore he, who feels the firy Dart
Of strong Desire transfix his am'rous Heart,
Whether some beauteous Boy's alluring Face,
Or lovelier Maid, with unresisted Grace,
From her each Part the winged Arrow sends;
From whence he first was struck, he thither tends:
Restless he roams, impatient to be free'd,
And eager to inject the sprightly Seed:
For fierce Desire does all his Mind employ;
And ardent Love assures approaching Joy:
Such is the Nature of that pleasing Smart,
Whose burning Drops distil upon the Heart:
The Fever of the Soul, shot from the Fair,
And the cold Ague of succeeding Care:

If absent, her Idea still appears,
And her sweet Name is chiming in your Ears:
But strive those pleasing Phantoms to remove,
And shun th' aerial Images of Love,
That feed the Flame: When one molests thy Mind,
Discharge thy Loins on all the leaky Kind:
For that's a wiser Way, than to restrain
Within thy swelling Nerves, that hoard of Pain:
For, ev'ry Hour, some deadlier Symptom shows;
And by degrees the gath'ring Venom grows,
When kindly Applications are not us'd:
The Scorpion Love must on the Wound be bruis'd.
On that one Object 'tis not safe to stay;
But force the Tide of Thought some other Way:
The squander'd Spirits prodigally throw;
And in the common Glebe of Nature sow.
  Nor wants he all the Bliss, that Lovers feign,
Who takes the Pleasure, and avoids the Pain:
For purer Joys in purer Health abound,
And less affect the sickly than the sound.
When Love its utmost Vigour does employ,
Ev'n then, 'tis but a restless wand'ring Joy:
Nor knows the Lover, in that wild Excess,
With Hands or Eyes, what first he won'd possess:
But strains at all; and, fast'ning where he strains,
Too closely presses with his frantick Pains:
With biting Kisses hurts the twining Fair;
Which shews his Joys imperfect, unsincere:
For, stung with inward Rage, he flings around, (Wound:
And strives t' avenge the Smart, on that which gave the
But Love those eager Bitings does restrain,
And, mingling Pleasure, mollifies the Pain.
  Nature for Meat and Drink provides a Space;
And, when receiv'd, they fill their certain Space:
Hence Thirst and Hunger may be satisfy'd;
But this Repletion is to Love deny'd:
Form, Feature, Colour, whatsoe'er Delight,
Provokes the Lover's endless Appetite,
These fill no Space; nor can we thence remove
With Lips, or Hands, or all our Instruments of Love:
In our deluded Grasp we nothing find,
But thin aerial Shapes, that fleet before the Mind.
Ev'n such as he enjoys, who drinks in Dreams;
His Thirst encreases 'midst the fansy'd Streams:
So Love with Phantoms cheats our longing Eyes,
Which hourly seeing never satisfies:

Our

Our Hands pull nothing from the Parts they strain,
But wander o'er the lovely Limbs in vain
Besides: ——— ———
They waste their Strength in the venereal Strife,
And to a Woman's Will enslave their Life:
Th' Estate runs out; and Mortgages are made;
All Offices of Friendship are decay'd;
Their Fortune ruin'd, and their Fame betray'd:
And in the Fountain, where their Sweets are sought,
Some bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the Draught.
First, guilty Conscience does the Mirrour bring;
Then, sharp Remorse shoots out her angry Sting;
And anxious Thoughts, within themselves at Strife,
Upbraid the long-mispent luxurious Life.
Perhaps the fickle Fair One proves unkind,
Or drops a doubtful Word, that pains his Mind,
And leaves a rankling Jealousie behind:
Perhaps he watches close her am'rous Eyes,
And in the Act of Ogling does surprize;
And thinks he sees upon her Cheeks the while,
The dimpled Tracks of some foregoing Smile;
His raging Pulse beats thick, and his pent Spirits boil.
This is the Product ev'n of prosp'rous Love:
Think then what Pangs disast'rous Passions prove:
Innumerable Ills; Disdain, Despair,
With all the meagre Family of Care:
Thus, as I said, 'tis better to prevent,
Than flatter, the Disease, and late repent:
Because to shun th' Allurement is not hard
To Minds resolv'd, forewarn'd, and well prepar'd:
But wond'rous difficult, when once beset,
To struggle thro' the Straights, and break th' involving Net.
(Dryd. Lucr.

ENSIGN.

Red was his Banner, and display'd abroad
The bloody Colours of his Patron God. Dryd. Chau. Pal. (and Arc.

His dreadful Streamer, like a Comet's Hair,
Threat'ning Destruction, hastens their Despair. Wall.

Wav'd by the wanton Winds, his Banner flies,
All Maiden-white, and fixes the Peoples Eyes. Dryd. (Chauc. Pal. and Arc.

In either's Flag the golden Serpents bear
Erected Crests alike, like Volumes rear,
And mingle friendly Hissings in the Air Dryd. Æn.

Their

Their bloody Ensigns all display'd appear,
And hold an am'rous Combat with the Air:
Loosely they fly, and, with a wanton Play,
Seem to salute the Sun-beams in their Way. Otw. Alcibiad.
——— ——— Like a tatter'd Ensign,
That's bravest, which there are most Rents in. Hud.

ENVY.

Envy's the Coward's Homage to the Brave ———
And Envy always stirs up base-born Minds,
To blacken whom they envy. Den. Rin. & Arm.
Envy still blasts that Fame it cannot share. D'Aven.
Envy, whose Tongue first kills whom she devours!
——— The pois'nous Snake,
Whose Breath blasts Maids, as innocent as Flow'rs. D'Aven.
And Envy still with Misery resides. Dryd.
Find Envy out: some Prince's Court attend;
Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd Fiend:
Or in Cabals, or Camps, or at the Bar,
Or where ill Poets pennyless confer,
Or in the Senate-house at Westminster. Garth.
Envy will Merit, as its Shade, pursue;
But, like a Shadow, proves the Substance, too:
For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing Body's Grossness, not its own:
When first that Sun too pow'rful Beams displays,
It draws up Vapours, which obscure its Rays:
But ev'n those Clouds at last adorn its Way,
Reflect new Glories, and augment the Day. Pope.

EPICURE.

Ah! Think, my Friends, how swift the Minutes haste!
The present Day intirely is our own:
Then sieze the Blessing e'er 'tis gone:
To Morrow; fatal Sound, since this may be our last!
Why do we boast of Years, and sum up Days?
'Tis all imaginary Space:
To Day, to Day is our Inheritance;
'Tis all penurious Fate will give:
Posterity 'll to Morrow live;
Our Sons crowd on behind, our Children drive us hence:
With Garlands then your Temples crown,
And lie on Beds of Roses down:
Beds of Roses we'll prepare;
Roses, that our Emblems are:

A

A while they flourish on the Bough,
And drink large Draughts of heav'nly Dew;
Like us they smile, are young and gay,
And like us too, are Tenants for a Day,
Since with Night's blasting Breath they vanish swift away.
Bring chearful Wine, and costly Sweets prepare:
'Tis more than Frenzy now to spare:
Let Cares and Bus'ness wait a while,
Old Age affords a thinking Interval:
Or, if they must a longer Hearing have,
Bid them attend below, adjourn into the Grave.
Then gay and sprightly Wines produce,
Wines, that Wit and Mirth infuse;
That feed, like Oil, th' expiring Flame,
Revive our drooping Souls, and prop this tott'ring Frame;
That when the Grave our Bodies has engross'd,
When Virtues shall forgotten lie,
With all their boasted Piety,
Honours and Titles, like our selves, be lost;
Then our recorded Vice shall flourish on,
And our immortal Riots be for ever known:
This, this is what we ought to do;
The great Design, the grand Affair below:
Since bounteous Nature then has plac'd us here,
That Man his Grandeur shou'd maintain,
And in excess of Pleasure reign;
Keep up his Character, and Lord of all appear. Yald.

EPILEPSIE.

Oft times with vi'lent Fits a Patient falls,
As if with Thunder struck; and foams, and bawls;
Talks madly, shakes, moves here and there, breathes short,
Extends, and tires his Limbs with antick Sport;
Like boist'rous Storms, which o'er the Ocean rave,
And raise white Curls upon the foaming Wave. Cr. Lucr.

ETEOCLES and POLYNICES.

Stung to the Soul, the Brother's part from Rest,
And all the Furies wake within their Breast:
Their tortur'd Minds repining Envy tears,
And Hate, engender'd by suspicious Fears;
And sacred Thirst of Sway; and all the Ties
Of Nature broke; and royal Perjuries;
And impotent Desire to reign alone,
That scorns the dull Reversion of a Throne:

Each

Their bloody Ensigns all display'd appear,
And hold an am'rous Combat with the Air:
Loosely they fly, and, with a wanton Play,
Seem to salute the Sun-beams in their Way. Otw. Alcibiad.
——— ——— Like a tatter'd Ensign,
That's bravest, which there are most Rents in. Hud.

ENVY.

Envy's the Coward's Homage to the Brave ———
And Envy always stirs up base-born Minds,
To blacken whom they envy. Den. Rin. & Arm.
Envy still blasts that Fame it cannot share. D'Aven.
Envy, whose Tongue first kills whom she devours!
——— The pois'nous Snake,
Whose Breath blasts Maids, as innocent as Flow'rs. D'Aven.
And Envy still with Misery resides. Dryd.
Find Envy out: some Prince's Court attend;
Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd Fiend:
Or in Cabals, or Camps, or at the Bar,
Or where ill Poets pennyless confer,
Or in the Senate-house at Westminster. Garth.
Envy will Merit, as its Shade, pursue;
But, like a Shadow, proves the Substance, too:
For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing Body's Grosness, not its own:
When first that Sun too pow'rful Beams displays,
It draws up Vapours, which obscure its Rays:
But ev'n those Clouds at last adorn its Way,
Reflect new Glories, and augment the Day. Pope.

EPICURE.

Ah! Think, my Friends, how swift the Minutes haste!
The present Day intirely is our own:
Then sieze the Blessing e'er 'tis gone:
To Morrow; fatal Sound, since this may be our last!
Why do we boast of Years, and sum up Days?
'Tis all imaginary Space:
To Day, to Day is our Inheritance;
'Tis all penurious Fate will give:
Posterity 'll to Morrow live;
Our Sons crowd on behind, our Children drive us hence:
With Garlands then your Temples crown,
And lie on Beds of Roses down:
Beds of Roses we'll prepare;
Roses, that our Emblems are:

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And impotent Desire to reign alone,
That scorns the dull Reversion of a Throne:

Each

Each wou'd the Sweets of sov'reign Rule devour;
While Discord waits upon divided Pow'r. Pope, Stat.

EVENING.

Now to the Foot of Heav'n's steep Precipice,
Ready to plunge into the deep Abyss,
The red-fac'd Sun had roul'd the sinking Day,
Shooting along the Plains a level Ray:
The loving Turtle, to his airy Nest,
Flies with his moaning Mate, to coo, and rest:
The tim'rous Hare steals from the Brake to feed;
And from the Yoke the lab'ring Ox is freed:
With strutting Teats the Herds come lowing Home;
And Beasts of Prey o'er Hills and Forests roam. Blac. P. Ar.
——— ——— At the Close of Day,
When Heifers seek their Stalls, and round a Rock. (Virg.
The bleating Lambs the hungry Wolves provoke. Creech.
——— ——— Th' Approach of Night,
The Skies yet blushing with departing Light,
When falling Dews with Spangles deck'd the Glade,
And the low Sun had lengthen'd ev'ry Shade. Pope.
While lab'ring Oxen, spent with Toil and Heat,
In their loose Traces from the Field retreat:
While curling Smokes from Village-tops are seen,
And the fleet Shades glide o'er the dusky Green. Pope.
But see! The Hills increasing Shadows cast;
The Sun, I ween, is leaving us in haste;
His weakly Rays but glimmer thro' the Wood,
And bluish Mists arise from yonder Flood. Phil.
And now advancing Night the Sky invades;
While, close pursu'd by the victorious Shades,
The Rays, which faintly from the Ground recoil,
On the green Fields let fall their pearly Spoil. Blac. P. Arth.
——— ——— See! the descending Sun,
Scatt'ring his Beams about him, as he sinks,
And gilding Heav'n above, and Seas beneath,
With Paint, no mortal Pencil can express. Hopk. Pyrrhus.
By this the Sun, declining from his Height, (and Arc.
The Day had shorten'd to prolong the Night. Dryd. Pal.
Now was the Sun in western Cadence low
From Noon; and gentle Airs due at their Hour
To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in
The Ev'ning cool. ——— Milt. Par. Lost.
The Bat has flown
His cloyster'd Flight, and to pale Hecate's Summons
The shard-born Beetle with his drowsy Hums

Has rung Night's yawning Peal ——— Shak. Macb. (Mac.
The West yet glimmers with some Streaks of Day. Shak.
Light thickens, and the Crow
Makes Wing to th' rooky Wood:
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EXAMPLE.

Envy the Glory of your Fathers Fame,
Their noble Actions should your Hearts inflame. Laud. Vir.
Let your bright Virtues Imitators draw;
Glorious Examples have more Force, than Law. Blac. P. Ar.
Ev'n good Examples may so great be made,
As to discourage whom they should perswade. D'Aven.

EXPECTATION.

How tedious are the Hours of Expectation;
When ev'ry Moment gives the Soul new Hope
Of mighty Joy, or Fear of mortal Woe. ———
She long expecting lay, for Bliss prepar'd,
List'ning for Noise; and, griev'd that none she heard,
Oft rose, and oft in vain employ'd the Key;
And oft accus'd her Lover of Delay;
And pass'd the tedious Hours in anxious Thoughts away.
(Dryd. Bocc. Sig. and Guisc.
And glowing Expectation paints her Face. Gay.
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His Look suspence. ——— Milt. Par. Lost.

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Experience 'tis, by whose true Eyes, tho' slow,
We find, at last, what, oft, too late we know. D'Aven.
(Playhouse to be let.
——— ——— ——— Be timely wise;
Do not the wholsome Words of Age despise;
For in the hoary Head Experience lies. Gay. Ovid.
Let Stoicks haughty Ethick Rules advance,
To combat Fortune, and to conquer Chance;
Yet happy those, tho' not so learn'd, are thought,
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Nor shake the Yoke, which galls the more 'tis shook. Creech

EXTREAM.

We hunt Extreams, and run so fast,
We can no steady Judgment cast:
He best surveys the Circuit round,
Who stands i'th Middle of the Ground:
That happy Man would let us see,
Knowledge and Meekness may agree;
And that, when each Thing has its Name,
Passion and Zeal are not the same. Orind.

EYE.

With her tempting Eyes begin,
Eyes, that might draw Angels in
To a second sweeter Sin.
Oh, those wanton rouling Eyes!
At each Glance a Lover dies:
Make them bright, yet make them willing;
Let them look both kind and killing. Norm. To a Painter.

O turn away those Basilisks, thy Eyes:
Th' Infection's fatal, and who sees them dies. Otw. D. Carl.

Oh! Indamora, hide those fatal Eyes: (Auren.
Too deep they wound whom they so soon surprize. Dryd.

O thou inhuman, turn thy Eyes away; (J. Shore.
And blast me not with their destructive Beams. Rowe.

Thy fatal Eyes my best Resolves betray;
My Fury melts in soft Desires away:
Each Look, each Glance, for all thy Crimes attone,
Eludes my Rage, and I'm again undone. Yald. Ovid.

——— Her Eyes resistless Magick bear;
Angels, I see, and Gods are dancing there. Lee. Sophon.

Their Glances could create a Day in Cells;
And kindle freezing Hermits into Dalliance. Tate. Loy. Gen.

Thy languid Eyes, that glow with humid Fires,
Declare too well thy Soul ——— Den. Rin. and Arm.

Shall I ne'er bask in her Eye-shine again;
Nor view the Loves, that play'd in those dear Beams;
And shot me with a thousand thousand Smiles. Lee. Alex.

There is Discourse in Eyes, Consent, Denial,
All understood by Looks. ——— Lee, Princess of Cleve.

She looks as if her very Eyes would speak. Lee Glor.

O there is wond'rous Eloquence in Eyes. Lansd. Her. Love.
Ev'n Eyes have Tongues, and Glances tell Desires. Dr. Ov.

She darted from her Eyes a side-long Glance,
Just as she spoke; and, like her Words, it flew;
Seem'd not to beg, what yet she bid me do. Dryd. Auren.

——— My

——— My Eyes won't lose the Sight of thee, (Pref.
But languish after thine, and ake with gazing. Otw. Ven.
——— ——— A dawning Joy
Shines in her Eyes, and revels in her Smiles. Lee. Const.
——— ——— Thy pleas'd Eyes send forth (of Maltha.
Beams brighter than the Star that ushers Day. Beaum. Kt.
——— ——— Methinks I see
Unusual Gladness sparkling in thy Eyes. Add. Cato.
Unruffl'd was his Front, serene his Eyes. Dryd. Virg.
Did'st thou not see
His sullen Eyes? how gloomily they glanc'd! Dr. Span. Fry.
Vex'd Palinurus comes: his Eye-balls roul
In Scouls, and shew the Anguish of his Soul. Laud. Virg.
——— ——— Ten thousand Fires
Shot from her angry Eyes. ——— Rowe. Fair. Pen.
——— ——— Your fierce Eye,
Which, like the Sun at Noon, none could behold,
But with a Snatch of Light, and then be dazled,
Now, like a cold and drowzy Winter-star,
Bears a bleak Brightness: —— O Decay of Lustre! Lee Mith.
Methought her Eyes
Grew larger, while a thousand frantick Spirits,
Seething, like rising Bubbles, on the Brim. (OEdip.
Peep'd from their wat'ry Brink, and glow'd upon me. Dr.
Could'st thou not find it in the gen'rous Truth,
Which sparkled in his Eyes, and open'd in his Face? Smith.
(Phoed. and Hip.
——— ——— Her glorious Eyes
Darken the starry Jewels of the Skies. D'Aven.
——— Eyes, that shone like Stars,
And shed around unsufferable Day. Broom. Hom.
Her Eyes, like Gems, by their own Light.
Betray'd their Value thro' the Gloom of Night. ———
All Eyes are fair,
That sparkle with the Jewels of a Crown. Dr. Maid. Queen.
Eyes, us'd to Darkness, cannot bear the Light. Dryd.
(Conq. of Gran.

F.

FACTION.

Faction's the hectick Feaver of a Court,
And reigns with Luxury, the Sire of Want: D'Aven.
Faction, a restless and repining Fiend,
Curdles the Blood, and gnaws upon the Mind:
Offspring of Chaos! Enemy to Form!
Who, raging, swells the World into a Storm:

She

She taught the Giants to attempt the Sky,
And Jove's avenging Thunder to defy:
'Tis she that wou'd on ev'ry vain Pretence,
Depose a true hereditary Prince:
That would Usurpers for their Treason crown;
'Till Time and Vengeance drag them headlong down;
And exil'd Monarchs reassert their rightful Throne. ——

Now Faction reassum'd her native Throne;
Which prostrate Fiends with awful Homage own:
A Crown of eating Flame her Temples bound,
Darting a blue malignant Radiance round:
An iron Sceptre in her Hand she bore;
Emblem of Vengeance and destructive Pow'r:
A bloody Canopy hung o'er her Head,
Where the four falling Empires are pourtray'd:
Monarchs, depos'd, beneath her Footstool lie,
And all around is Hell and Anarchy. ——

The several Factions, from the first Ferment,
Work up to Foam, and threat the Government:
Some, by themselves, more by their Friends, thought wise,
Oppos'd the Pow'r, to which they could not rise:
Some had in Courts been great, and, thrown from thence,
Like Fiends, were harden'd in Impenitence;
Some, by their Monarch's fatal Mercy, grown,
From pardon'd Rebels, Kinsmen to the Throne,
Were rais'd in Pow'r and publick Office high:
Strong Bands, if Bands ungrateful Men could tie. Dryd. (Abs. and Achit.

Sedition, thrown from Greatness, struggles still;
And, as it fails in Pow'r, abounds in Will. Trapp. ——

How easy still it proves, in factious Times,
With publick Zeal to cancel private Crimes. Dryd. Abs. (and Achit.

A secret Party still remains, that lurks
Like Embers rak'd in Ashes; wanting but
A Breath to blow aside th' involving Dust;
And then they blaze abroad. —— Dryd. Don. Seb.

—— I have a Faction still alive,
Strong to assist, and secret to contrive;
And watching each Occasion to foment
The Peoples Fears into a Discontent. Dryd. Conq. of Gran.

—— The Factious Crowd engage,
In their first Onset, all their brutal Rage;
Then let them take an unresisted Course;
Retire and traverse, and delude their Force:
But, when they stand all breathless, urge the Fight;
And rise upon them with redoubled Might:

For

For lawful Pow'r is still superiour found;
When long driv'n back, at length it gains the Ground.
(Dryd. Abs. and Achit.

While secret Envy, and while open Pride,
Among the factious Nobles Discord threw,
While publick Good was urg'd for private Ends;
And those thought Patriots, who disturb'd it most;
Then, like the headstrong Horses of the Sun,
That Light, which should have chear'd the World, consum'd it:
Now peaceful Order has resum'd the Reins;
Old Time looks young, and Nature seems renew'd;
Then, since from homebred Factions ruin springs, (& Cress.
Let Subjects learn Obedience to their Kings. Dryd. Troil.

FAIR.

——— ——— Fair
As a May-Morning rising from the East;
Or Day, dismounting from the golden West. Lee. Glor.
Fairer than falling Stars, or rising Light. Duke. Theod.
——— ——— As fair
As Virgins to their Lover's first Survey. D'Aven.
——— ——— He was so fair (of Jerus.
Men gaz'd with Envy, Women with Despair. Crown. Dest.
——— Fair as the Beams of Light. Yald.
At length there issu'd from the Grove behind
A fair Assembly of the female Kind:
A Train less fair, as antient Fathers tell,
Seduc'd the Sons of Heaven to rebel:
I pass their Form, and ev'ry charming Grace; (Pal. & Arc.
Less than an Angel wou'd their Worth deface. Dr. Chauc.
——— ——— They seem'd
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
Of fairy Damsels, met in Forest wide,
By Errant Knights.——— Milt. Par. Reg.

FAIRY.

About this Spring, if antient Fame say true,
The dapper Elves their Moon-light Sports pursue;
Their Pygmy King and little Fairy Queen
In circling Dances gambol'd on the Green;
While tuneful Sprights a merry Consort made,
And airy Musick warbled thro' the Shade. Pope.
So may the Stars, and shining Moon attend,

Your nightly Sports, as you vouchsafe to tell,
What Nymphs they were who mortal Forms excel,
And what the Knights who fought in listed Fields so well.
To this the Dame reply'd: Fair Daughter know,
That what you saw was all a Fairy Show:
And all those airy Shapes, you now behold,
Were human Bodies once, and cloath'd with earthly Mold.
Our Souls, not yet prepar'd for upper Light,
Till Doomsday wander in the Shades of Night:
This only Holiday of all the Year,
We privileg'd in Sunshine may appear:
With Songs and Dance we celebrate the Day,
And with due Honours usher in the May:
At other Times we reign by Night alone,
And, posting thro' the Skies, pursue the Moon:
But, when the Morning rises, none are found;
For cruel Demogorgon walks the Round,
And, if he finds a Fairy lag in Light,
He drives the Wretch before, and lashes into Night.
All courteous are by Kind; and ever proud
With friendly Offices to help the Good.
In ev'ry Land we have a larger Space,
Than what is known to you of mortal Race;
Where we with Green adorn our Fairy Bow'rs;
And ev'n this Grove, unseen before, is ours:
See you not her, so graceful to behold,
In white Attire, and crown'd with radiant Gold?
The Sov'reign Lady of our Land is she,
Diana call'd, the Queen of Chastity:
And, for the spotless Name of Maid she bears,
That Agnus-castus in her Hand appears. Dryd. Chauc.
(The Flower and the Leaf.

FAITH.

O Coward Faith! Religion's trembling Guide! D'Aven.

Faith is a Force for which there's no Defence,
Because the Reason it does first convince. Dryd. Tyr. Love.

A Faith, which still with Nature is at strife,
And looks beyond it to a future Life. Dryd. Tyr. Love.

Faith's necessary Rules are plain and few;
We many, and those needless, Rules pursue:
Faith from our Hearts into our Heads we drive;
And make Religion all contemplative. Dryd. Tyr. Love.

Faith is a Christian's and a Subject's Test:
O give them to believe, and they are surely blest. Dryd.
(of Gran. p. 2.

I will believe with hood-wink'd Eyes:
In Faith much Merit in much Blindness lies. Dryd. Conq.

I wou'd

I would believe; but yet my ſhaken Faith
Creeps to its Growth but ſlowly; like an Infant,
Forc'd to a haſty Birth before its Time:
Our Lives and our Devotions are but ſickly,
When aguiſh Doubt their growing Health controuls:
A ſhaken Faith's the Storm of tott'ring Souls.
How. D. of Lerma.

FALCON.

As when a Falcon from the airy Brow
Of ſome high Hill deſcries the Game below;
To truſs the Prey, ſo ſtrong, ſo ſwift he flies,
As if ſome Engine ſhot him thro' the Skies. Blac. K. Arth.

FALCONER.

A Falc'ner Henry is when Emma hawks;
With her of Tarſels, and of Lears he talks:
Upon his Wriſt the tow'ring Merling ſtands,
Practis'd to riſe, and ſtoop, at her Commands:
And when ſuperior now the Bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling Quarry down;
With humble Rev'rence he accoſts the Fair,
And with the honour'd Feather decks her Hair:
Yet ſtill, as from the ſportive Field ſhe goes,
His down-caſt Eye reveals his inward Woes;
And by his Look and Sorrow is expreſs'd
A nobler Game purſu'd, than Bird or Beaſt. Prior.

FALSE.

——— Falſe as th' adulterate Promiſes (Mar.
Of Fav'rites in Pow'r, when poor Men court them. Otw. C.
Falſer than Cowards when for Life they ſue. D'Av. Circe.
Falſe as a Falling-Star, or Glow-worms Fire. Suckl. Agl.
——— Falſe as the Tears of Crocodiles,
Or what is yet more feign'd. ——— Suckl. Sad One.
Legends of Saints, who never yet had Being,
Or being, ne'er were Saints, are not ſo falſe. Rowe Fair Pen.
'Tis mountainous to Faith; I'll not believe it: (C. Bor.
For Hell it ſelf ne'er teem'd with ſuch a Falſehood. Lee
But Falſehood is a Cure for ſtrongeſt Paſſions: (Her. Love.
Contempt ſucceeds; and, to Contempt, Averſion. Lanſd.
Falſehood and Fraud grow up in ev'ry Soil,
The Product of all Climes. ——— Add. Cato.

Complaints of FALSEHOOD.

Oh the bewitching Tongues of faithless Men!
'Tis thus the false Hyæna makes her Moan,
To draw the pitying Trav'ller to his Den:
Your Sex are so, such false Dissemblers all;
With Sighs and Plaints y' entice poor Women's Hearts,
And all, that pity you, are made your Prey. Otw. Orph.

Oh, I will sooner trust a Crocodile,
When he sheds Tears; for he kills suddainly,
And ends our Cares at once; or any thing
That's evil to our Natures, than a Man:
I find there is no End of his Deceivings,
Nor no avoiding them, if we give Way. Beaum. Capt.

Ye sacred Pow'rs, whose gracious Providence
Is watchful for our Good, guard me from Men,
From their deceitful Tongues, their Vows and Flatteries;
Still let me pass neglected by their Eyes:
Let my Bloom wither, and my Form decay,
That none may think it worth his while to ruin me,
And fatal Love may never be my Bane. Rowe Fair Pen.

Let Ignominy brand thy hated Name:
Let modest Matrons at thy Mention start;
And blushing Virgins, when they read our Annals,
Skip o'er the guilty Page, that holds thy Legend,
And blots the noble Work. Shak. Troil. & Cres.

False, as thou art, and, more than false, forsworn;
Not sprung from noble Blood; nor Goddess-born;
But hewn from harden'd Entrails of a Rock;
And rough Hyrcanian Tigers gave thee Suck:
Why should I fawn? What worse have I to fear?
Did he once look, or lent a list'ning Ear?
Sigh'd when I sobb'd, or shed one kindly Tear?
All Symptoms of a base degen'rate Mind;
So foul, that, which is worse, 'tis hard to find:
Of Man's Injustice why should I complain?
The Gods and Jove himself behold in vain
Triumphant Treason; yet no Thunder flies:
Nor Juno views my Wrongs with equal Eyes:
Faithless is Earth, and faithless are the Skies.
Justice is fled; and Truth is now no more. Dryd. Virg.

——— Tho' he has
Undone me ever; but to hear his Name,
Awakes my dying Spirit from the Grave,
Dispels my Grief, and charms me into Joy:
O then speak on; ———

Delude me from my Miseries a while:
Tell me some Story of my perjur'd Dear,
Tell me he lives; is happy, while I sigh
My Spirits out in Thanks, and die in Peace. South. Loy. (Bro.
O lead me to that dear protesting Creature,
That perfect Image of betraying Man:
For he will swear, and talk such melting Things,
Sigh such a trembling Story of his Love,
Look such a Soul of Passion from his Eyes,
And all with such unpractis'd Innocence,
That should the Sex of Womankind stand by,
As Witnesses of my injurious Usage,
And but to hear him talk, as I have done,
The coldest sure would venture her undoing. South. Loy. (Bro.

Compar'd to him that does refuse,
A Tiger's kind; for he pursues:
To be forsaken's worse than torn,
And Death a lesser Ill than Scorn.
No Forest, Cave, or savage Den,
Holds more pernicious Beasts than Men:
Vows, Oaths and Contracts, they devise,
And tell us, they are sacred Ties:
And so they are in our Esteem;
But empty Names, despis'd by them.
Women with study'd Arts they vex:
Ye Gods! destroy that impious Sex;
And, if there must be some t'invoke
Your Pow'rs, and make your Altars smoke,
Come down your selves, and, in their Place,
Get a more just and nobler Race;
Such as the old World did adorn,
When Heroes, like your selves, were born.
Wall. Maids Tragedy.

She's lost! she's gone! The Beauty of the Earth,
All that in Woman could be Virtue call'd
Is lost; corrupted are our noble Faculties;
The Temper of her Soul is quite infected:
Inconstancy —— —— ——
Has spotted all her white, her Virgin Beauties. Lee Mithr.
Would you believe it? Scarce can I my self:
O Heav'ns! And, O ye ever burning Lamps,
Who from your Orbs at Midnight have beheld
Our Flames, that kindled bright and chaste as yours,
Which of you all, which most malignant Star,
Shew me that envious Fire, that cross'd our Loves,
That I may curse him from his fatal Sphere? Lee Mithr.

Semandra, my most fair, dear, gentle Mistress;
That sweet protesting Creature, that pure Whiteness,
Where I so deep had writ my Vows in Blood,
Is false to me; and that eternal Bond of Oaths,
Committed to her keeping, now is cancell'd:
Ev'n her fair Hand, the Seal of all my Love,
Her Hand has giv'n her faithless Heart away. Lee Mithr.
False, false as Waters, Winds, or wand'ring Fires:
She is more false than Woman can believe:
Me she receiv'd, as if she ne'er had seen me;
Quite alter'd, quite estrang'd, reserv'd and cold,
With all the Coyness of a base-born Beauty:
Nought else could speak her to my Sense the same,
Oh! Nothing, but the Face of my Semandra. Lee. Mithr.
If she be false, she is no longer fair. Lee. Mithr.
Hear this, ye Pow'rs; mark how the fair Deceiver
Sadly complains of violated Truth:
She calls me false; ev'n she, the faithless she,
Whom Day and Night, whom Heav'n and Earth have heard,
Sighing, to weep and tenderly protest,
Ten thousand Times, she would be only mine:
And yet, behold, she'as giv'n her self away,
Fled from my Arms, and wedded to another. Rowe Fair Pen.
——— ——— Some far Place:
Where never Womankind durst set her Foot,
For bursting with her Poisons, must I seek,
And live to curse you ——— ———
There dig a Grave, and preach to Birds and Beasts,
What Woman is, and help to save them from you.
How Heav'n is in your Eyes, but in your Hearts
More Hell than Hell has: How your Tongues, like Scorpions,
Both heal and poison: how your Thoughts are woven
With thousand Changes in one subtle Web,
And worn so by you: how that foolish Man
That reads the Story of a Woman's Face,
And dies believing it, is lost for ever:
How all the Good you have, is but a Shadow,
In th' Morning with you, and at Night behind you,
Past and forgotten: How your Vows are Frosts,
Fast for a Night, and with the next Sun gone. Beau. Philas.
Is this Armida! the gentle kind Armida?
Soft as the Breezes of a vernal Morn;
And mild as Infants newly rock'd to sleep:
Such, such I left her: Oh, but now how chang'd!
I seem some poor Knight-Errant in Romance,
Who, Battels won, and monstrous Giants slain,
Returns to lay his Trophies at her Feet,

Whose

Whose Smiles can only recompence his Toil:
When vile Inchanters the bright Virgin steal,
And, in her stead, some Fairy Elf convey. Hig. Gen. Conq.

Had she been true,
If Heav'n would make me such another World
Of one intire and perfect Chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it. Shak. Othel.

I'll never see him more, but to upbraid him:
Not, tho' he should repent, and strait return;
Nay, proffer me his Crown. —— No more of that.—
Honour too cries, Revenge, revenge thy Wrongs,
For 'tis Revenge so wise, so glorious too,
As all the World shall praise. —— This is the Course
Which Honour bids me take. But oh! permit me,
For I am yet all Tenderness; the Woman,
The weak, the fond, the mild, the coward, Woman,
Dares not look forth, but runs about my Breast,
And visits all the warmer Mansions there,
Where she so oft has harbour'd false Varanes:
Cruel Varanes! false, forsworn Varanes!
Therefore, alas! allow me ——
A little Time for Love to make his Way:
Hardly he won the Place, and many Sighs,
And many Tears, and thousand Oaths it cost him:
And Oh! I find he will not be dislodg'd
Without a Groan at parting hence for ever:
No! no! He vows, he will not yet be raz'd
Without whole Floods of Grief at his Farewel;
Which thus I sacrifice; —— And, Oh! I swear,
Had he prov'd true, I would as easily
Have empty'd all my Blood, and dy'd to serve him,
As now I shed these Drops, or vent these Sighs,
To shew how well, how perfectly I lov'd him! Lee Theod.

—— —— False as thou art,
Thou once wert Empress of my Soul; and I
Still drag thy Chains: Speak then, Semandra, speak:
For I am doz'd, so weary with complaining,
That I could stand, and listen to the Winds,
And think that Woman talk'd: observe the Rain,
And think that Woman wept: or, in the Clouds,
Behold Semandra's Form, still fleeting from me. Lee Mithr.

Yes, thou perfidious Maid, thou wretched Beauty,
Ziphares loves thee still: so well he loves thee,
That he will die to rid thee of a Torment.
Where are thy Vows? What! Harden'd! O my Stars!
So quickly perfect in the cursed Trade?
I shall go mad with the Imagination.

O Heart! tho' Heav'n had op'd the pregnant Clouds,
And seem'd with all the never-ending Gods,
To swear on Earth, Semandra had been false,
I would not have believ'd. ——— ———
Thou hast undone me: like a silver Frost,
Thou com'st upon the Flow'r of all my Youth,
To nip the tender Bud, and blast my Glory:
Yet, wicked as thou art, with Grief I feel,
My Soul looks after thee, and seeks thy Safety. Lee Mithr.

F A M E.

High at the Head of Fame; Fame, whose exalted Size
From the deep Vale extends, up to the vaulted Skies;
A thousand talking Tongues the Monster bears,
A thousand waking Eyes, and ever open Ears:
Hourly she stalks, with huge gigantick Pace,
Measuring the Globe, like Time, with constant Race. Cong.
What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the Age to come my own?
I shall, like Beasts, or common People, die,
Unless you write my Elegy.
Whilst others great by being born are grown,
Their Mother's Labour, not their own:
In this Scale Gold, in th' other Fame does lie;
The Weight of that mounts this so high.
Yet I must on. What Sound is't strikes my Ear?
Sure I Fame's Trumpet hear:
It sounds like the last Trumpet: for it can
Raise up the bury'd Man. Cowl.
What art thou, Fame, for which so eagerly we strive?
What art thou but an empty Shade,
By the Reflexion of our Actions made?
Thou, unlike others, never follow'st us alive;
But, like a Ghost, walk'st only after we are dead.
Posthumous Toy! Vain After-Legacy,
Which only ours can be,
When we our selves no more are We.
Fickle as vain! thou do'st on vulgar Breath depend,
Which we by dear Experience find (Oldh.
More changeable, more veering than th' unconstant Wind.
Thus I complain'd, and strait the Muse reply'd,
That she had giv'n me Fame:
Bounty immense! and that too must be try'd,
When I my self am nothing but a Name. Cowl.
Fame, due to vast Deserts, is kept in Store,
Unpaid, till the Deserver is no more. Cong.

Nor

Nor shall our Names or Memories survive:
Alas! no Part of Man can live;
The empty Blasts of Fame shall die,
And ev'n those Nothings taste Mortality:
In vain, to future Ages we transmit
Heroick Acts, and Monuments of Wit:
In vain we dear-bought Honours leave,
To make our Ashes gay, and furnish out a Grave.
Ah treach'rous Immortality!
For thee, our Stock of Youth we waste,
And urge on Life, that ebbs too fast:
To purchase thee with Blood the Valiant fly,
And to survive in Fame the Great and Glorious die:
Lavish of Life, they squander this Estate,
And for a poor Reversion wait:
Bankrupts and Misers to themselves they grow,
Imbitter wretched Life with Toils and Woe, (Yald.
To hoard up endless Fame they know not where or how.
Will future Fame my present Ills relieve?
And what is Fame, that flatt'ring, noisy Sound,
But the bold Lie of universal Vogue?
Thousands of Men fall in the Field of Honour,
Whose glorious Deeds die in inglorious Silence;
Whilst vaunting Cowards, favour'd by blind Fortune,
Reap all the Fruit of their successful Toils, (Par.
And build their Fame upon their noble Ruins. Smith P. of
A gen'rous Ardour boils within my Breast,
Eager of Action, Enemy to Rest;
This urges me to fight, and fires my Mind
To leave a memorable Name behind:
The Thing call'd Life, with Ease I can disclaim,
And think it over-sold to purchase Fame. Dryd. Virg.
Why are we honour'd, Glaucus, by the Lycians,
With Seats superior, and with larger Bowls?
Why do they worship us like awful Gods,
And consecrate to us peculiar Grounds,
Where wanton Xanthus feeds the fruitful Plains?
Is it not, Glaucus, that, above the rest,
We should shine forth conspicuous in the War,
The first in Danger, as the first in Honour?
Then shall the gen'rous Lycians speak aloud,
Our Fame and Worth, and thus applauding say:
It is with Reason that our Godlike Kings
Feed on the choicest of our fatten'd Flocks,
And ever drink our most delicious Wines;
Since thus unterrify'd they rush to Arms,
To meet the Dangers of the bloody Day.

Should we, O Glaucus, when this Storm is pass'd,
For ever bloom in the gay Flow'r of Youth;
Nor feel the various Miseries of Age;
I would not tempt the Fury of the Fight,
Nor prompt my Friend to such a Train of Dangers,
To purchase Glory at the Price of Life.
But since the Fates disclose a thousand Ways,
All leading to Varieties of Death,
Thro' which we all, or soon, or late, must pass,
Let us the noblest tread; and by our Deeds,
Lengthen the narrow Span, with deathless Fame.
Broome Hom. Spoken by Sarpedon.

Fame, like a little Mistress of the Town,
Is gain'd with ease; but then she's lost as soon:
For, as those tawdry Misses, soon or late,
Jilt such as keep them at the highest Rate.
So Fame is false to all that keep her long,
And turns up to the Fop, that's brisk and young.
Some wiser Poet now would leave Fame first;
But elder Wits are, like old Lovers, curst;
Who, when the Vigour of their Youth is spent,
Still grow more fond, as they grow impotent. Dryd.

Fame seldom is acquainted with the Young,
And weary grows of those who live too long. D'Aven.

Be thou the first true Merit to befriend:
His Praise is lost, who stays till all commend:
Short is the Date, alas! of modern Rhymes;
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes:
No longer now that golden Age appears,
When Patriarch-Wits surviv'd a thousand Years:
Now Length of Fame, our second Life, is lost;
And bare Threescore is all ev'n that can boast. Pope.

Common Fame.

There's not a Thing on Earth, that I can name,
So foolish, or so false, as common Fame:
It calls the Courtier Knave; the plain Man rude;
Haughty the Grave, and the Delightful lewd;
Impertinent the brisk; morose the sad;
Mean the familiar; the reserv'd one mad:
Poor helpless Woman is not favour'd more;
She's a sly Hypocrite, or publick Whore. Roch.

As Whimsies guide the Gossip rattles,
Of Wits, of Beauties, and of Battels,
To Day the Warriour's Brow she crowns,
For naval Spoils, and taken Towns:

To

To Morrow all her Spite she rallies,
And sends the Victor to the Gallies
Then who'd on common Fame rely,
Whose chief Employment's to decry. ——

FAMINE.

Now ling'ring Famine wastes our Strength,
And tires afflicted Life with Length. D'Av. Siege of Rhodes.
Famish'd with Want, we Wilds and Desarts tread,
And, fainting, wander for our needful Bread,
Where Wolves and Tigers round in Ambush lie,
And Hosts, with naked Swords, stand threat'ning by:
But keener Hunger, more a Beast of Prey,
More sharp than these, more rav'nous than they,
Thro' Swords, and Wolves, and Tigers breaks our Way.
Look on our Cheeks, and in each Furrow trace
Pale Famine, staring in the meagre Face:
The driving Tempest lets its Fury go,
And pours upon us in a Burst of Woe. Southern.
Now Hunger keen, an equal Plague, is found;
Famine and meagre Want besiege him round:
The Fields, as yet, no Hopes of Harvest wear,
Nor yellow Stems disclose the bearded Ear:
The scatter'd Vulgar search around the Fields,
And pluck whate'er the doubtful Herbage yields;
Some strip the Trees in ev'ry neighb'ring Wood,
And with the Cattle share their grassy Food;
Whate'er the soft'ning Flame can pliant make,
Whate'er the Teeth, or lab'ring Jaws can break;
What Flesh, what Roots, what Herbs soe'er they get,
Tho' new and strange to human Taste as yet,
At once the greedy Soldiers seize and eat. Rowe. Luc.

FANATICK.

Gospel is in my Face and outward Garb,
And Treason on my Tongue: ——
Saintship and Zeal are still our best Disguise:
We mix and join with the hot thoughtless Crowd,
And, quoting Scriptures, which too well we know,
With impious Glosses ban the Holy Text,
And make it speak Rebellion, Schism, and Murder;
So turn the Arms of Heav'n against it self,
To talk the Crowd to Madness and Rebellion. Dryd. D. of Guise.
—— —— A stiff-neck'd, stubborn Crew,
Who give not Cæsar, no, nor God, his Due:

Repro-

Reprobate Traitors, Tyrants of their own,
Yet grudge to see their Monarch in his Throne:
Their stubborn Souls, with brass Rebellion barr'd,
Desert the Laws, and Crimes with Treason guard. Lee.
They with short Hair, large Ears, and small blue Band;
True Rogues! their own, not God's, Elect, command:
Let Pigs then be profane; but Broth's allow'd,
Posset and Christian Caudles may be good;
Meet helps, to reinforce a Brother's Blood:
Therefore each Female-Saint he does advise,
With Groans, and Hums, and Ha's, and goggling Eyes,
To rub him down, and make the Spirit rise:
While, with his Zeal transported, from the Ground
He mounts, and sanctifies the Sisters round. Lee.

FASTING.

Fasting shall be abolish'd:
None ever serv'd Heav'n well with a starv'd Face:
Preach Abstinence no more. I tell thee, Mufti,
Good Feasting is devout; and thou, our Head,
Hast a Religious, ruddy Countenance:
We will have learned Luxury; our lean Faith
Gives Scandal to the Christians; they feed high:
Then look for Shoals of Converts, when thou hast
Reform'd us into Feasting. ——— Dryd. Don Seb.
Fasting is but the Letter of the Law;
Yet it shews well to preach it to the Vulgar.
Wine is against our Law, that's literal too,
But not deny'd to Kings and to their Guides:
Wine is a holy Liquor, for the Great. Dryd. D. Seb.

FATE.

Is Fate a blind Contingence of Events?
Or sure Necessity of Causes link'd,
That must produce Effects? Or is't a Pow'r,
That orders all Things by superior Will,
Foresees his Work, and works in that Foresight? Dr. Amph.
——— ——— Forceful Destiny, (Pal. & Arc.
Which forms in Causes first whate'er shall be. Dryd. Chauc.
The Course, which Fate allows us, all must run. Lau. Virg.
——— The Fates will find their Way. Dryd. Virg.
There's a Divinity that shapes our Ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. Shak. Haml.
——— ——— I am no longer free
To shun my Death, if Heav'n my Death decree. Dryd. Virg.

For

For who can pass the Bounds prescrib'd by Fate? Dr. Virg.
——— The Fates have vanquish'd, let us go (Virg.
The Way which Heav'n and my hard Fortune show. Dryd.
Thou hast no Defence against the Will of Jove:
No Force can turn, or Policy evade
What Destiny decrees immutable: (Love.
Nothing shall be, that Fate has doom'd shall not. Lansd. H.
Yield to the Force of unresisted Fate:
And bear unmov'd the Wrongs of base Mankind:
The last and hardest Conquest of the Mind. Pope Hom.
Alas! what Stay is here in human State, (and the Fox.
Or who can shun inevitable Fate? Dryd. Chauc. The Cock
Blind to our Fate, let us both hope and fear: (& Cleop.
What we can't shun, 'twere better not to know. Sedl. Ant.
Seek not to know what must not be reveal'd:
Joys only flow where Fate is most conceal'd:
Too busy Man would find his Sorrows more,
If future Fortunes he should know before:
For, by that Knowledge of his Destiny,
He would not live at all, but always die.
All must submit to their appointed Doom:
Fate and Misfortune will too quickly come. How. Ind. Qu.
——— ——— But brave Minds
At worst can dare their Fate ——— Dryd. D. Seb.
O Man, still blind in Fate, who never know
To bear high Fortune, or endure the low! Laud. Virg.
Inexorable Fate is deaf to Pray'rs. Dryd. D. Seb.
Fate, and the dooming Gods, are deaf to Tears. Dr. Virg.
——— ——— My Soul forebodes
Some dire Event involv'd in those dark Words,
And just disclosing in a Birth of Fate. Dryd. D. Seb.
But now the Hand of Fate is on the Curtain,
And draws the Scene to Sight. ——— Dryd. D. Seb.
Why must the Acts of Fate be Crimes of Men? Suck. Gobl.

FAVOURITE.

You are his Fav'rite; you alone can find
The dark Recesses of his inmost Mind:
In all his trusted Secrets you have Part;
And know the soft Approaches to his Heart. Dryd. Virg.
Ah! what a lamentable Wretch is he,
Who, urg'd by Fear or Sloth, yields up his Pow'r,
To hope Protection from his Favourite?
Wallowing in Ease and Vice, feels no Contempt;
But wears the empty Name of Prince with Scorn,
And lives a poor led Pageant to his Slave? Roch. Valent.

Still let the Great of Fav'rites beware:
They most deceive us who most trusted are. Lee Sophon.

Not two Days since neglected as the Grave,
That holds dead Inmates; now, I grow more warm,
The Flies begin to buz, and swarm about me:
What an attractive Force has a King's Favour!
The Dogs now fawn upon me, that before
Started away, and bark'd, like little Curs,
At some unusual Traveller: I was grown
Useless, like a dull Piece of Ir'n, of no Virtue,
Till by a Loadstone touch'd, and then it gathers:
Such a magnetick Pow'r is in a King,
Where he but coldly touches, others cling. How. Vest. Virg.

But Fav'rites, once declining, sink apace. Dryd. Maid. Qu.

——————— O Fortune, Fortune!
Thou laughing Empress of this busy World,
Marcian defies thee now ———————
Why what a Thing is a discarded Favourite?
He, who, but now, tho' longing to retire,
Could not for busy Waiters be alone,
Throng'd in his Chamber, haunted to his Closet,
With a full Crowd, and an eternal Court;
When once the Favour of his Prince is turn'd,
Shun'd as a Ghost, the clouded Man appears;
And all the gawdy Worshipers forsake him:
So fares it now with me; where-e'er I come,
As if I were another Catiline,
The Courtiers rise, and no Man will sit near me:
As if the Plague were on me, all Men fly me. Lee Theod.

What, will the Fav'rite prop my sinking Fortune?
O Prodigy of Courts! ——— Dryd. D. Seb.

FEAR.

I have a faint, cold Fear thrills thro' my Veins,
That almost freezes up the Heat of Life. Shak. Rom. & Jul.

Glory, where art thou? Fame, Revenge, Ambition,
Where are you fled? There's Ice upon my Nerves:
My Salt, my Mettle, and my Spirits gone,
Pall'd as a Slave, that's Bed-rid with an Ague. Dryd. D. of Guise.

Speak what thou art: I charge thee speak thy Being;
Thou that hast made my curdled Blood run back,
My Heart heave up, my Hair to rise in Bristles,
And scarcely left a Voice to ask thy Name. Dryd. Arth.

——— The Pillars of this Frame grow weak,
As if the Weight of many Years oppress'd them:
My Sinews slacken, and an icy Stiffness
Benumbs my Blood. Denh. Sophy.

Leave Fear to guilty Minds: 'tis scarce a Virtue,
When it is paid to Heav'n. Dryd. Temp.
A Death-like Damp sits cold upon my Brow,
And misty Vapours swim before my Sight. Dr. Tyr. Love.
Now my cold Blood runs shiv'ring to my Heart,
As at some Phantom, that, in dead of Night,
With dreadful Action stalks around our Beds. Rowe Tamerl.
——— ——— Feeble Nature now
Shrinks back in Danger, and forsakes my Mind. Dr. Auren.
Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with Fear,
I stood, like Bristles rose my stiffen'd Hair. Dryd. Virg.
Then, not before, I felt my cruddled Blood (Virg.
Congeal with Fear: my Hair with Terrour stood. Dryd.
Stood Theodore, surpriz'd in deadly Fright
With chatt'ring Teeth, and bristling Hair upright.
Dryd. Bocc. Theod. & Hon.
And Terrour, cold as Death, congeal'd his Blood. Lau. Virg.
——— ——— Amaz'd with Fear, (Virg.
Her comely Breast she beat, and rent her flowing Hair. Dryd.
——— Th' imperious Queen sate mute with Fear,
Nor farther durst incense the gloomy Thunderer:
Silence was in the Court at this Rebuke;
Nor could the Gods, abash'd, sustain their Sov'reign's Look.
Dryd. Hom.
Panting, and out of Breath, he trembling stood:
Teeth chatter'd; quak'd his Body, knock'd his Knees:
He seem'd the very Image of pale Fear. Broome Hom.
Aghast the Heroes stood, dissolv'd in Fear;
And all in pale Confusion left the Field. Garth.
——— ——— They all sate mute,
Pond'ring the Danger with deep Thoughts; and each (Lost.
In others Count'nance read his own Dismay. Milt. Par.
For Fear, the last of Ills, remain'd behind; (& Hon.
And Horrour heavy sate on ev'ry Mind. Dryd. Bocc. Theod.
A deadly Paleness spoke their inward Fear. Broome Hom.
Old Tiber roar'd, and, raising up his Head,
Call'd back the Waters to their oozy Bed. Dryd. Virg.
——— ——— To their Head
The frighted Waves in refluent Errours fled. Blac.
Fear never harbours in a noble Mind;
But Modesty, with just Assurance, join'd. Dryd. Virg.
Who always fears, can never be at Ease. Dr. State of Inn.
Fears are most hurtful, when Attempts are high. D'Av.
And when we little hope, we nothing fear. D'Aven.
Fear's a large Promiser; who subject live
To that base Passion, know not what they give. Dr. Auren.

Our

Our Fears are oft prophetick of th' Event. Dryd. Ovid.
It is the Villain's Curse to live in Fear. South. Oroon.

FEAST.

A Feast prepar'd with riotous Expence,
Much Cost, more Care, and most Magnificence.
The Tables in a proud Pavilion spread, (& Hon.
With Flow'rs below, and Tissue over-head. Dr. Bocc. Theod.
Strong, brawny Servants sweat; and, panting, strode,
O'erburden'd with the Meats unweildy Load:
Th' Ivory Tables groan beneath the Weight
Of high-pil'd Dishes, all of massy Plate,
In decent Order set, and princely State.
All Things appear, which curious Search can find,
Or in the finny, or the feather'd Kind:
Which Hills or ransack'd Forests can impart,
Profusely heap'd, set off with costly Art:
Of polish'd Gold capacious Goblets shine,
With sparkling Stones enrich'd, and sparkling Wine:
Delicious Fruit, crown'd with fresh Laurel, stood
In lofty Pyramids, a golden Wood:
Great Lights, in silver Sconces plac'd on high, (Arth.
Shine round the Room, and more than Day supply. Blac. P.
The golden Bowls with sparkling Wine are crown'd;
And thro' the Palace chearful Cries resound:
From gilded Roofs depending Lamps display
Nocturnal Beams, and emulate the Day. Dryd. Virg.
And all the while harmonious Airs were heard
Of chiming Strings, or charming Pipes; and Winds
Of gentlest Gale Arabian Odours fann'd (Reg.
From their soft Wings, and Flora's earliest Smells. Milt. Par.
——He quitted not th' Expence
Of frequent Treats, and proud Magnificence:
He liv'd as Kings retire; tho' more at large,
From publick Business, yet with equal Charge:
With House and Heart, still open to receive:
As well content as Love would give him Leave:
He would have liv'd more free; but many a Guest,
Who could forsake the Friend, pursu'd the Feast.
Dryd. Bocc. Theod. & Hon.

FIGHTING.

I now will sing of Battels, Blood and Rage,
Which Princes and their People oft engage;
And haughty Souls; that, mov'd with mutual Hate,
In fighting Fields pursu'd and found their Fate:

A larger Scene of Action is display'd;
And, rising hence, a greater Work is weigh'd. Dryd. Virg.
But hark, the Voice of War! Behold, the Storm begins!
The Trumpets Clangour speak in loud Alarms,
Mingling shrill Notes with dreadful Din
Of Cannons burst, and rattling Clash of Arms:
Clamours from Earth to Heav'n, from Heav'n to Earth
Distinction in promiscuous Noise is drown'd, (rebound;
And Echo lost in one continu'd Sound. Cong.
And see, the Clouds of dusty Battel rise!
Hark, how the Shout runs rattling thro' the Skies!
The distant Legions catch the Sound from far;
And Cæsar listens to the thund'ring War. Rowe Luc.
The dreadful Plains an Iron Harvest yield;
And polish'd Steel glares fiercely thro' the Field. Laud. Virg.
Strait with their Swords to the fierce Shock they came;
Their Swords, their Armour, and their Eyes, shot Flame.
Blows, strong as Thunder, thick as Rain, they dealt:
Some few at first with vain Resistance fall;
The rest is Slaughter and vast Conquest all:
Victorious Arms thro' Ammon's Land we bore;
Ruin behind, and Terrour march'd before. Cowl. David.
Both Armies thus perform what Courage can;
Foot set to Foot, and crowded Man to Man:
Each bent to conquer, neither Side to yield,
They long suspend the Fortune of the Field. Dryd. Virg.
The Battel kindles into tenfold Rage;
The Darts flew adverse, and the sounding Arms
Bray'd horrible, and rent the suff'ring Air. Broome Hom.
The Plains of Latium run with Blood around:
So many valiant Hero's bite the Ground! Dryd. Virg.
Alternate Vengeance traverses the Field;
The same mad Fury in each Bosom burns, ——
To seize another's Life, or lose his own;
Fearless the close confronting Squadrons stood,
Eager of Death, and prodigal of Blood:
With adverse Wounds eternal Fame they buy;
And smile in Ruin, and with Pleasure die. ——
Bright as the radiant Harbinger of Day,
The splendid Arthur shone, and led the Way:
His Squadrons follow'd, and along the Banks
The Britons swarm'd, and stretch'd their warlike Ranks:
Esia amaz'd at this strange Sight appears,
Believing all her Reeds transform'd to Spears:
Th' affrighted Stream, with unaccustom'd Haste,
By its arm'd Banks and iron Margin pass'd:

Amidst

Amidst the num'rous Hosts the River flow'd,
Like a vast Serpent, gliding thro' a Wood:
The valiant Briton wav'd his flaming Sword;
And plung'd amidst the Waves, ———
And made his Way across th' impetuous Tide:
Thro' Show'rs of Arrows, which around him flew,
And Storms of Darts, that Gallick Warriors threw;
The mighty King advanc'd, and, from the Stream
Bright as the Morning Sun, in Triumph came:
Had those, who liv'd in antient Times, descry'd
This Warrior, rising from the foaming Tide,
They would have thought that Mars himself had come,
As well as Venus, from the Water's Womb:
Fir'd with th'Example of th'intrepid King,
The British Youth all shouting onward spring:
All to the Banks advanc'd; and, with their Swords
High lifted up, they leap'd to cross the Fords:
The Gallick Troops, rang'd on the other Side,
Cast Clouds of Darts from near, and from afar,
To beat off from the Banks the wading War:
A rattling Storm down on the River pours,
And bearded Deaths descend in feather'd Show'rs:
Some, rocky Fragments hurl against the Foe;
Some massy Spears; some glitt'ring Jav'lins throw:
Many brave Britons by their Weapons fell;
Who mingled with the Waves their flowing Blood,
And turn'd the Cristal to a Purple Flood:
Coursers, dismounted Riders, Jav'lins, Helms,
And massy Shields, the swelling Tide o'erwhelms:
Spears, Arrows, Bows, and Plumes of various Dye,
Upon the rapid Waters floating lie; (Bl. K. Arth.
And Darts, their Fury spent, still on the Current fly.

——————— As when
Two lowring Tempests in th'Horizon rise,
And with their Fronts oppos'd ascend the Skies;
The angry Clouds, extended in the Air,
Defiance frown, and menace horrid War:
With Claps of Thunder they declare the Fight,
And flourish Flames the Conflict to invite:
Ev'n thus the Hosts, stretch'd to a vast Extent,
A dreadful Front on either Side present;
A hund[r]ed brazen Mouths, in Smoke and Flame,
Eject loud Deaths, and growing War proclaim:
As Vere advanc'd, his Thunder led the Van;
Black Clouds, and Storms of Fire, before him ran;
From Host to Host destructive Bullets pass,
Shot from their bell'wing Cylinders of Brass.

Artful Volcanos, which, with dreadful Roar,
From their deep Wombs discharge the fatal Ore:
Sulphur and Nitre, fir'd, distract the Skies,
And to and fro Vesuvian Terrour flies:
In Cloud and ruddy Flame, from Side to Side
Destruction did in horrid Triumph ride.
Britannia's Gen'ral in the Centre stands,
To guide the Fight, and give out high Commands:
He, as a Master, did his Troops dispose,
And bad the Battel move to dispossess the Foes:
The Spanish Chief beheld the frowning Air,
And wrathful Aspect of th' advancing War:
Dreadful in Arms, the King of Terrours stood,
Threat'ning his Mien, his Garments roul'd in Blood;
Shot from his Eyes, a red destructive Glare
Of kindled Sulphur flash'd along the Air;
Ruddy Eruptions from his Nostrils came;
And from his num'rous Mouths thick Smoke and baleful (Flame.
His countless Hands, uplifted in the Field,
Ten thousand Spears, and Swords ten thousand wield:
Wild Ruin, sad Distress, untimely Fate,
And weeping Woe, around the Monarch wait.
Death ne'er in more tremendous Forms appear'd,
Ne'er shew'd more Pomp, yet ne'er was less rever'd:
No Threats of Death the Britons could arrest;
Combat they forc'd, and bold on Danger press'd:
To Hazard they advanc'd, neglecting Care,
And dauntless rush'd on the sharp Edge of War:
Thro' flying Deaths, and Storms of hostile Shot,
Boldly advanc'd, and a close Combat fought:
The Foe, beat down by Show'rs of leaden Ball,
Like Rows of Trees before a Tempest, fall:
Now Albert's Horse forsake the bloody Field;
And to the raging Foe the Battel yield:
Th' advancing Conqu'ror's Fury to elude,
They spur their Steeds, and plunge amidst the Flood:
To Fate's Embraces they for Safety fly;
Rather than stand the Britons, chuse to die:
Their Faces from the dreadful Foe to hide,
They leap among the Waves, and dive beneath the Tide:
A certain Death to Danger they prefer:
For Man no Passion feels, so bold as Fear.
Unnumber'd Troops, who thro' the Waters press'd,
Swell the swift River, and its Tide arrest:
Legia's encumber'd Billows scarce, with Pain,
The pond'rous Loads of confluent War sustain:

So

So thick the Cuirassiers on Legia rode,
They seem'd an iron Bridge across the Flood:
No flying Warriour's Looks did ever wear
Such various Shapes of Horrour and Despair:
No wond'ring Stream such floating Ruin bore,
Such Spoils, such ignominious Rout, before:
The hindmost Coursers on the foremost rode,
And paw'd and press'd them with their fatal Load:
Rising and flouncing, they their Vigour spend,
And for the Shore with fruitless Toil contend:
Here on the Waves dismounted Horsemen ride;
Appear a while, then sink beneath the Tide:
Their lab'ring Coursers, there, at Distance, groan,
Whit'ning the Billows with a Foam unknown:
Their eager Eyes and lab'ring Sinews strain,
And strive to gain the Shore with fruitless Pain:
Triumphant Fate now on the Billows rides;
And o'er the Spaniard whelms the fatal Tides:
Horrour, attended with his Train of Fears,
In all his ghastly Shapes and all his Pomp appears:
Tempests of Death thick on the Spaniards flew,
And Wounds from Land the swimming Troops pursue.
Against them diff'rent Elements conspire;
Those, who escape the Water, die by Fire. Blac. Eliza.

The rouling Flood was warm with human Gore.
(Dryd. Virg.

The Floods were fill'd with Bodies of the Slain:
The crimson Xanthus, doubtful of his Way,
Stood up in Ridges to behold the Sea: (Virg.
New Heaps came tumbling in, and choak'd his Way. Dr.

With Roman Blood the swelling Tyber's dy'd;
And Helms and Shields swim down the crimson Tide:
Spears, broken Armour, Men and Coursers slain,
The Stream incumber, and the Flood detain. Blac. P. Arth.

Thy Streams, Caicus, roul'd a crimson Flood;
And Thebes ran red with her own Natives Blood. Dr. Ovid.

As Storms the Air, and Torrents rend the Ground;
Inrag'd Æneas scatter'd Deaths around. Laud. Virg.

He whirls his Sword around without Delay;
And hews thro' adverse Foes an ample Way. Dryd. Virg.

He, like a Tempest that outstrides the Wind,
Made a just Battel, e'er the Bodies join'd:
But, as when Winds and Rain together crowd,
They swell, till they have burst the bladder'd Cloud;
And first, the Light'ning, flashing deadly clear,
Flies, falls, consumes, before it does appear;

So,

So, from his shrinking Troops, Almanzor flew,
Each Blow gave Wounds, and with each Wound he slew.
(Dryd. Conq. of Gran. p. 2.

On still o'er panting Corps great Jonathan led:
Hundreds before him fell, and Thousands fled.
In vain some few strive the wild Flight to stay,
In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray:
Unheard, unheeded, trodden down they lie,
Beneath the wretched Feet of Crowds that fly.
O'er their own Foot trampled the vi'lent Horse,
The guideless Chariots with impetuous Course,
Cut wide thro' both; and all their bloody Way
Horses, and Men, torn, bruis'd and mangled lay:
Discord, Despair, Confusion, Fear, Mistake,
And all th' Ingredients that swift Ruin make,
Rag'd in the Host. ———————
Still did the Prince 'midst all this Storm, appear,
Still scatter'd Deaths and Terrours ev'ry where:
Still did he break, still blunt his weary'd Swords;
Still Slaughter new Supplies t' his Hands affords:
Where Troops yet stood, there still he hotly flew,
And, 'till at last all fled, scorn'd to pursue. Cowl. Dav d.

Scœva resists alone, repels the Force,
And stops the rapid Victor in his Course,
High on the tott'ring Wall he rears his Head,
With slaughter'd Carcasses around him spread;
With nervous Arms uplifting these he throws,
These rouls, oppressive, on ascending Foes:
Each, where Materials for his Fury lie;
And all the ready Ruins Arms supply:
Ev'n his fierce self he seems to aim below,
Headlong to shoot, and, dying, dart a Blow:
Now his tough Staff repels the fierce Attack,
And tumbling drives the bold Assailants back:
Now Heads, now Hands he lops; the Carcass falls,
Whilst the clinch'd Fingers gripe the topmost Walls:
Here Stones he heaves, the Mass, descending full,
Crushes the Brain, and shivers the frail Skull.
Here burning pitchy Brands he whirls around;
Infix'd, the Flames hiss in the liquid Wound;
Deep drench'd in Death, in flowing Crimson drown'd.

And now the swelling Heaps of slaughter'd Foes
Level, and equal to the Fortress rose:
Then forward, with a Leap, at once he sprung,
And shot himself amidst the hostile Throng.
So, daring, fierce with Rage, so, void of Fear,
Bounds forth the spotted Pard, and scorns the Huntsman's (Spear.

The

The closing Ranks the Warriour strait infold,
And compass'd in their steely Circle hold:
Undaunted still around the Ring he roams,
Fights here and there; and ev'ry where o'ercomes;
'Till clog'd with Blood, his Sword obeys but ill
The Dictates of its vengeful Master's Will:
Edgeless it falls; and, tho' it pierce no more,
Still breaks the batter'd Bones, and bruises sore.
Mean time on him the crowding War is bent,
And Darts from ev'ry Hand to him are sent:
It look'd as Fortune did in Odds delight,
And had in cruel Sport ordain'd the Fight:
A wond'rous Match of War she seem'd to make,
Her Thousands there, and here her One to stake:
As if on Knightly Terms in Lists they ran,
And Armies were but equal to the Man.
A thousand Darts upon his Buckler ring,
A thousand Jav'lins round his Temples sing.
The missive Arms fixt all around he wears,
And ev'n his Safety in his Wounds he bears,
Fenc'd with a fatal Wood, a deadly Grove of Spears.
At length, his Fate disdaining to delay,
He hurls his Shield's neglected Aid away:
Resolves no Part whate'er from Death to hide,
But stands unguarded now on ev'ry Side:
Encumber'd sore with many a painful Wound,
Tardy and stiff, he treads the hostile Ground:
Gloomy and fierce his Eyes the Crowd survey,
Mark where to fix, and single out the Prey.
Not all the Wounds a thousand Darts can make,
Tho' all find Place, a single Life can take.
——————— At length a Shaft
Beneath the Warriour's Brow was seen to light,
And sunk, deep piercing the left Orb of Sight.
But he, so Rage inspir'd and mad Disdain,
Remorseless fell, and senseless of the Pain;
Tore forth the bearded Arrow from the Wound,
With stringy Nerves besmear'd, and wrapt around,
And stampt the gory Jelly on the Ground.
Down from his eyeless Hollow ran the Blood,
And hideous o'er his mangled Visage flow'd;
Deform'd each awful, each severer Grace,
And veil'd the manly Terrours of his Face.
His manly Mind supply'd the Want of Blood.
It seem'd as Rage had kindled Life anew,
And Courage to oppose from Opposition grew.

And

And now, when none were left him to repel,
Fainting for want of Foes, the Victor fell. Rowe. Luc.
(Spoken of Scæva.

—— Him loud-tongu'd Fame
Amongst her chiefest Heroes joys to name,
E'er since the wond'rous Deeds at Seneh done,
Where he, himself an Host, o'ercame a War alone:
The trembling En'mies fled, they try'd to fly,
But fixt Amazement stopt, and made them die. Oldh.
(Spoken of Jonathan.

He spurs with headlong Rage among the Foes;
As if he only had his Life to lose:
The Troops, that shrunk, with Emulation press, (Virg.
To reach his Danger now, to reach at his Success. Staff.

With mighty Strength the Trojan Hero stood:
And soon the Fields with fall'n Corps were strow'd,
When once his Fauchion found the Taste of Blood:
With Fury scarce to be conceiv'd he flew:
As Storms the Skies, and Torrents tear the Ground; (Virg.
Thus rag'd the Prince, and scatter'd Deaths around. Dryd.

Such was the Conqu'ror's rapid Course, that Fate
Could scarce attend, and almost came too late:
Whilst Vict'ry, almost spent and out of Wind, (P. Arth.
Flew heavily along, and, panting, lagg'd behind. Blac.

The Argive Chiefs, and Agamemnon's Train,
When his refulgent Sword flash'd thro' the shady Plain,
Fled from his well known Face with wonted Fear,
As when the thund'ring Sword and pointed Spear,
Drove headlong to their Ships, and glean'd the routed
(Reer. Dr. Virg.

With such swift Force his Arms our Troops assail,
As Hurricanes toss Show'rs, and scatter Hail:
They, scouring thro' the Field, avoid the Stroke,
And fly, like Flocks of Doves, before a Hawk. Lee. Soph.

What Words can paint the Royal Warriour's Face?
What Colours can the Figure boldly raise?
When, cover'd o'er with comely Dust and Smoke,
He pierc'd the Foe, and thickest Squadrons broke:
Whom, cleaving thro' the Troops a glorious Way,
Not the united Force of France and Hell could stay.
Oh! Dorset, I am rais'd, I'm all on Fire!
And, if my Strength could answer my Desire,
In speaking Paint this Figure should be seen,
Like Jove his Grandeur, and like Mars his Mien,
And Gods, descending, should adorn the Scene. Hal.

See! See! upon the Banks of Boyne he stands,
By his own View adjusting his Commands;

Calm and ſerene the armed Hoſt ſurveys,
And, in cool Thoughts, the diff'rent Chances weighs:
Then, fir'd with Fame, and eager of Renown,
Reſolves to end the War, and fix the Throne. ———
From Wing to Wing the Squadrons bending ſtand,
And cloſe their Ranks to meet the King's Command:
The Drums and Trumpets ſleep; the ſprightly Noiſe
Of neighing Steeds, and Cannons louder Voice,
Suſpended in Attention, baniſh far,
All hoſtile Sounds, and huſh the Din of War:
The ſilent Troops ſtretch forth an eager Look,
Liſt'ning with Joy, while thus their Gen'ral ſpoke.
  Precipitate they plunge into the Flood,
In vain the Waves, the Banks, the Men, withſtood.
As, when the ſwelling Ocean burſts its Bounds,
And, foaming, overwhelms the neighb'ring Grounds,
The roaring Deluge, ruſhing headlong on,
Sweeps Cities in its Courſe, and bears whole Foreſts down:
So, on the Foe the firm Battalions preſt,
And he, like the tenth Wave, drove on the reſt:
Fierce, gallant, young, he ſhot thro' ev'ry Place,
Urging their Flight, and hurrying on the Chace,
He hung upon their Rear, or lighten'd in their Face. Hal.
  Thus, on the wond'ring Bank the Hero ſtood,
Laviſhly bold, and deſp'rately good. Stepn.
  His flaming Sword never in vain deſcends,
But ſure Deſtruction ſtill its Sway attends:
The reeking Conquerour in Triumph reign'd;
Glutted with Slaughter, and with Blood diſtain'd:
Th' unnumber'd Dead, that round the Briton lay,
More than the living Troops obſtruct his Way:
To reach their Men, that from his Fury fled,
He climbs their ſlaughter'd Piles, and ſcales the Dead.
Sometimes the Saxons with new Fury burn;
And rallying Squadrons to the War return:
They pour around the Prince their num'rous Swarms;
And ſtrive to cruſh him with unequal Arms:
But Arthur's flaming Sword cuts thro' the Cloud,
Around him ſpread, and rends th' oppoſing Crowd:
With dazling Arms he flies upon the Foe,
Flaſhes amidſt the Throng, and terribly thunders thro:
As when the Summer's ſultry Heats draw forth
Th' exhaling Moiſture from the thirſty Earth;
When ſcorching Rays the gaping Plains have fry'd;
And from their Banks contracted Streams ſubſide;
If then a Fire invade a ſpacious Wood,
Where antient Oaks have long ſecurely ſtood;

The

The conqu'ring Flames advance with lawless Pow'r,
And with contagious Heat the Trees devour;
The spreading Burning lays the Forest waste;
And sooty Spoils lie smoking where it pass'd:
So Arthur, with resistless Rage, around
Destroys; and loads with slaughter'd Heaps the Ground. Bl. (P. Arth.

As when a furious Torrent overturns,
And pushes down, from some proud Mountain's Height,
A Rock enormous; in its Fall it bounds,
And rouls impetuous down, and tumbles to the Plain:
The trembling Wood resounds, while, in its Course,
It overbears whatever meets its Sway;
But when it reaches the subjected Plains,
No more it rouls, but ceases from its Fury:
Thus Hector breath'd Destruction to the Greeks:
Thus forc'd his Way, and mark'd the Field with Slaughter.
(Broome. Hom.

—— He saw the Chief approach
With Looks that spoke Defiance: firm he stood,
Nor fled the Combat. As the savage Boar,
That from a Mountain sees the furious Hounds,
And Hunters ready to assault his Hold,
Collects his Strength, and meditates the War:
His stiffen'd Bristles, like a Wood of Spears,
Erected stand, his fiery Eye-balls roul,
And flash with Flame: he whets his dreadful Tusks;
And stands prepar'd to dissipate the War: Broome. Hom.

Spears, clos'd with Spears, a dreadful Wood display'd;
Shield throng'd on Shield; to Target Target join'd;
Man sustain'd Man; and Helmet bore on Helmet.
The waving Plumes, with dreadful Pride, on high
Play'd in the Wind, and nodded in the Air:
As the proud Branches of some Grove of Trees,
Bend to the Breezes, and unite their Boughs. Broome. Hom.

—— Now Storms of Jav'lins fly
Thro' the vex'd Air, and darken all the Sky. Laud. Virg.

And now their thick Brigades were close engag'd;
And thro' the bloody Field Destruction rag'd;
Now Man to Man stood close, and Spear to Spear;
Helms mix with Helms, and Shields with Shields appear:
A dreadful Noise, distracting all the Air,
Came from the hoarse Cerberean Throat of War:
While Arms on Arms, Bucklers on Bucklers ring;
Swords clash with Swords, and flying Jav'lins sing:
Some threaten loud, while some for Quarter cry;
And some insult, while some in Torment die.

Ev'n thus, ———
When high Vesuvius, stow'd with sulph'rous Stores,
Preluding to some dire Irruption, roars;
While horrible Convulsions shake its Womb;
And lab'ring Sides, which hidden Wars entomb;
Th' imprison'd Thunder bellows under Ground;
And the loud Noise fills all the Heav'ns around:
Such was the loud distracting Din of War;
Such horrid Clamours tore th' afflicted Air:
The neighing Steeds, and wounded Warriours Cries,
And rising Clouds of Dust confound the Skies. Blac.P.Arth.
Their Leaders, brave alike, alike enrag'd,
The Britons and the Saxons, close engag'd,
An obstinate and bloody Fight maintain,
And Heaps of Dead lie thick upon the Plain.
Dark Clouds of Dust thro' th' airy Region fly,
And warlike Noise bounds from the vaulted Sky:
Helms mix with Helms, and Arms with Arms unite
Their bright Reflection, to oppress the Sight:
Now Man at Man, Squadrons at Squadrons rush,
And Files at Files with Spears protended push:
Swords clash with Swords, Bucklers on Bucklers bray,
And thro' the Field a horrid Din convey:
Slaughter and Death in dreadful Pomp appear,
And Brains and Gore the slipp'ry Plains besmear:
So when two adverse Tides their Waves advance,
With equal Fury, and with equal Chance,
The foaming Forces doubtful Fight maintain,
Where both by Turns lose what by Turns they gain:
On this side now retreats the vanquish'd Tide,
And on its Back th' insulting Billows ride:
Rallying its roaring Troops with fierce Career,
It soon returns, and reassumes the War:
The Conqu'ror before is forc'd to yield,
And, rowling back its Waves, deserts the Field:
Alternate Conquest and alternate Flight,
Between the Foes prolong a doubtful Fight:
So thick the Troops, so close and fast were prest,
The wedg'd Battalions standing Breast to Breast,
They scarce have space their Hands or Arms to move;
But, like contending Waves, each other shove. Blac.P.Arth.
The more they kill, the greater Numbers grow, (Virg.
And iron Harvest mounts, and still remains to mow. Dr.
Who foremost, and who last, heroick Maid,
On the cold Earth, were by thy Courage laid?
Of all her deadly Darts, not one she lost;
Each was attended with a Trojan Ghost.

Orsilo-

Orſilochus and ſhe their Courſers ply;
He ſeems to follow, and ſhe ſeems to fly;
But in a narr'wer Ring ſhe makes the Race;
And then he flies, and ſhe purſues the Chaſe:
Gath'ring at length on her deluded Foe,
She ſwings her Ax, and riſes to the Blow:
Full on the Helm behind, with ſuch a ſway,
The Weapon falls, the riven Steel gives way:
He groans; he roars; he ſues in vain for Grace:
Brains, mingled with his Blood, beſmear his Face.
Aſtoniſh'd Aunus juſt arrives by Chance,
To ſee his Fall; nor farther dares advance:
But, fixing on the horrid Maid his Eye,
He ſtares, and ſhakes; and finds it vain to fly:
Cries out aloud: What Courage have you ſhown,
Who truſt your Courſers Strength, and not your own?
Forego the Vantage of your Horſe; alight,
And then on equal Terms begin the Fight.
He ſaid: ſhe glows with Anger and Diſdain,
Diſmounts with ſpeed to dare him on the Plain,
And leaves her Horſe at large among her Train.
With her drawn Sword defies him to the Field;
And, marching, lifts aloft her maiden Shield.
The Youth, who thought his Cunning did ſucceed,
Reins round his Horſe, and urges all his ſpeed:
At this, ſo faſt her flying Feet ſhe ſped;
That ſoon ſhe ſtrain'd beyond his Horſes Head:
Then turning ſhort, at once ſhe ſeiz'd the Rein,
And laid the Boaſter grov'ling on the Plain. Dryd. Virg.

So, from a Rock, a Hawk ſoars high above,
And, in a Cloud, with Eaſe o'ertakes a Dove:
His Pounces ſo the grappled Foe aſſail;
And Blood and Feathers mingle in a Hail. Staff. Vir.

Then Aruns, doom'd to Death, his Arts aſſay'd,
To murther, uneſpy'd, the Volſcian Maid:
This Way, and that, his winding Courſe he bends;
And, whereſoe'er ſhe turns, her Steps attends:
When ſhe retires, victorious from the Chaſe;
He wheels about with Care, and ſhifts his Place:
When, ruſhing on, ſhe ſeeks her Foes in Fight,
He keeps aloof; but keeps her ſtill in Sight:
He threats, and trembles, trying ev'ry way,
Unſeen to kill, and ſafely to betray:
Chloreus, the Prieſt of Cybele, from far,
Glitt'ring in Phrygian Arms amidſt the War,
Was by the Virgin view'd: The Steed he preſs'd
Was proud with Trappings; and his brawny Cheſt

With Scales of gilded Brass was cover'd o'er:
A Robe of Tyrian Dye the Rider wore:
With deadly Wounds he gaul'd the distant Foe;
Gnossian his Shafts, and Lycian was his Bow:
A golden Helm his Front and Head surrounds;
A gilded Quiver from his Shoulders sounds:
Gold, weav'd with Linnen, on his Thighs he wore;
With Flow'rs of Needlework distinguish'd o'er;
With golden Buckles bound, and gather'd up before.
Him, the fierce Maid beheld with ardent Eyes;
Fond and ambitious of so rich a Prize:
Blind in her Haste, she chases him alone;
And seeks his Life, regardless of her own:
The lucky Moment, the sly Traitor chose,
Then, starting from his Ambush, up he rose,
And threw: the Jav'lin whizz'd along the Skies:
'Till in her Pap the winged Weapon stood,
Infix'd; and deeply drunk her purple Blood;
Far from the sight the trembling Aruns stood
With beating Heart, and Fear confus'd with Joys:
Nor dares he farther to pursue his Blow;
Or ev'n to bear the Sight of his expiring Foe. Dryd. Virg.

——— We have dislodg'd their Troops;
They look on us at Distance; and, like Curs,
'Scap'd from the Lion's Paw, they bay far off, (All for Love.
And lick their Wounds, and faintly threaten War. Dryd.

Gaining a Pass.

Like Hills, th' aspiring Ramparts rise on high,
Like Valleys, at their Feet the Trenches lie:
Batt'ries on Batt'ries guard each fatal Pass:
Threat'ning Destruction, Rows of hollow Brass,
Tube behind Tube, the dreadful Entrance keep;
Whilst in their Womb ten thousand Thunders sleep;
Thick'ning their Ranks, and wedg'd in firm Array,
The close compacted Britons win their Way:
In vain the Cannon their throng'd War defac'd
With Tracts of Death; and laid the Battel waste:
Still pressing forward to the Fight, they broke
Thro' Flames of Sulphur, and a Night of Smoke;
'Till slaughter'd Legions fill the Trench below,
And bore their fierce Avengers on the Foe.
High on the Works the mingling Host engage;
The Battel kindled into tenfold Rage,
With Show'rs of Bullets, and with Storms of Fire,
Burns in full Fury; Heaps on Heaps expire:
Nations with Nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous Carnage lie.

At

At length the long-disputed Pass they gain,
By crowded Armies fortified in vain:
The War breaks in; the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their Camp with British Legions fill'd:
So Belgian Mounds bear on their shatter'd Sides
The Sea's whole Weight, encreas'd with swelling Tides:
But if the rushing Wave a Passage finds,
Enrag'd by wat'ry Moons and warring Winds,
The trembling Peasant sees his Country round
Cover'd with Tempests, and in Oceans drown'd.
The few surviving Foes, dispers'd in Flight,
Refuse of Swords and Gleanings of a Fight,
In ev'ry rushing Wind the Victor hear,
'Till the dark Cope of Night, with kind Embrace,
Befriends the Rout and covers their Disgrace. *Add.*

Storming a Fort.

The Troops pursue their Leaders with Delight,
Rush to the Foe, and claim the promis'd Fight:
——— The Din of Helms and Shields
Rings to the Skies, and echoes thro' the Fields:
The Gates resound, the brazen Hinges fly,
While each is bent to conquer, or to die:
High on the Walls appear'd the Lycian Pow'rs,
Like some black Tempest, gath'ring round the Tow'rs;
The Greeks, oppress'd, their utmost Force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal Fight.
The War begins; mix'd Shouts and Groans arise,
Tumultous Clamour mounts, and thickens in the Skies.
——— Across the Warriour's Way,
Rent from the Walls, a rocky Fragment lay:
In modern Ages not the strongest Swain
Could heave th' unweildy Burthen from the Plain:
He pois'd, and swung it round; then, tost on high,
It flew with Force, and labour'd up the Sky;
Full on the Lycian's Helmet, thund'ring down,
The pond'rous Ruin crush'd his batter'd Crown.
As skilful Divers from some airy Steep
Headlong descend, and shoot into the Deep,
So falls Epicles; then in Groans expires,
And murm'ring from the Corps th' unwilling Soul retires.
Swift to the Battlement the Victor flies,
Tugs with full Force, and ev'ry Nerve applies;
It shakes; the pond'rous Stones, disjointed, yield;
The rowling Ruins smoke along the Field;

A mighty Breach appears, the Walls lie bare,
And, like a Deluge, rushes in the War.
Then rais'd with Hope, and fir'd with Glories Charms,
His fainting Squadrons to new Fury warms:
They join, they thicken, and th' Assault renew.
Unmov'd, th' embody'd Greeks their Fury dare,
And, fixt, support the Weight of all the War:
Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian Pow'rs,
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian Tow'rs.
As, on the Confines of adjoining Grounds,
Two stubborn Swains with Blows dispute their Bounds;
They tug, they sweat, but neither gain, nor yield
One Foot, one Inch, of the contended Field:
Thus, obstinate to Death, they fight, they fall,
Nor these can keep, nor those can win, the Wall:
Their manly Breasts are pierc'd with many a Wound;
Loud Strokes are heard, and rattling Arms resound:
The copious Slaughter covers all the Shore;
And the high Ramparts drop with human Gore.
Now Hector came. ———
Fierce as a Whirlwind up the Walls he flies,
And fires his Host with loud repeated Cries.
They hear, they run; and, gath'ring at his Call,
Raise scaling Engines, and ascend the Wall:
Around the Works a Wood of glitt'ring Spears
Shoots up, and all the rising Host appears.
A pond'rous Stone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
Not two strong Men th' enormous Weight could raise,
Such Men as live in these degen'rate Days:
Yet this, as easie as a Swain would bear
The snowy Fleece, he toss'd, and shook in Air:
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its Load,
Th' unwieldy Rock: The Labour of a God!
Thus arm'd, before the folded Gates he came,
Of massy Substance, and stupendous Frame,
With Iron Bars and brazen Hinges strong,
On lofty Beams of solid Timber hung:
Then, thund'ring thro' the Planks, with forceful Sway,
Drives the sharp Rock; the solid Beams give Way,
The Folds are shatter'd; from the crackling Door
Leap the resounding Bars, the flying Hinges roar.
He rushes in. ———
Then, pouring after thro' the gaping Space,
A Tide of Trojans flows, and fills the Place:
The Greeks behold; they tremble, and they fly, (Pope. Hom.
The Shore is heap'd with Deaths, and Tumult rends the Sky.

FIRE.

FIRE.

——— He with repeated Strokes
Of clashing Flints, their hidden Fire provokes;
Short Flame succeeds; a Bed of wither'd Leaves
The dying Sparkles in their Fall receives:
Caught into Life, in smoaking Flames they rise,
And, fed with stronger Food, invade the Skies. Dr. Virg.

——— ——— She rakes the Load
Of Ashes from the Hearth, and spreads abroad
The living Coals; and, lest they should expire,
With Leaves and Barks she feeds her Infant Fire:
It smoaks; and then with trembling Breath she blows,
'Till in a chearful Blaze the Flames arose. Dryd. Ovid.

Quickly the lighted Trees began to choak
The Heav'ns around with tow'ring Flame and Smoke:
Fast to the Gate th' incumbent Plague adher'd,
Which soon but one vast glowing Coal appear'd:
The ruddy Conqu'ror, with refulgent Arms,
Climbs up the Tow'rs, and all the Town alarms:
From the high Gate the melted Iron flow'd;
And on the Ground a pond'rous Deluge glow'd:
The lofty Tow'rs, the Gate and shatter'd Wall,
In mingled Ruin, now began to fall:
The stately Buildings thus the Flames obey,
And on the Ground in smoaking Rubbish lay. Blac. K. Arth.

The Brands are toss'd on high: the Winds conspire
To drive along the Deluge of the Fire. Dryd. Virg.

The red-wing'd Fire must to the Moon arise,
Hover in Air, and lick contiguous Skies. Blac.

Thick smoaky Vapours from the Burnings broke,
And Clouds of Ashes hover'd in the Smoke. Add. Virg.

——— The Flame will still remain,
And the bright Blaze enlighten all the Plain:
Nor, till the Fuel perish, can decay,
By Nature form'd on Things combustible to prey.
Dryd. Chauc. Wife of Bath's Tale.

Doubtful and hov'ring, like expiring Flame,
That mounts, and falls by Turns, and trembles o'er the
Brand. Dryd.

Thus when fierce Fires, press'd on by Winds, do seize
Our Laurel Groves, and waste the virgin Trees,
The Leaves all crackle: She, that fled the Chase
Of Phoebus' Love, still flies the Flame's Embrace.
Creech. Lucr.

So when Apulian Hines with Art renew
The wint'ry Pastures to their verdant Hue,
That Flow'rs may rise, and springing Grass return,
With spreading Flames the wither'd Fields they burn:
Gargarus then and lofty Vultur blaze,
And draw the distant wond'ring Swains to gaze;
Far are the glitt'ring Fires descry'd by Night,
And gild the dusky Skies around with Light. Rowe. Luc.

Lambent Fire.

A Lambent Fire arose, which gently spread
Around his Brows, and on his Temples fed. Dryd. Virg.
Strange to relate! the Flames, involv'd in Smoke
Of Incense, from the sacred Altar broke;
Caught her dishevel'd Hair, and rich Attire;
Her Crown and Jewels crackled in the Fire:
From thence the fuming Trail began to spread,
And Lambent Glories danc'd about her Head. Dr. Virg.

Bonfire.

And now the Britons all their Hands imploy
To fetch Materials in for Fires of Joy:
All to the Mountains and the Woods repair,
And with loud Labour fill the echoing Air:
They raise their Axes; and with toilsome Strokes,
Fell the tall Elms, and lop the spreading Oaks:
They bear the nodding Trees to ev'ry Town,
And from the Mountains draw the Forests down:
In ev'ry City, with the shady Spoils,
The joyful Youth erected lofty Piles:
Nearer the Skies they raise th' aspiring Wood,
Than when before upon the Hills it stood,
Soon as the Sun his beamy Light withdrew,
And the brown Air grew moist with ev'ning Dew;
The shouting Britons set the Piles on fire;
The tow'ring Flames to Heav'ns high Roof aspire:
Up the steep Air their ruddy Columns play;
And to the Stars their ruddy Light convey. Blac. P. Arth.
Bright Rockets, Serpents, Stars of Nitre rise,
And, mingling Fires, enlighten all the Skies:
Proud Pyramids aloft to Heav'n aspire (Blac. K. Arth.
Adorn'd with wreathing Flames, and Laurels all of Fire.

FLATTERY.

Smooth Flatt'ry in her softer Hours he try'd:
The surest Charm to bind the Force of Pride. Gay.

Flat-

Flatt'ry, such Alms the Priesthood gives the Poor;
They bless, and send 'em empty from the Door. Dr. Glean.
Gross Flatt'ry can by Fools alone be borne:
For it implies at once Design and Scorn.
Well-manag'd Praise may still expect Success;
Praise shews Esteem, where'er it shews Address:
But only Fools gross Flatt'ry can brook;
They love the Bait, and can't suspect the Hook. Denn.
False Flatt'rers, that with royal Goodness sport,
Those stinking Weeds, that over-run a Court. Otw. D. Carl.
——— ——— O that Mens Ears should be
To Counsel deaf, but not to Flattery. Shak. Tim. of Ath.
Who casts out Threats and Frowns, no Man deceives,
Time for Resistance and Defence he gives:
But Flatt'ry still in sugar'd Words betrays,
And Poyson in high-tasted Meats conveys:
So Fortune's Smiles unguarded Man surprize;
But, when she frowns, he arms, and her defies. Denh.
Ev'n Jove must flatter with an empty Hand; (Guise.
'Tis time to thunder when he gripes the Brand. Dryd. D. of
Then learn, oh learn of Flatt'rers to beware,
Then most pernicious when they speak too fair. Dryd.
Chauc. The Cock and the Fox.

FLOOD.

So when a Flood from th' Hyperborean Hills
Comes thund'ring down, and all the Valley fills;
Where the high Snows, dissolv'd by Summer's Beams,
In one vast Deluge join their various Streams;
The roaring Tide, with its impetuous Course,
O'erflows the Banks; and, with resistless Force,
Sweeps Houses, Harvest, Herds and Flocks away;
Nor can the loftiest Mounds its Progress stay. Blac. P. Arth.
——— From the Mountains Heights
The rapid Streams now rush impetuous down;
Roar in their Fall, and dart along the Plains. Broome Hom.
Below, the sev'ral Rills and Currents join,
And diff'rent Streams in one great Flood combine:
The raging Deluge rears its foaming Head;
O'erflows the Banks, and, o'er the Meadows spread,
No lofty Mounds arrest th' insulting Tide; (P. Arth.
But, o'er the flow'ry Vale, the Waves, triumphant, ride. Blac.
Ev'n thus o'er all the Land a Deluge flows,
That from the Sea, the Banks borne down, is rowl'd;
And o'er the Field advances uncontroul'd. Blac. P. Arth.

With Cries th' affrighted Countrey flies, before,
Behind, the foll'wing Waters loudly roar. Cowl. David.

FLOWER.

The fragrant Flow'rs, with diff'rent Colours dy'd,
On ſmiling Meads unfold their gawdy Pride. Blac.
Th' ambitious Woodbine, how it climbs to breathe
Its balmy Sweets around on all beneath!
The Ground with Graſs of chearful Green beſpread,
Thro' which the ſpringing Flow'r uprears its Head:
See here the Kingcup of a golden Hue,
Medley'd with Daiſies white and Endive blue. Pope.
Come to my longing Arms, my lovely Care,
And take the Preſents, which the Nymphs prepare:
White Lillies in full Caniſters they bring,
With all the Glories of the purple Spring:
The Daughters of the Flood have ſearch'd the Mead
For Vi'lets pale, and cropp'd the Poppies Head:
The ſhort Narciſſus, and fair Daffodil,
Panſies to pleaſe the Sight, and Caſſia ſweet to ſmell:
And ſet ſoft Hyacinths with Iron blue,
To ſhade Marſh-Marigolds of ſhining Hue:
The Laurel and the Myrtle Sweets agree:
And both in Noſegays ſhall be bound for thee. Dr. Virg.
Ev'n thus the Lilly in the ſhady Vale,
Does o'er each Flow'r with beauteous Pride prevail;
And ſtands with Dews and kindeſt Sun-ſhine bleſt,
In fair Pre-eminence above the reſt. ———
——— You languiſh like a drooping Flow'r,
Cruſh'd by the Weight of ſome unfriendly Show'r. Gar.
Why does that lovely Head, like a fair Flow'r,
Oppreſs'd with Drops of a hard-falling Show'r,
Bend with its Weight of Grief, and ſeem to grow
Downward to Earth, and kiſs the Root of Woe. Cong.
Help to ſupport this feeble drooping Flow'r;
This tender Sweet, ſo ſhaken by the Storm. Dryd. D. Seb.
So Corn in Fields, and, in the Garden, Flow'rs
Revive, and raiſe themſelves with mod'rate Show'rs;
But, overcharg'd with never-ceaſing Rain,
Become too moiſt, and bend their Heads again. Wall.
Sees not my Love, how Time reſumes
The Glory, which he lent theſe Flow'rs?
Tho' none ſhould taſte of their Perfumes,
Yet muſt they live but ſome few Hours:
Time, what we forbear, devours. Wall.

Say, lovely Offspring of the May,
So sweetly fair, so nicely gay:
Say, where a Flow'r so beauteous grows,
Or whence thy balmy Odour flows:
Such balmy Odour is not found
On Indian, nor Arabian Ground:
A Store of such a rich Perfume
Must from Belinda's Bosom come;
Thence, thence such Sweets are spread abroad,
As might be Incense for a God.
But while, sweet Gift, thy Glories last;
Which, oh! tho' great, must quickly waste,
Shew, by thy Beauties and Perfumes,
Shew fair Belinda how she blooms:
Then by a sudden swift Decay,
Let all thy Beauties fade away:
And lo! it droops, and fades, and dies,
And with faint Sweets perfumes the Skies:
It folds its Leaves, and sheds its Hue:
The fragrant Flow'rs of Eden so
In Paradise would only grow.
So the sweet-smelling Indian Flow'rs,
Griev'd when they leave those happy Shores,
Sicken and pine away in ours. Broome. On a Flower given him from a Lady's Bosom.

The Florist thus, when Winter's Rage is o'er,
When Frosts and Snows and Tempests are no more;
To the kind Soil commits the future Flow'r:
Now genial Heats unbind the teeming Root,
Swell it with Life, and make the Fibres shoot:
He sees the rising Vegetable rear
The tender Stalk, and trust it self in Air:
Now Western Gales breathe thro' the vernal Sky,
Unfold the Bud, and shew its various Die:
Secure, he views his Labour with Delight;
When, unexpected, in one piercing Night,
His promis'd Joys are curs'd by a disastrous Blight. Vid. Johns.

FLYING.

With Wings expanded wide, our selves we'll rear,
And fly incumbent on the dusky Air. Dryd. State of Inn.
Swift as a Thought, and fierce as the Night,
He, on his noiseless Pinions, takes his Flight:
His fleeting Wings their silent Course pursue,
Soft as the liquid Air they travel thro'. Hugh. Ovid.

He

—————— He from th' Ecliptic down, (Lost.
Throws his steep Flight in many an airy Wheel. Milt. Par.
Swift as a Ray of Light he shot away. Blac. P. Arth.
—— —— And, without longer Pause,
Downright into the World's first Region throws
His Flight precipitant; and winds with Ease
Thro' the pure Marble Air his oblique Way. Milt. P. Lost.
—————— He descends from high
With rapid Flight, and cuts the sounding Sky: (Virg.
Black Clouds and stormy Winds around his Body fly. Dryd.

FOND.

—— I had so fix'd my Heart upon her,
That wheresoe'er I fram'd a Scheme of Life
For Time to come, she was my only Joy,
With which I wish'd to sweeten future Cares;
I fansy'd Pleasures, none, but one that loves
And doats as I did, can imagine like them. Otw. Ven. Pres.
Thou art the only Comfort of my Age:
Like an old Tree I stand among the Storms;
Thou art the only Limb that I have left me:
My dear green Branch, and how I prize thee, Child,
Heav'n only knows! ———— Lee Theod.
Thou wast the very Darling of my Age:
I thought the Day too short to gaze upon thee:
That all the Blessings I could gather for thee,
By Cares on Earth, and by my Pray'rs to Heav'n,
Were little for my Fondness to bestow. Rowe. Fair Pen.
—— —— What Pleasure I took in thee!
What Joys thou gav'st me in thy prattling Infancy!
Thy sprightly Wit, and early blooming Beauty!
How have I stood, and fed my Eyes upon thee! (Fair Pen.
Then lifted up my Hands, and, wond'ring, bless'd thee! Rowe.
Once she was dear indeed: the Drops, that fell
From my sad Heart, —— —— (Pres.
The Fountain of my Life, were not so precious. Otw. Ven.
—— —— Oh! that Form!
That Angel Face, on which my Dotage hung!
How have I gaz'd upon her, till my Soul
With very Eagerness went forth to meet her,
And issu'd at my Eyes! Was there a Gem
Which the Sun ripens in the Indian Mines,
Or the rich Bosom of the Ocean yields;
What was there Art could make, or Wealth could buy,
Which I have left unsought to deck her Beauty! Rowe. J.
(Shore.

His fond Heart
Dissolves with Tenderness, and breaks with Woe.
Not Jove was fonder of his own Creation, (Virg.
When it appear'd so wondrous good and fair. Den. Ap. &
O I have seen him hang with greedy Eyes,
And languish o'er her Beauties. Smith Phæd. & Hip.
O she is fonder than a Woman's Longing. Lee Theod.
Not new-made Mothers greater Love express,
Than he, when with first Looks their Babes they bless:
Nor Heav'n is more to dying Martyrs kind; (of Gran. p. 2.
Nor Guardian Angels to their Charge assign'd. Dryd. Conq.
He lov'd me much, tho' twas a guilty Flame,
And fatal to my Peace, yet still he lov'd me:
With Fondness and with Tenderness he doated. (Shore.
Dwelt in my Eyes, and liv'd but in my Smiles. Rowe. J.
O she dotes,
She dotes, Serapion, on this vanquish'd Man,
And winds her self about his mighty Ruins. Dryd. All for Love. Spoken of Anthony and Cleopatra.

F O O D.

——— ——— Our Bodies ask for Meat;
And Nature prompts an Animal to eat:
The wasting Body asks a new Supply,
To fill the Places of the Parts that die;
Recruit the Strength; allay the furious Pain;
And stop each gaping Nerve, each hungry Vein:
The cooling Drink to ev'ry Part retreats,
That wants the Moisture; and the num'rous Heats,
That burn and fire the Stomach, fly before
The coming Cold; and we are scorch'd no more:
Thus Drinks descend; and thus they wash away
Fierce Thirst; thus Meats sharp Hunger's Force allay.
Creech Lucr.
Stretch'd on the grassy Turf at Ease they dine, (Wine.
Restore their Strength with Meat, and chear their Souls with
Dryd. Virg.

F O O L.

He was a Fool, as gross
As Ignorance made drunk. Shak. Othell. (Ach.
Fools are more hard to conquer, than persuade. Dr. Abs. &
Fools only are the Knaves, and live by Tricks: (Oron.
Wise Men may thrive without them, and be honest. South.
How vain a Creature were the plotting Knave,
But for the credulous Fool! Tate Loy. Gen.

For

For Fools are made for Jests to Men of Sense. Farq.
——— A Fool's the Birth of Plant of Nature;
A Weed, that has to twenty Summers ran,
Shoots up in Stalk, and vegetates to Man. Farq.
——————— Nothing suits
These open, unsuspecting Fools, like Friendship:
Dull heavy Things! whom Nature has left honest
In mere Frugality, to save the Charge
She's at, in setting out a thinking Soul:
Who, since their own short Understandings reach
No farther than the present, think ev'n the Wise,
Like them, disclose the Secrets of their Breasts,
Speak what they think, and tell Tales of themselves.
Rowe. Amb. Stepm.

O Fate of Fools, officious in contriving;
In executing puzzled, lame, and lost. Cong. M. Bride.

Fools only make Attempts beyond their Skill:
A wise Man's Pow'r's the Limit of his Will. Cong. Juv.

When Life depends, the mighty Stake is such,
Fools fear too little, and they dare too much. Dryd. D. of Guise.

Most modern Wits such monstrous Fools have shewn,
They seem'd not of Heav'ns Making, but their own:
Those nauseous Harlequins in Farce may pass,
But there goes more to a substantial Ass:
True Fops help Nature's Work, and go to School,
To file and finish God-a-mighty's Fool.
From each he meets, he culls whate'er he can,
Legion's his Name, a People in a Man:
His bulky Folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o'er you, like a Snow-ball grows. Dryd.

For seldom that ill-natur'd Planet rules,
That plagues a Poet with a Dearth of Fools. Oldh.

FORCE.

Force is the Law of Brutes: the dumb Creation,
Where Words and Reason want, apply to Might. Dr. Cleom.

Love with Submission first begins in Course,
But when that fails, a sure Reserve is Force:
The nicest Dames, who our Embraces shun,
Wait only a Pretence, and Force is one:
She, who thro' Frailty yields, Dishonour gains;
But she, that's forc'd, her Innocence retains:
Debtors and Slaves for Favours they bestow;
Invading, we are free, and nothing owe:
No Ties of Love or Gratitude constrain;
But, as we like, we leave, or come again. Lands. Br. Ench.

Thus

Thus while he spoke, he seiz'd the willing Prey,
As Paris bore the Spartan Spouse away:
Faintly she scream'd, and ev'n her Eyes confess'd,
She rather would be thought, than was, distress'd. Dr. Cym. (& Iph.
Yielding, but coy; as seemingly she strove,
To give Compulsion what she gave to love.
The Sex ne'er gives, but suffers ours to take.
The Sex is cunning to conceal their Fires;
They would be forc'd, ev'n to their own Desires:
Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
Thank with their Tongues; but curse you with their Heart.
Dryd. Ovid.

'Tis Woman's Lechery to seem constrain'd. Dryd.
Then impotent of Mind, with alter'd Sense,
She hugg'd th' Offender, and forgave th' Offence:
Sex to the last! ——— ——— Dryd. Cym. & Iph.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the Way,
By Force to ravish, or by Fraud betray:
For, when Success a Lover's Toil attends;
Few ask if Fraud or Force attain'd his Ends. Pope.
What, tho' the King by Force possess'd her Person;
Her unconsenting Heart still dwelt with you. Rowe. J. Shore.

FOREST.

In a fair Forest near Verona's Plain,
Fresh as if Nature's Youth chose there a Shade. D'Avenant.
So stands a Forest tall of Mountain Oaks,
Advanc'd to mighty Growth: The Traveller
Hears from the humble Valley, where he rides,
The hollow Murmurs of the Winds, that blow
Amidst the Boughs, and at a Distance sees
The shady Tops of Trees unnumber'd rise,
A stately Prospect, waving in the Clouds. Add. Virg.
O'er the wide Plains there grew a shady Wood
Of aged Trees, where in the Midst there stood
A bushy Thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'er-run with Brambles, and perplex'd with Thorn. Add. Ov.
Black was the Brake, and thick with Oak it stood;
With Fern all horrid, and perplexing Thorn, (Virg.
Where Tracks of Bears had scarce a Passage worn. Laud.
The Trojan, from the Main, beheld a Wood, (Virg.
Which, thick with Shades, and a brown Horrour stood. Dryd.
A pathless Desart, dusk with horrid Shades. Milt.
Thy Forests, Windsor, and thy green Retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muses Seats,
Invite my Lays: Be present, Sylvan Maids;
Unlock your Springs, and open all your Shades. Th:

For Fools are made for Jeſts to Men of Senſe. Farq.
—— A Fool's the firſt rude Plant of Nature;
A Weed, that has to twenty Summers ran,
Shoots up to Stalk, and vegetates to Man. Farq.
—— —— Nothing ſuits
Theſe open, unſuſpecting Fools, like Friendſhip:
Dull heavy Things! whom Nature has left honeſt
In meer Frugality, to ſave the Charge
She's at, in ſetting out a thinking Soul:
Who, ſince their own ſhort Underſtandings reach
No farther than the preſent, think ev'n the Wiſe,
Like them, diſcloſe the Secrets of their Breaſts,
Speak what they think, and tell Tales of themſelves.
Rowe. Amb. Stepm.

O Fate of Fools, officious in contriving;
In executing puzzled, lame, and loſt. Cong. M. Bride.
Fools only make Attempts beyond their Skill:
A wiſe Man's Pow'r's the Limit of his Will. Cong. Juv.
When Life depends, the mighty Stake is ſuch,
Fools fear too little, and they dare too much. Dryd. D. of Guiſe.
Moſt modern Wits ſuch monſtrous Fools have ſhewn,
They ſeem'd not of Heav'ns Making, but their own:
Thoſe nauſeous Harlequins in Farce may paſs,
But there goes more to a ſubſtantial Aſs:
True Fops help Nature's Work, and go to School,
To file and finiſh God-a-mighty's Fool.
From each he meets, he culls whate'er he can,
Legion's his Name, a People in a Man:
His bulky Folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o'er you, like a Snow-ball grows. Dryd.
For ſeldom that ill-natur'd Planet rules,
That plagues a Poet with a Dearth of Fools. Oldh.

FORCE.

Force is the Law of Brutes: the dumb Creation,
Where Words and Reaſon want, apply to Might. Dr. Cleom.
Love with Submiſſion firſt begins in Courſe,
But when that fails, a ſure Reſerve is Force:
The niceſt Dames, who our Embraces ſhun,
Wait only a Pretence, and Force is one:
She, who thro' Frailty yields, Diſhonour gains;
But ſhe, that's forc'd, her Innocence retains:
Debtors and Slaves for Favours they beſtow;
Invading, we are free, and nothing owe
No Ties of Love or Gratitude conſtrain;
But, as we like, we leave, or come again. Lanſd. Br. Ench.

Thus

Thus while he spoke, he seiz'd the willing Prey,
As Paris bore the Spartan Spouse away:
Faintly she scream'd, and ev'n her Eyes confess'd, (& Iph.
She rather would be thought, than was, distress'd. Dr. Cym.
Yielding, but coy; as seemingly she strove,
To give Compulsion what she gave to love. ———
The Sex ne'er gives, but suffers ours to take. ———
The Sex is cunning to conceal their Fires;
They would be forc'd, ev'n to their own Desires:
Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
Thank with their Tongues; but curse you with their Heart.
Dryd. Ovid.

'Tis Woman's Lechery to seem constrain'd. Dryd.
Then innocent of Mind, with alter'd Sense,
She hugg'd th' Offender, and forgave th' Offence:
Sex to the last! ——— ——— Dryd. Cym. & Iph.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the Way,
By Force to ravish, or by Fraud betray:
For, when Success a Lover's Toil attends;
Few ask if Fraud or Force attain'd his Ends. Pope.
What, tho' the King by Force possess'd her Person;
Her unconsenting Heart still dwelt with you. Rowe. J. Shore.

FOREST.

In a fair Forest near Verona's Plain,
Fresh as if Nature's Youth chose there a Shade. D'Avenant.
So stands a Forest tall of Mountain Oaks,
Advanc'd to mighty Growth: The Traveller
Hears from the humble Valley, where he rides,
The hollow Murmurs of the Winds, that blow
Amidst the Boughs, and at a Distance sees
The shady Tops of Trees unnumber'd rise,
A stately Prospect, waving in the Clouds. Add. Virg.
O'er the wide Plains there grew a shady Wood
Of aged Trees, where in the Midst there stood
A bushy Thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'er-run with Brambles, and perplex'd with Thorn. Add. Ov.
Black was the Brake, and thick with Oak it stood;
With Fern all horrid, and perplexing Thorn, (Virg.
Where Tracks of Bears had scarce a Passage worn. Laud.
The Trojan, from the Main, beheld a Wood, (Virg.
Which, thick with Shades, and a brown Horrour stood. Dryd.
A pathless Desart, dusk with horrid Shades. Milt.
Thy Forests, Windsor, and thy green Retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muses Seats,
Invite my Lays: Be present, Sylvan Maids;
Unlock your Springs, and open all your Shades.

The Groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in Description, and look green in Song:
These, were my Breast inspir'd with equal Flame,
Like them in Beauty, should be like in Fame.
Here Hills and Vales, the Woodland and the Plain,
Here Earth and Water seem to strive again:
Not, Chaos-like, together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the World, harmoniously confus'd;
Where Order in Variety we see;
And where, tho' all Things differ, all agree.
Here waving Groves a chequer'd Scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude, the Day:
As some coy Nymph her Lover's warm Address,
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There, interspers'd in Lawns and op'ning Glades,
Thin Trees arise, that shun each other's Shades:
Here, in full Light, the russet Plains extend:
There, wrapp'd in Clouds, the bluish Hills ascend:
Ev'n the wild Heath displays her purple Dies;
And, 'midst the Desart, fruitful Fields arise,
That, crown'd with tufted Trees, and springing Corn,
Like verdant Isles, the sable Waste adorn.
Let India boast her Plants; nor envy we
The weeping Amber of the balmy Tree;
While by our Oaks the precious Loads are borne,
And Realms commanded, which those Trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler Sight,
Tho' Gods, assembled, grace his tow'ring Height,
Than what more humble Mountains offer here,
Where, in their Blessings, all those Gods appear:
See Pan with Flocks, with Fruits Pomona, crown'd:
Here blushing Flora paints th'enamel'd Ground:
Here Ceres' Gifts in waving Prospect stand,
And, nodding, tempt the joyful Reaper's Hand:
Rich Industry sits smiling on the Plains;
And Peace and Plenty tell, a *STUART* reigns. Pope.

FORGIVENESS.

Th' uninjur'd at their Ease Forgiveness preach
At second-hand: But all, who smart alike,
Forgive alike: Vengeance is Nature's Debt:
Forgiveness is the Cunning of Revenge:
A wise Delay for want of Pow'r to hurt;
And but Dissimulation at the best. Lansd. Her. Love.

——— ——— I have mark'd him,
To see if one forgiving Glance stole hither,

Th'

If any Spark of Friendship were alive;
That would, by Sympathy, at Meeting glow;
And strive to kindle up the Flame anew.
'Tis lost! 'tis gone! his Soul is quite estrang'd,
And knows me for its Counterpart no more. Rowe. Fair Pen.
I am not apt to take a slight Offence;
But patient of the Failings of my Friends,
And willing to forgive; but when an Injury
Stabs to the Heart, and rowzes my Resentment,
I cannot easily forget it. ——— Rowe. Fair Pen.
Forgive her? Never! Lightning first shall blast me:
I tell thee, were she prostrate at my Feet,
Full of her Sexes best dissembled Sorrows,
And all that wond'rous Beauty of her own, (Orph.
My Heart might break, but it should never soften. Otw.
Has not Statira said I must forgive him?
Were I the God of the blue Firmament,
And the bold Titans should again make War,
Tho' my resistless Arrows were made ready,
By all the Gods, she should arrest my Hand. Lee. Alex.
Be Witness for me, ye celestial Host,
Such Mercy and such Pardon as my Soul
Accords to thee, and begs of Heav'n to shew thee;
May such befal me at my latest Hour,
And make my Portion bless'd or curs'd for ever. Rowe. J.Sh.
——— I'm charm'd with thy Forgiveness,
More than if Angels tun'd their golden Lyres,
And sung a Requiem to my parting Soul. Rowe Fair Pen.
But oh! in Pity pardon not too soon:
Punish my Pride a while; ———
And make me linger for so great a Good:
Lest Ecstasie of Joy prevent the Blessing;
And you, instead of Pardon, give me Death. Dr. Love Trium.

FORTITUDE.

Fortune submits to Valour; never yield,
But dare her boldly; meet her in the Field:
Where least you hope, you often Safety find. Laud. Virg.
No View of Labour can my Soul surprize:
——— ——— I have resolv'd on all:
And stand prepar'd to meet whate'er befall. Laud. Virg.
The Load grows easy we resolve to bear. South. Fat. Mar.
Let not a Torrent of impetuous Zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the Bounds of Reason:
True Fortitude is seen in great Exploits,

That

That Justice warrants, and that Wisdom guides;
All else is tow'ring Frenzy and Distraction. Add. Cato.

By bearing bravely the worst State,
Shew thou deserv'st a better Fate:
But if the Wind comes fair above,
Why, then suspect the flatt'ring Gale:
When it seems merriest, reef your Sail,
And for the Sands look sharply out. Denn. Hor.

For still the Brave with equal Minds bear good
And evil Fortune. Dryd. Temp.

He only above Envy is and Fate, (of Lerma.
Whose Mind in sinking Fortunes keeps its Height. How. D.

Some Pow'r invisible supports his Soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted Greatness. Add. Cato.

Unmov'd and brave, he like himself appears,
And, meriting no Ill, no Danger fears. Dryd. Auren.

——— His brave, his manly Mind,
That, like a Rock, stands all the Storms of Fortune,
And beats them roaring back, they cannot reach him.
Beaum. Doub. Mar.

——— ——— She then
Felt all the Pangs of Sorrow in her Breast;
And little wanted, but a Woman's Heart,
With Cries and Tears had testify'd her Smart:
But inborn Worth, that Fortune can controul,
New strung and stiffer bent her stubborn Soul;
The Heroine assum'd the Woman's Place,
Confirm'd her Mind, and fortify'd her Face.
Then, with dry Eyes, and with an open Look,
She met his Glance mid way, and thus undaunted spoke.
Dryd. Bocc. Sig. & Guisc.

I see my Doom; I read it with broad Eyes;
As plain as if I saw the Book of Fate:
Yet I will muster all my Spirits up;
Digest my Griefs; swallow the rising Passions:
Yes: I will stand this Shock of all the Gods
Well as I can, and struggle for my Life. Lee. Theod.

My Words to sacred Truth shall be confin'd;
My Deeds shall shew the Greatness of my Mind.
Dryd. Bocc. Sig. & Guisc.

Let then th' unequal Gods and partial Fortune
Dispose of my uncertain Life and Empire,
As it seems good to them ——— (Virg.
Th' immortal Greatness of my Mind's my own. Den. Ap. &

——— The' Fortune
Has stript me of the Train and Pomp of Greatness,
That Outside of a King, yet still my Soul,

Fixt

Fixt high, and of itself alone dependent,
Is ever free and royal. ——— Rowe. Tamerl.
——— My Soul resolves to keep her State, (Tamerl.
And scorns to take Acquaintance with ill Fortune. Rowe.
Thus Stars shine bright, and keep their Place above,
Tho' ruffling Winds deform this lower World. Rowe. Tam.
——— ——— Heroick Virtue
Is wrought in Fire; and he must bravely bear
The Storms of Life, who works his Way to Glory. Johns. Vict.
Great Minds the Gods alone can overcome. Sed. Ant. & Cle.
——— Thou hast seen Mount Atlas,
While Storms and Tempests thunder on its Brows,
And Oceans break their Billows at its Feet;
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its Height:
Such is that haughty Man; his tow'ring Soul,
'Midst all the Shocks and Injuries of Fortune, (of Cato.
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar. Add. Cato. Spoken
Thy Virtue, Prince, has stood the Test of Fortune,
Like purest Gold, that, tortur'd in the Furnace, (Cato.
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its Weight. Add.
Where shall we find a Man that bears Affliction,
Great and majestick in his Griefs, like Cato?
Heav'ns, with what Strength, what Steadiness of Mind,
He triumphs in the Midst of all his Suff'rings!
How does he rise against a Load of Woes, (Cato.
And thanks the Gods that throw the Weight upon him! Add.
How does the Lustre of our Father's Actions,
Thro' the dark Cloud of Ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant Brightness!
His Suff'rings shine, and add a Glory round him.
By Heav'n, such Virtues, join'd with such Success,
Distract my very Soul: our Father's Fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his Precepts. Add. Cato.
Spoken of Cato by his Son Marcus.

Be chearfull, fight it well, and all the rest
Leave to the Gods and Fortune: If they fail us,
Theirs be the Fault: for Fate is theirs alone:
My Virtue, Fame, and Honour, are my own. Dryd. Cleom.
I can stand the Shock,
Like a young Plant, that fastens in a Storm,
And deeper drives the Root. Dryd. Cleom.
——— ——— I will shew thee
How a Man should, and how a King dares, die;
So even, that my Soul shall walk with Ease
Out of its Flesh, and shut out Life as calmly
As it does Words; without a Sigh to note
One Struggle in the smooth dissolving Frame. Dryd. D. Seb.
Mourn.

Mourn they, who think Repining can remove
The firm Decrees of those who rule above;
The Brave are safe within, who still dare die:
Whene'er I fall, I'll scorn my Destiny. Dryd. Ind. Emp.
We with unshaken Souls our Doom will wait,
And perish bravely, tho' unfortunate. Lee. Sophon.
——— I have stood
Naked, alone, the Shock of many Fortunes;
I have seen Mischiefs numberless, and mighty;
Grow like a Sea upon me: I have taken
Danger, as stern as Death, into my Bosom,
And laugh'd upon it, made it but a Mirth,
And flung it by ——— Beau. Phil.
——— I have a Heart, that could have borne
The roughest Wrong my Fortune could have done me;
But when I think what Belvidera feels,
The Bitterness her tender Spirit tastes of,
I own my self a Coward. ——— Otw. Ven. Pres.
——— Where is now your wonted Courage?
You have been us'd to say, Extremities
Were the Distinguishers of noble Spirits:
That common Changes, common Men could bear;
That, when the Sea was calm, the slightest Boats
Could with the proudest cut the smooth-fac'd Flood:
That Strength and Management were for the Storm:
Thus you were wont to arm me with such Precepts,
As made invincible the Heart that learnt them. Shak. & Tate. Coriol.

How easy 'tis, when Destiny proves kind,
With full-spread Sails to run before the Wind!
But those, that 'gainst stiff Gales laveering go,
Must be at once resolv'd and skilful too. Dryd.
Tho' plung'd in Ills, and exercis'd in Care,
Yet never let the noble Mind despair:
When press'd by Dangers, and beset with Foes,
The Gods their timely Succour interpose;
And, when our Virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with Grief,
By unforeseen Expedients bring Relief. Phil. Dis. Moth.

FORTUNE.

Fortune, the mighty Queen of Good and Ill. Dr. W. Gall.
To Fortune give immortal Praise;
Fortune deposes, and can raise:
Fortune the Captives Chains can break,
And bring despairing Exiles back;

How-

However low this Hour we fall,
One lucky Moment may mend all.
The Statesman's Wiles, the Gamester's Throw,
The Soldier's Fame, the Merchant's Gains,
The Lover's Joy, the Pris'ner's Chains,
Are but as Fortune shall bestow:
'Tis Fortune governs all below. Lansd. Brit. Ench.
For Fortune holds the Scale for all Events;
Light is the Balance where Desert is weigh'd,
If but a Grain of better Luck's against it. Lans. Her. Lov.
Capricious Fortune plays a scornful Game,
With human Things: uncertain as the Wind:
Sometimes to thee, sometimes to me is kind;
Throws about Honours, Wealth, and Fame,
At random, heedless, humorous, and blind.
He's wise, who, when she smiles, the Good enjoys;
And's unallay'd with Fears of future Ill,
But if she frown, e'en let her have her Will.
I can with Ease resign the Toys,
And lie wrap'd up in my own Virtue still. Temp. Hor.
Let us, said he, the Steps of Fate pursue;
Yielding to Fortune, Fortune we subdue. Laud. Virg.
With Fate what boots it to contend?
Such I began, such am, and so must end:
No Matter, Cowley; let proud Fortune see,
That thou canst her despise no less than she does thee:
Let all her Gifts the Portion be
Of Folly, Lust, and Flattery,
Fraud, Extortion, Calumny,
Murder, Infidelity,
Rebellion, and Hypocrisie:
Do thou not grieve nor blush to be
As all th' inspired tuneful Men, (Ben. Cowl.
And all thy great Forefathers were from Homer down to
Thus Merit's useless, Fortune holds the Scale,
And still throws in the Weight, that must prevail. Lansd.
(Brit. Ench.
Hence, let the Tides of Plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various Gale unheeded blow:
If at my Feet the suppliant Goddess stands,
And sheds her Treasures with unweary'd Hands,
Her present Favour cautious I'll embrace;
And not unthankful use the proffer'd Grace:
If she reclaims the temporary Boon,
And tries her Pinions, flutt'ring to be gone;
Secure of Mind I'll obviate her Intent,
And unconcern'd return the Good she lent:

Nor

Nor Happineſs can I, nor Miſ'ry feel,
From any Turn of her fantaſtick Wheel. Prior.
The happy all Men judge for Empire fit, (David.
And none withſtands, where Fortune does ſubmit. Cowl.
Fortune's unjuſt, ſhe ruins oft the brave, (Emp.
And him, who ſhould be Victor, makes the Slave. Dr. Ind.
On what ſmall Accidents depends our Fate, (in a Tub.
While Chance, not Prudence, make us fortunate. Eth. Love
The braveſt muſt ſubmit when Fortune frowns. Lee. Mith.
Fortune, a various Pow'r, may ceaſe to frown,
And, by ſome ways unknown, thy Wiſhes crown. Dryd.
(Chauc. Pal. & Arc.

Fortune no faſter ebbs, than it can flow. D'Aven. Law
(againſt Lovers.

Fortune, that Changling Deity of Fools! Rowe. Tamerl.
Againſt ill-luck all cunning Foreſight fails:
Whether we ſleep or wake it nought avails. Phil.
Fortune, alas! ne'er ſmiles, but to deceive:
She ſoon deſtroys the Bleſſings ſhe imparts,
By mixing with our Joy ſucceeding Woe. Smith. P. of Parm.
I, wretched I, have other Fortune ſeen:
'Till, Thanks to giddy Chance, which never bears
That mortal Bliſs ſhould laſt for length of Years, (& Arc.
She caſt me headlong from my high Eſtate. Dryd. Pal.
What worſe to Cymon could his Fortune deal,
Roul'd to the loweſt Spoke of all her Wheel?
It reſted to diſmiſs the downward Weight,
Or raiſe him upward to his former Height. Dryd. Bocc.
(Cym. & Iphig.

His only Solace was, that now
His Dog-bolt Fortune was ſo low,
That either it muſt quickly end,
Or turn about again and mend. Hud.

To thoſe, who never did ill Fortune know,
The good does nauſeous or inſipid grow:
Conſider Man's whole Life, and you'll confeſs,
The ſharp Ingredient of ſome bad Succeſs
Is that which gives the Taſte to all his Happineſs. Cowl.
Who proſp'rous Chance too eagerly embrace,
Find double Pangs in her averted Face. Staff. Hor.
It is the greateſt Part of human Skill,
To uſe good Fortune, and to bear our Ill. ———
Blind Queen of Chance, to Lovers too ſevere!
Thou rul'ſt Mankind, but art a Tyrant there:
Thy wideſt Empire's in a Lover's Breaſt:
Like open Seas, we ſeldom are at Reſt:

2 Upon

Upon thy Coast our Wealth is daily cast, (of Gran. p. 2.
And thou, like Pirates, mak'st no Peace at last. Dr. Cong.
Beauty it self owes many Slaves to Fortune. Lansd.
(Her. Love.
'Twas then false Fortune, like a fawning Strumpet,
About to leave a Bankrupt Prodigal,
With a dissembling Smile would kiss at parting,
And flatter to the last. Dryd. All for Love.
Fortune's an easy Mistress of the young,
But to her antient Servants coy and hard. Dryd.
Each to his Charge; with Care and Caution move;
And nothing leave to Fortune. ———
Who never trusts, can never be deceiv'd:
For Fortune still in our own Power lies;
She governs Fools; is govern'd by the Wise. Hig. Gen. Con.

FOUNTAIN.

Near, where his purple Head Hymettus shows,
And flow'ring Hills, a sacred Fountain flows:
With soft and verdant Turf the Soil is spread,
And sweetly smelling Shrubs the Ground o'ershade:
There Rosemary and Bays their Odours join,
And with the fragrant Myrtle's Scent combine:
There Tamarisks with thick-leav'd Box are found,
And Cytissus and Garden Pines abound:
While, thro' the Boughs, soft Winds of Zephyr pass,
Tremble the Leaves, and tender Tops of Grass. Cong. Ov.
A Spring there is, whose silver Waters show
Clear as a Glass, the shining Sands below:
A flow'ry Lotos spreads its Arms above,
Shades all the Banks, and seems it self a Grove;
Eternal Greens the mossy Margin grace,
Watch'd by the Sylvan Genius of the Place. Pope. Ovid.
An inward Square by well rang'd Trees was made,
And 'midst the friendly Cover of their Shade,
A pure, well-tasted, wholsome Fountain rose,
Which no vain Cost of Marble did enclose;
Nor thro carv'd Shapes did the forc'd Waters pass,
Shapes gazing on themselves i'th' liquid Glass:
Yet the chaste Stream, that 'mong loose Pebbles fell,
For Cleanness, Thirst, Religion, serv'd as well. Cowl. Dav.
There, stands a Fountain in a darksome Wood,
Not stain'd with falling Leaves, nor rising Mud; ———
Untroubled by the Breath of Winds, it rests,
Unsully'd by the Touch of Men or Beasts:

High Bow'rs of shady Trees above it grow,
And rising Grass, and chearful Greens, below. Add. Ovid.
Ye mossy Springs, inviting easy Sleep. Dryd. Virg.

Looking in a Fountain.

Behold another Firmament below,
Spread wide, and other Trees that downward grow!
And now a Face peeps up, and now draws near,
With smiling Looks, as pleas'd to see me here:
As I advance, so that advances too,
And seems to imitate whate'er I do:
When I begin to speak, the Lips it moves;
Streams down the Voice, as it would say, it loves:
Which when I would embrace, it will not stay;
Lost, e'er 'tis held; when nearest, far away:
Ah! fair, yet false! Ah! Being form'd to cheat,
By seeming Kindness, mix'd with deep Deceit. Dryd. State of Inn. spoken by Eve.

FOWLER.

With slaught'ring Guns th' unweary'd Fowler roves,
When Frosts have whiten'd all the naked Groves;
Where Doves in Flocks the leafless Trees o'ershade,
And lonely Woodcocks haunt the watry Glade:
He lifts his Tube, and levels with his Eye;
Strait a short Thunder breaks the frozen Sky:
Oft, as in airy Rings they skim the Heath,
The clam'rous Plovers feel the leaden Death:
Oft, as the mounting Larks their Notes prepare,
They fall; and leave their little Lives in Air. Pope.

FOX.

Just as a Fox with hot pursuit
Chas'd thro' a Warren, cast about
To save his Credit, and among
Dead Vermin on a Gallows hung:
And, while the Dogs run underneath,
Escap'd by counterfeiting Death:
Not out of Cunning, but a Train
Of Atoms justling in his Brain,
As wise Philosophers give out. Hud.

——— A murd'rous Beast,
His Colour was betwixt a red and yellow;
Tipp'd was his Tail, and both his pricking Ears,
With black, and much unlike his other Hairs:

The

The rest, in Shape a Beagle's Whelp throughout,
With broader Forehead, and a sharper Snout:
Deep in his Front were sunk his glowing Eyes. Dryd.
(Chauc. The Cock and the Fox.

A Fox, full fraught with seeming Sanctity,
That fear'd an Oath, but, like the Devil, would lie;
Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy Leer,
And durst not sin, before he said his Pray'r:
This pious Cheat, that never suck'd the Blood,
Nor chaw'd the Flesh of Lambs, but when he cou'd,
Had pass'd three Summers in a neighb'ring Wood:
And, musing long, whom next to circumvent,
On Chanticleer his wicked Fansy bent:
And in his high Imagination cast,
By Stratagem to gratify his Taste.
The Plot contriv'd, before the Break of Day,
St. Reynard through the Hedge had made his Way;
The Pale was next; but proudly, with a Bound,
He leapt the Fence of the forbidden Ground:
Yet, fearing to be seen, within a Bed
Of Coleworts he conceal'd his wily Head:
There skulk'd till Afternoon, and watch'd his Time,
As Murd'rers use, to perpetrate his Crime.
Lay Madam Partlet basking in the Sun,
Breast-high in Sand; her Sisters in a Row,
Enjoy'd the Beams above, the Warmth below:
The Cock, that of his Flesh was ever free,
Sung merrier than the Mermaid in the Sea:
And so befel, that as he cast his Eye,
Among the Coleworts on a Butterfly,
He saw false Reynard, where he lay full low:
I need not swear he had no List to crow:
But cry'd, Cock, Cock, and gave a sudden Start,
As sore dismay'd, and frighted at his Heart:
For Birds and Beasts, inform'd by Nature, know
Kinds opposite to theirs, and fly their Foe:
So Chanticleer, who never saw a Fox,
Yet shun'd him as a Sailor shuns the Rocks.
But the false Loon, who could not work his Will
By open Force, employ'd his flatt'ring Skill:
I hope, my Lord, said he, I not offend;
Are you afraid of me, that am your Friend?
I come no Spy, nor as a Traytor press
To learn the Secrets of your soft Recess:
Far be from Reynard so prophane a Thought;
But by the Sweetness of your Voice was brought:

For, as I bid my Beads, by chance I heard
The Song as of an Angel in the Yard:
But since I speak of singing, let me say,
As with an upright Heart I safely may,
That, save your self, there breathes not on the Ground,
One like your Father for a silver Sound:
So sweetly would he wake the Winter-Day,
That Matrons to the Church mistook their Way,
And thought they heard the merry Organ play.
And he, to raise his Voice with artful Care,
(What will not Beaux attempt to please the Fair?)
On Tiptoe stood to sing with greater Strength,
And stretch'd his comely Neck at all the length:
And, while he pain'd his Voice to pierce the Skies,
As Saints in Raptures use, would shut his Eyes;
That, the Sound striving thro' the narrow Throat,
His winking might avail, to mend the Note:
By this, in Song, he never had his Peer,
From sweet Cecilia down to Chanticleer;
Not Maro's Muse, who sung the mighty Man,
Nor Pindar's heav'nly Lyre, nor Horace when a Swan.
Now sing, my Lord, if not for Love of me,
Yet for the sake of sweet St. Charity;
Make Hills, and Dales, and Earth, and Heav'n rejoice,
And emulate your Father's Angel-Voice.
The Cock was pleas'd to hear him speak so fair,
And proud beside, as solar People are:
Nor could the Treason from the Truth descry;
So was he ravish'd with this Flattery!
So much the more, as from a little Elf,
He had a high Opinion of himself;
Tho' sickly, slender, and not large of Limb,
Concluding all the World was made for him:
Ye Princes, rais'd by Poets to the Gods,
And Alexander'd up in lying Odes:
Believe not ev'ry flatt'ring Knave's Report,
There's many a Reynard lurking in the Court;
And he shall be receiv'd with more Regard,
And listen'd to, than modest Truth is heard.
This Chanticleer, of whom the Story sings,
Stood high upon his Toes, and clapp'd his Wings;
Then stretch'd his Neck, and wink'd with both his Eyes,
Ambitious, as he sought th' Olympick Prize.

But

But, while he strain'd himself to raise his Note,
False Reynard rush'd, and caught him by the Throat:
Then on his Back he laid the precious Load,
And sought his wonted shelter of the Wood:
Swiftly he made his Way, the Mischief done.
On Friday this befel. ———
Ah blissful Venus! Goddess of Delight!
How could'st thou suffer thy devoted Knight,
On thy own Day to fall by Foe oppress'd,
The Wight of all the World who lov'd thee best?
Who, true to Love, was all for Recreation,
And minded not the Work of Propagation.
Gaufride, who could'st so well in Rhyme complain
The Death of Richard, with an Arrow slain;
Why had not I thy Muse, or thou my Heart,
To sing this heavy Dirge with equal Art?
That I like thee on Friday might complain;
For on that Day was Cœur-de-Lion slain.
Not louder Cries, when Ilium was in Flames,
Were sent to Heav'n by woful Trojan Dames,
Than for the Cock the widow'd Poultry made:
Fair Partlet first, when he was borne from Sight,
With sov'reign Shrieks bewail'd her captive Knight.
The trembling Widow, and her Daughters twain,
This woful cackling Cry with Horrour heard
Of those distracted Damsels in the Yard;
And, starting up, beheld the heavy Sight,
How Reynard to the Forest took his flight,
And cross his Back, as in triumphant Scorn,
The Hope and Pillar of the House was borne.
The Fox, the wicked Fox, was all the Cry;
Out from his House ran ev'ry Neighbour nigh:
The Vicar first, and after him the Crew,
With Forks and Staves the Felon to pursue:
Ran Coll our Dog, and Talbot with the Band,
And Malkin, with her Distaff in her Hand:
Ran Cow and Calf, and Family of Hogs,
In Panick Horrour of pursuing Dogs;
With many a dreadful Grunt, and groaning Squeak,
Poor Swine! as if their pretty Hearts would break.
The Shouts of Men, the Women in Dismay,
With Shrieks augment the Terrour of the Day.
The Ducks, that heard the Proclamation cry'd,
And fear'd a Persecution might betide,

Full twenty Mile from Town their Voyage take,
Obscure in Rushes of the liquid Lake:
The Geese fly o'er the Barn: the Bees, in Arms,
Drive headlong from their waxen Cells in Swarms.
With Might and Main they chace the murd'rous Fox;
With brazen Trumpets, and inflated Box;
To kindle Mars with military Sounds;
Nor wanted Horns t' inspire sagacious Hounds.
But see how Fortune can confound the Wise,
And, when they least expect it, turn the Dice.
The captive Cock, who scarce could draw his Breath,
And lay within the very Jaws of Death;
Yet in this Agony his Fansy wrought,
And Fear supply'd him with a happy Thought:
Yours is the Prize, victorious Prince, said he,
The Vicar my Defeat, and all the Village see:
Enjoy your friendly Fortune while you may,
And bid the Churls, that envy you the Prey,
Call back their Mungril Curs, and cease their Cry;
See, Fools, the shelter of the Wood is nigh,
And Chanticleer in your Despight shall die.
He shall be pluck'd, and eaten to the Bone.
'Tis well advis'd: in Faith it shall be done.
This Reynard said: but, as the word he spoke,
The Pris'ner with a Spring from Prison broke:
Then stretch'd his feather'd Fans with all his Might;
And to the neighb'ring Maple wing'd his Flight.
Whom when the Traitor on the Tree beheld,
He curs'd the Gods, with Shame and Sorrow fill'd;
Shame for his Folly; Sorrow out of Time,
For plotting an unprofitable Crime:
Yet, mast'ring both, th' Artificer of Lies
Renews th' Assault, and his last Batt'ry tries.
Tho' I, said he, did ne'er in Thought offend,
How justly may my Lord suspect his Friend!
Th' appearance is against me, I confess,
Who seemingly have put you in Distress;
And put your noble Person in a Fright;
I practis'd it to make you taste your Cheer
With double Pleasure, first prepar'd by Fear.
So loyal Subjects often seize their Prince,
Forc'd, for his Good, to seeming Violence,
Yet mean his sacred Person not the least Offence.
Descend: so help me Jove, as you shall find
That Reynard comes of no dissembling Kind.
Nay, quoth the Cock, but I beshrew us both,
If I believe a Saint upon his Oath.

Once

Once warn'd is well bewar'd: Not flatt'ring Lies
Shall sooth me more to sing with winking Eyes,
And open Mouth, for fear of catching Flies.
Who blindfold walks upon a River's Brim,
When he should see, has he deserv'd to swim?
Better, Sir Cock, let all Contention cease,
Come down, said Reynard, let us treat of Peace.
A Peace with all my Soul, said Chanticleer,
But, with your Favour, I will treat it here:
And, least the Truce with Treason should be mixt,
'Tis my Concern to have the Tree betwixt. Dryd. Chau.
(The Cock and the Fox.

FRAY.

Now, at th' appointed Place and Hour assign'd,
With Souls resolv'd the Ravishers were join'd:
A peaceful Troop they seem with shining Vests;
But Coats of Mail beneath secure their Breasts:
Dauntless they enter, Cymon at their Head,
And find the Feast renew'd, the Tables spread,
Sweet Voices, mix'd with Instruments of Sounds,
Ascend the vaulted Roof; the vaulted Roof rebounds:
When, like the Harpyes, rushing thro' the Hall,
The sudden Troop appears, the Tables fall:
Their smoking Load is on the Pavement thrown:
Each Ravisher prepares to seize his own;
The Brides, invaded with a rude Embrace,
Shriek out for Aid: Confusion fills the Place.
Quick to redeem the Prey, their plighted Lords
Advance: the Palace gleams with shining Swords.
But late is all Defence, and Succour vain:
The Rape is made; the Ravishers remain:
The Troop retires; the Lovers close the Reer,
With forward Faces not confessing Fear:
Backward they move; but scorn their Pace to mend;
Then seek the Stairs, and with slow Haste descend.
Fierce Pasimond, their Passage to prevent,
Thrust full on Cymon's Back in his Descent:
The Blade return'd unbath'd, and to the Handle bent.
Stout Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in two
His Rival's Head with one descending Blow:
And, as the next in Rank Ormisda stood,
He turn'd the Point: the Sword, inur'd to Blood,
Bor'd his unguarded Breast, which pour'd a purple Flood.

With vow'd Revenge the gath'ring Crowd pursues:
The Ravishers turn Head: the Fight renews;
The Hall is heap'd with Corps; the sprinkled Gore
Besmears the Walls, and floats the Marble Floor.
Dispers'd at length the drunken Squadron flies;
The Victors to the Vessel bear the Prize;
And hear behind loud Groans, and lamentable Cries.
(Dryd. Bocc. Cym. & Iphig.

Heroick Fury all th' Assembly warms;
Each Combatant breathes nothing but Alarms:
At length, th' advent'rous Heroes all agree.
T' expect the Foe, and act defensively:
Into the Shop their bold Battalions move,
And, what their Chief commands, the rest approve:
Down from the Walls they tear the Shelves in haste;
Which, on their Flanks, for Palisades are plac'd;
And then, behind the Compter, rang'd they stand;
Their Front so well secur'd, t'obey command:
And now the Scouts the adverse Host descry;
Blue Aprons in the Air for Colours fly:
With unresisted Force they urge their way;
And find the Foe embattel'd in Array:
Then from their level'd Syringes they pour
The liquid Volley of a missive Show'r:
Nor Storms of Sleet, which o'er the Baltick drive,
Push'd on by Northern Gusts, such Horrour give:
Like Spouts in southern Seas, the Deluge broke;
And Numbers sunk beneath th' impetuous Stroke:
And now the stagg'ring Braves, led by Despair,
Advance; and to return the Charge prepare:
Each seizes for his Shield an ample Scale;
And the brass Weights fly thick as Show'rs of Hail:
Whole Heaps of Warriours welter on the Ground;
With Gally-pots and broken Phyals crown'd;
And th' empty Vessels the Defeat resound.
But now, all Order lost, promiscuous Blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the Battel grows:
From Stentor's sinewy Arm an Opiat flies;
And straight a deadly Sleep clos'd Carus' Eyes:
Chiron hit Siphilis with Calomel,
And scaly Crusts from his maim'd Forehead fell:
At Colon great Japix Rhubarb flung,
Who, with fierce Gripes, like those of Death, was stung:
But, with a dauntless and disdainful Mien;
Hurl'd back steel Pills, and hit him on the Spleen:
Scribonius a vast Eagle-stone let fly
At Psylas, but Lucina put it by:

And

And Querpo, warm'd with more than mortal Rage,
Sprung thro' the Batch, Stentor to engage:
Each Combatant his Adversary mauls
With batter'd Bedpans, and flay'd Urinals:
But whilst bold Stentor, as late Rumours tell,
Design'd a fatal Blow, the Hero fell:
And now the Victor hov'ring o'er him stood
With Arms extended: ———
A while the Chief the deadly Stroke declin'd;
And found Compassion pleading in his Mind:
Then tow'rds the Skies he toss'd his threat'ning Head,
And, fir'd with mortal Indignation, ———
——— Unsheathing an Incision-Knife,
He offer'd at the prostrate Stentor's Life:
But, while his Thoughts that fatal Act decree,
Apollo interpos'd in Form of Fee:
The Chief great Paean's golden Tresses knew;
He own'd the God, and his rais'd Arm withdrew. Garth.

Fray betwixt the Lapythae and Centaurs.

Now brave Perithous, bold Ixion's Son,
The Love of fair Hippodame had won:
The cloud-begotten Race, half Men, half Beast,
Invited came to greet the nuptial Feast.
And one, most brutal of the brutal Brood,
Or whether Wine or Beauty fir'd his Blood,
Or both; at once beheld with lustful Eyes
The Bride, at once resolv'd to make his Prize:
Down went the Board; and fast'ning on her Hair,
He siez'd with sudden Force the frighted Fair:
'Twas Eurytus began: his bestial Kind
His Crime pursu'd; and each, as pleas'd his Mind,
Or her, whom Chance presented, took: the Feast
An Image of a taken Town express'd.
The Cave resounds with femal Shrieks: we rise,
Mad with Revenge, to make a swift Reprize.
——— First Theseus thrusts aside
The Crowd of Centaurs, and redeems the Bride:
The Monster nought reply'd: for Words were vain:
And Deeds could only Deeds unjust maintain;
But answers with his Hand, and forward press'd,
With Blows redoubled, on his Face and Breast.
An ample Gobler stood, of antick Mold,
And rough with Figures of the rising Gold;
The Hero, snatch'd it up, and toss'd in Air,
Full at the Front of the foul Ravisher:

He falls; and, falling, vomits forth a Flood,
Of Wine, and Foam, and Brains, and mingled Blood.
Half roaring, and half neighing through the Hall,
Arms, Arms, the double-form'd with Fury call,
To wreak their Brother's Death: a Medley Flight
Of Bowls and Jars at first supply the Fight;
Once Instruments of Feasts, but now of Fate:
Wine animates their Rage, and arms their Hate.
Bold Amycus from the robb'd Vestry brings
The Chalices of Heav'n, and holy Things
Of precious Weight: a Sconce, that hung on high,
With Tapers fill'd, to light the Sacristy,
Torn from the Cord, with his unhallow'd Hand
He threw amid the Lapythean Band:
On Celadon the Ruin fell, and left
His Face of Feature and of Form bereft.
This, Belates, th' Avenger, could not brook;
But, by the Foot, a Maple Board he took,
And hurl'd at Amycus; his Chin it bent
Against his Chest, and down the Centaur sent:
Whom, sputt'ring bloody Teeth, the second Blow
Of his drawn Sword dispatch'd to Shades below.
Grineus was near, and cast a furious Look
On the Side-Altar, cens'd with sacred Smoke,
And bright with flaming Fires; then from its Floor
An Altar-Stone he heav'd, with all the Load it bore:
Altar, and Altar's Freight together flew,
Where thickest throng'd the Lapythean Crew;
And, at once, Broteas and Orius slew.
Exadius look'd about, where on a Pine was spread
The votive Horns of a Stag's branching Head:
At Grineus these he throws; so just they fly,
That the sharp Antlers stuck in either Eye:
Breathless and blind he fell, with Blood besmear'd;
His Eye-balls, beaten out, hung dangling on his Beard.
Fierce Rhoetus, from the Hearth, a burning Brand
Selects; and, whirling, waves; till, from his Hand,
The Fire took flame; then dash'd it, from the right,
On fair Charaxus' Temples, near the Sight:
The whistling Pest came on; and pierc'd the Bone;
And caught the yellow Hair, that shrivel'd while it shone;
Caught, like dry Stubble fir'd; or like Seer-wood:
Yet from the Wound ensu'd no purple Flood;
But look'd a bubbling Mass of frying Blood:
His blazing Locks sent forth a crackling Sound;
And hiss'd like red-hot Ir'n within the Smithy drown'd:

The

The wounded Warriour shook his flaming Hair;
Then, what a Team of Horse could hardly rear,
He heaves the Threshold Stone; but could not throw;
The Weight it self forbad the threaten'd Blow:
Which, dropping from his lifted Arm, came down
Full on Cometes' Head; and crush'd his Crown:
With Strokes redoubled, Rhoetus plies his Head:
The burning Lever not deludes his Pains;
But drives the batter'd Skull within the Brains.
Then Corythus, with downy Cheeks, he slew:
Within Evagrus' Mouth, then drove the firy Death,
Which enter'd hissing in, and choak'd his Breath:
At Dryas next he flew: but weary Chance
No longer would the same Success advance:
For, while he whirl'd in fiery Circles round
The Brand, a sharpen'd Stake strong Dryas found;
And in the Shoulder's Joint inflicts the Wound:
The Weapon stuck; which, roaring out with Pain,
He drew; nor longer durst the Fight maintain.
But turn'd his Back, for fear, and fled amain.
And Augur Astylos, whose Art is vain
From Fight disswaded the four-footed Train,
Now beat the Hoof with Nessus on the Plain.
Crenaeus fled, to fall with more Disgrace:
For, fearful, while he look'd behind, he bore
Betwixt his Nose and Front, the Blow before.
Amid the Noise and Tumult of the Fray,
Snoring, and drunk with Wine, Aphidas lay:
Ev'n then the Bowl within his Hand he kept;
And on a Bear's rough Hide securely slept:
Him Phorbas, with his flying Dart transfix'd:
Take thy next Draught, with Stygian Waters mix'd,
And sleep thy Fill; th' insulting Victor cry'd:
Surpriz'd with Death unfelt, the Centaur dy'd;
The ruddy Vomit, as he breath'd his Soul,
Repass'd his Throat, and fill'd his empty Bowl.
I saw Petraeus' Arms employ'd around
A well grown Oak, to root it from the Ground:
This way, and that, he wrench'd the fibrous Bands:
The Trunk was like a Sapling in his Hands,
And still obey'd the Bent: while thus he stood,
Perithous' Dart drove on, and nail'd him to the Wood.
This Dictys saw; and, seiz'd with sudden Fright,
Leapt headlong from the Hill of steepy Height,
And crush'd an Ash beneath, that could not bear his Weight:
The shatter'd Tree receives his Fall; and strikes
Within his full-blown Paunch, the sharpen'd Spikes.

Strong Aphareus had heav'd a mighty Stone,
The Fragment of a Rock; and would have thrown:
But Theseus, with a Club of harden'd Oak,
The Cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke;
And left him maim'd, nor seconded the Stroke:
Then leaps on tall Bianor's Back; who bore
No mortal Burden but his own, before;
Press'd with his Knees his Sides: the double Man,
His speed with Spurs increas'd, unwilling ran:
One Hand the Hero fasten'd on his Locks;
His other ply'd him with repeated Strokes:
The Club rung round his Ears, and batter'd Brows:
He falls; and, lashing up his Heels, his Rider throws.
Demoleon could not bear this hateful Sight,
Of the long Fortune of th' Athenian Knight;
But pull'd, with all his Force, to disengage
From Earth a Pine; the Product of an Age!
The Root stuck fast: the broken Trunk he sent
At Theseus: Theseus frustrates his Intent:
And leaps aside, by Pallas warn'd, to shun the Blow:
Yet not in vain th' enormous Weight was cast;
Which Crantor's Body sunder'd at the Waste:
Peleus, with grieving Eyes, beheld his Fate;
And threw his ashen Spear, which quiver'd as it flew;
With all his Force, and all his Soul apply'd:
The sharp Point enter'd in the Centaur's Side:
Both Hands, to wrench it out, the Monster join'd;
And wrench'd it out, but left the Steel behind:
Stuck in his Lungs it stood; enrag'd, he rears
His Hoofs: and down to Ground brave Peleus bears:
Thus trampled under Foot, his Shield defends
His Head; his other Hand the Lance protends:
Ev'n while he lay extended on the Dust,
He sped the Centaur with one single Thrust.
Two more his Lance before transfix'd from far;
And two his Sword had slain in closer War:
To these was added Dorylas; who spread
A Bull's two goring Horns around his Head:
With these he push'd: in Blood already dy'd;
My Spear I threw: for want of other Ward,
He lifted up his Hand; his Front to guard:
His Hand it pass'd, and fix'd it to his Brow:
Loud Shouts of ours attend the lucky Blow:
Him Peleus finish'd with a secret Wound,
Which thro' the Navel pierc'd, he reel'd around;
And drag'd his dangling Bowels on the Ground;

Trod

Trod what he drag'd; and what he trod he crush'd;
And to his Mother Earth with empty Belly rush'd.
Ev'n still methinks I see Phæocomes:
Strange was his Habit, and as odd his Dress:
Six Lion's Hides, with Thongs together fast,
His upper Part defended to his Waist:
And where Man ended, the continu'd Vest
Spread, on his Back, the Houss and Trappings of a Beast:
A Stump, too heavy for a Team to draw,
He threw at Pholon: the descending Blow
Divides the Skull, and cleaves his Head in two:
The Brains, from Nose, and Mouth, and either Ear,
Came issuing out; as thro' a Colendar
The curdled Milk; or from the Press the Whey,
Driv'n down by Weights above, is drain'd away:
But him, while stooping down to spoil the slain,
Pierc'd thro' the Paunch, I tumbled on the Plain.
Already Cæneus, with his conq'ring Hand,
Had slaughter'd five, the boldest of their Band:
When Latreus, bulkiest of the double Race,
Betwixt th' embattel'd Ranks began to prance;
And rode the Ring around. ——————
The fatal Spear of Cæneus reach'd his Side:
Just in the Mixture of the Kinds it ran;
Betwixt the nether Beast, and upper Man:
The Monster, mad with Rage, and stung with Smart,
His Lance directed at the Hero's Heart.
It strook, but bounded from his harden'd Breast;
Like Hail from Tiles, which the safe House invest:
Nor seem'd the Stroke with more Effect to come,
Than a small Pebble falling on a Drum:
He next his Fauchion try'd in closer Fight;
But the keen Fauchion had no Pow'r to bite:
He thrust: the blunted Point return'd again:
Since downright Blows, he cry'd, and Thrusts are vain,
I'll prove his Side. In strong Embraces held,
He prov'd his Side; his Side the Sword repell'd:
His hollow Belly echo'd to the Stroke;
Untouch'd his Body, as a solid Rock;
Aim'd at his Neck at last, the Blade in Shivers broke.
Th' impassive Knight stood idle, to deride
His Rage; and offer'd oft his naked Side:
At length he thrust, and in his Shoulder plung'd the Sword:
Then writh'd his Hand; and, as he drove it down,
Deep in his Breast, made many Wounds in one.
The Centaurs saw, enrag'd, th' unhop'd Success,
And, rushing on, in Crowds together press:

At

At him, and him alone, their Darts they threw:
Repuls'd, they from his fated Body flew:
Amaz'd they stood, till Monychus began;
O Shame! a Nation conquer'd by a Man!
Master'd by this Half-Man! whole Mountains throw,
With Woods at once, and bury him below:
This only Way remains: Nor need we doubt
To choak the Soul within, tho' not to force it out:
Heap Weights, instead of Wounds. He chanc'd to see,
Where Southern Storms had rooted up a Tree;
This, rais'd from Earth, against the Foe he threw:
Th' Example shewn, his Fellow-Brutes pursue:
With Forest Loads the Warriour they invade: }
Othrys and Pelion soon were void of Shade; }
And spreading Groves were naked Mountains made. }
Press'd with the Burden, Cæneus pants for Breath;
And on his Shoulders bears the wooden Death:
To heave th' intolerable Weight he tries:
At length it rose above his Mouth and Eyes:
Yet still he heaves; and, struggling, with Despair,
Shakes all aside; and gains a Gulp of Air:
A short Relief; which but prolongs his Pain:
He faints by Fits; and then respires again:
At last the Burden only nods above,
As when an Earthquake stirs th' Idæan Grove.
For us, our Courage was increas'd by Grief:
Asham'd to see a single Man pursu'd
With Odds, to sink beneath a Multitude;
We push'd the Foe; and forc'd to shameful Flight: (Ovid.
Part fell; and Part escap'd by Favour of the Night. Dryd.

FREEDOM.

Freedom, without whose Charms ev'n Peace would be
But a dull quiet Slavery. Dryd.
I am as free, as Nature first made Man; }
Ere the base Laws of Servitude began; } (Gran.
When wild in Woods the noble Savage ran. Dr. Conq. of }
O get some blessed Hours of Liberty!
To thy bent Mind some Relaxation give,
And steal one Day out of thy Life to live.
Happy the Man, to whom kind Heav'n
Has such a Freedom always giv'n!
Where Honour, or where Conscience will not bind,
No other Law shall shackle me;
Slave to my self I will not be;
Nor shall my future Actions be confin'd
By my own present Mind.

Who

Who by Resolves and Vows engag'd does stand
For Days that yet belong to Fate,
Does, like an Unthrift, mortgage his Estate
Before it falls into his Hand.
The Bondman of the Cloister so
All he receives does always owe;
And still as Time comes in, it goes away,
Not to enjoy, but Debts to pay. Cowl.

The Men, who Poverty too much do fear,
T'avoid that Weight, a greater Burden bear;
To cruel Masters they themselves enslave,
That they may Pow'r above their Equals have;
For Gold their Liberty exchang'd we see,
The fairest Flow'r, which crowns Humanity. Cowl. Hor.

The Stag and Horse in common Pasture fed,
Till Jars ensu'd, and Heels oppos'd to Head;
But Horns are lucky Things, and Palfry fled;
Foaming for Spite, (And Passion is a Wit)
He sought for Man, and kindly took the Bit;
But when he fully had reveng'd the Cause,
The Spurs still gaul'd his Sides, the Curb his Jaws:
Just so the Man, who has his Freedom sold,
The nobler Riches, for insulting Gold,
His Back beneath a jaunting Rider lays;
Hackney'd and spurr'd thro' all his slavish Days. Staff. Hor.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship's an Abstract of Love's noble Flame;
'Tis Love refin'd, and purg'd from all its Dross:
'Tis next to Angels Love, if not the same:
As strong as Passion is, tho' not so gross:
Nobler than Kindred, or than Marriage-Band,
Because more free: Wedlock-Felicity
It self does only by this Union stand;
And turns to Friendship or to Misery.
Force or Design Matches to pass may bring,
But Friendship does from Love and Honour spring. Orinda.

Thick Waters shew no Images of Things:
Friends are each others Mirrours, and should be
Clearer than Crystal, or the Mountain Springs,
And free from Clouds, Design, and Flattery:
For vulgar Souls no Part of Friendship share:
Poets and Friends are born to what they are.
Friends should observe and chide each other's Faults;
To be severe then is most just and kind:
Nothing can 'scape their Search, who know the Thoughts;
This

This they should give and take with equal Mind.
For Friendship, when this Freedom is deny'd,
Is like a Painter when his Hands are ty'd. Orinda.
O judge me not less kind because I chide;
I am your Friend, so true,
So tender, that each Word I speak,
Stabs my own Heart, before it reach your Ear. Dryd. All for Love.
Pure is the Flame of Friendship and divine,
Like that, which in Heav'n's Sun does shine;
He in the upper Air and Sky,
Does no Effects of Heat bestow,
But, as his Beams the farther fly,
He begets Warmth, Life, Beauty, here below:
Friendship is less apparent when too nigh,
Like Objects, if they touch the Eye;
Less meritorious than is Love.
For when we Friends together see,
So much, so much both one do prove,
That their Love then seems but Self-Love to be. Cowl.
Friendship to such a noble Height should rise,
As their Devotion does in Sacrifice,
Who think they shew a Zeal remiss and small,
Except themselves, as nobler Victims, fall. Otw. Alcibiad.
What vast and boundless Flights can Friendship take!
Beyond what Search can see, or Fansy track!
It is th' Improvement of the Part divine,
When Souls in their seraphick Transports join;
In Souls united so we Friendship see,
As many Glories make one Deity. Otw. Alcibiad.
Essential Honour must be in a Friend;
Not such as ev'ry Breath fans to and fro;
But, born within, is its own Judge and End,
And dares not sin, tho' sure that none should know:
Where Friendship's nam'd, Honesty's understood:
For none can be a Friend, who is not good. Orinda.
Tho' ev'ry Thing may love, yet 'tis a Rule,
He cannot be a Friend, that is a Fool. Orinda.
Friendship is Pow'r and Riches, all, to me:
Friendship's another Element of Life:
Water and Fire not of more gen'ral Use,
To the Support and Comfort of the World,
Than Friendship to the Being of my Joy:
I would do ev'ry thing to serve a Friend. South. Fate of Capua.
——— Friendship is plain,
Artless, familiar, confident and free. Lansd. Jew of Ven.
——— ——— In their Nonage
A Sympathy unusual join'd their Loves:

They

They pair'd like Turtles; still together drank,
Together eat, nor quarrel'd for the Choice:
Like twining Streams, both from one Fountain fell, (Bor.
And, as they ran, still mingled Smiles and Tears. Lee. Cæs.
Great Souls by Instinct to each other turn,
Demand Alliance, and in Friendship burn:
A suddain Friendship; while, with outstretch'd Rays,
They meet each other, mingling Blaze with Blaze. Add.
My Soul seems pleas'd to take Acquaintance with thee,
As if ally'd to thine: Perhaps 'tis Sympathy
Of honest Minds; like Strings wound up to Musick, (Tam.
Where, by one Touch, both utter the same Harmony. Rowe.
Still to one End they both so justly drew,
As courteous Doves, together yok'd, would do.
Never did Marriage such true Union find,
Or Men's Desires with so glad Vi'lence bind;
For there is still some Tincture left of Sin,
And still the Sex will needs be stealing in:
Those Joys are full of Dross, and thicker far;
These, without Matter, clear and liquid are:
Such sacred Love does Heav'ns bright Spirits fill;
Whose Love is but to understand and will,
With swift and unseen Motions; such as we
Somewhat express in heighten'd Charity.
In this base World, alas! Friendship is made
A Bait for Sin, or else at best a Trade. Cowl. David.
To such strange Pitch their high Affections flew, (Dav.
That Nature's self scarce look'd on them as two. Cowl.
With soothing Baths, and the smooth suppling Oil,
The Body is refresh'd, o'ercharg'd with Toil:
And from a Friend's Advice Relief we find,
From Doubts and Terrours that torment the Mind. ——
A Friend should find out each Necessity,
And then, unask'd, relieve at any Rate:
It is not Friendship, but Formality,
To be desir'd: For Kindness keeps no State.
Of Friends he does the Benefactor prove,
Who gives his Friend the Means t'express his Love.
Constant and solid, whom no Storms can shake,
Nor Death unfix, a right Friend ought to be:
If to survive condemn'd, he ne'er will make
A second Choice, but Grief and Memory.
But Friendship's best Fate is, when it can spend
A Life, a Fortune, all, to serve a Friend. Orinda.
So helpless Friends, when safe themselves a-shore,
Behold a Vessel driv'n against a Rock;
They sigh, they weep, they counsel, and they pray;

They stretch their unassisting Hands in vain,
But none will plunge into the raging Main,
To save the sinking Passenger from Death. Dr. Love Trium.
  And Friendship still provides a double Strength
T'oppose th' Assaults of Fortune. Dryd. Temp.
  With Ease the Gifts of Fortune I resign;
But let my Love and Friend be ever mine. Dr. D. Seb.
—— —— In Friendship, who receives,
Obliges, by Acceptance, him that gives. Lansd. Jew of Ven.
  But Friendship wrong'd still into Hatred turns.
Otw. Tit. & Ber.
  Nature, or what is nearer much than Nature,
The kind Consent of our agreeing Minds,
Have made us dear to one another. —— Rowe. Fair Pen.
  He was my Friend, the truest Friend on Earth;
A strong and mighty Influence join'd our Birth;
Nor did we envy the most sounding Name,
  To Friendship given of old by Fame.
Say, for you saw us, ye immortal Lights,
How oft, unweary'd, have we spent the Nights,
'Till the Ledæan Stars, so fam'd for Love,
  Wonder'd at us from above? Cowl.
—— —— In that Friend I've lost
All my Soul's Peace: for ev'ry Thought of him (Pres.
Strikes my Sense hard, and deads it in my Brain. Otw. Ven.
  He lov'd me well; so well, he could but die,
To shew he lov'd me better than his Life:
He lost it for me. —— Dryd. D. Seb.
  Oh! Dearer than my Soul, if I can call it mine;
For sure we had the same: 'twas very thine!
Brother thou wast, but wast my Friend before,
And that new Title then could add no more:
Mine, more than Blood, Alliance, Nature's self could make,
  Than I, or Fame it self can speak.
Not yearning Mothers, when first Throes they feel,
To their young Babes in Looks a softer Passion tell;
  Not artless undissembling Maids express
  In their last dying Sighs such Tenderness;
  None e'er could boast an Union so near,
Could boast a Love so firm, so lasting, so divine;
  So pure is that, which we in Angels find
    To Mortals here,
  In Heav'n to their own Kind:
So pure, but not more great, must that blest Friendship prove,
Which shall for ever join our mingled Souls above. Oldh.
  Consider, how we from our earliest Years
Have liv'd, as if one Will, one Soul had acted us! Den. Iph.

Thou

Thou art my self, my very self, my Pylades;
View thy own Heart, and see Orestes there. Dry. Spng.
I could not bear a Rival in my Friendship,
I am so much in Love, and so much would possess it. Otw. Orph.
——— For sure we are such Friends,
So much one Man, that our Affections too
Must be united, and the same as we are. Otw. Orph.
It were impossible that two, so one,
Should not have lov'd the same. ——— Dr. All for Love.
——— There's Virtue in thy Friendship
Would make the saddest Tale of Sorrow pleasing,
Strengthen my Constancy, and welcome Ruin. Otw. V. Pres.
Live, live and reign for ever in my Bosom;
Safe and unrival'd there possess thy own!
And you, ye brightest of the Stars above,
Ye Saints, that once were Women here below,
Be Witness of the Truth, the holy Friendship,
Which here to this my other self I vow.
If I not hold her nearer to my Soul,
Than ev'ry other Joy the World can give,
Let Poverty, Deformity and Shame,
Distraction and Despair, seize me on Earth:
Let not my faithless Ghost have Peace hereafter, (Shore.
Nor taste the Bliss of your celestial Fellowship. Rowe. J.
Yes, thou art me; and only thou art me.
——— ——— My all is thine:
One common Hazard shall attend us both;
And both be fortunate, or both be wretched. Rowe. J. Sh.
O Pylades, what's Life without a Friend!
At Sight of thee my gloomy Soul chears up;
My Hopes revive; and Gladness dawns upon me.
——— May no blind Stroke of Fate (Moth.
Divide us more, and tear me from my self. Phill. Dist.
Alex. Rise all; and thou, my second self, my Love,
O my Hephestion, raise thee from the Earth
Up to my Breast, and hide thee in my Heart:
Art thou grown cold? Why hang thy Arms at distance?
Hug me, or by Heaven thou lov'st me not.
Heph. Not love my Lord! Break not the Heart you fram'd,
And moulded up to such an Excellence!
Then stamp'd on it your own immortal Image:
Not love the King? Such is not Woman's Love!
So fond a Friendship, such a sacred Flame,
As I must doubt to find in Breasts above.
Alex. Thou [illegible], thou lov'st me, Crown of all my Wars;
Thou dearer to me, than my Groves of Laurel:
I know thou lov'st thy Alexander more

Than

Then Clytus loves the King. No Tears, Hephestion!
I read thy Passion in thy manly Eyes;
And glory in those Heroes of my Life,
Above the Rival Lights that shine in Heaven. ———
I'll tell thee, Friend, and mark it, all ye Princes,
Tho' never mortal Man arriv'd to such
A Height as I, yet I would forfeit all,
Cast all my Purples, and my conquer'd Crowns,
And die to save this Darling of my Soul. Lee. Alex.

Why do'st thou drive me from my self to search
For foreign Aids? to hunt my Memory,
And range all o'er a waste and barren Place;
To find a Friend? The Wretched have no Friends:
Yet I had one, ———
Whom Cæsar lov'd beyond the Love of Women:
He could resolve his Mind, as Fire does Wax,
From that hard rugged Image melt him down,
And mould him in what softer Form he pleas'd. Dr. All for (Love.

Let me embrace thee but a little,
And weep upon thy Neck: I would repose
Within thy friendly Bosom all my Follies;
For thou wilt pardon them, because they're mine:
Be not too credulous; consider first,
Friends may be false: Is there no Friendship false?
Why do'st thou ask me that? Does this appear
Like a false Friendship, when, with open Arms,
And streaming Eyes, I run upon thy Breast?
O 'tis in thee alone I must have Comfort. Otw. Orph.

Marcus, the Friendships of the World are oft
Confed'racies in Vice, or Leagues of Pleasure:
Ours has severest Virtue for its Basis;
And such a Friendship ends not but with Life. Add. Cato.

——— Friendship's the Privilege
Of private Men; for wretched Greatness knows
No Blessing so substantial. ——— Tate. Loy. Gen.

Oh my lov'd Friend, till now I never knew
The Pangs of parting Friendship. ———
At Distance I have tasted of the Pain,
When the rude Morn has sunder'd us away
To our Repose: But, by my Soul, I swear
Ev'n then my Eyes would drop a silent Tear,
Repugnant still to close, and shut out thee. Lansd. Jew (of Ven.

Thou, my Lucasia, art far more to me,
Than the bright Sun to all this World can be:
From thee I've Heat and Light;
Thy Absence makes my Night,

But

But, ah! my Friend, it now grows very long;
The Sadness weighty, and the Darkness strong:
My Tears, its Dew, dwell on my Cheeks;
And still my Heart thy Dawning seeks:
And to thee mournfully it cries,
That, if too long I wait,
Ev'n thou may'st come too late,
And not restore my Life, but close my Eyes. Orinda.

When Chance, or cruel Bus'ness parts us two,
What do our Souls, I wonder, do?
Whilst Sleep does our dull Bodies tie,
Methinks at home they should not stay,
Content with Dreams, but boldly fly
Abroad; and meet each other half the Way.
Sure they do meet; enjoy each other there;
And mix, I know not how, nor where:
Their friendly Lights together twine,
Like loving Stars, that oft combine;
Yet not themselves their own Conjunctions know.
'Twere an ill World for ev'ry Friend,
If Distance could their Union end:
But Love himself can far advance
Above the Pow'r of Time and Space;
His Time's for ever, ev'ry where his Place:
I'm there with thee; yet here with me thou art,
Lodg'd in each other's Heart:
Miracles cease not yet in Love;
When he his mighty Pow'r would try,
Absence it self will bounteous prove,
And strangely ev'n our Presence multiply. Cowl.

FROG.

Ev'n Slime begets the Frogs loquacious Race:
Short of their Feet at first; in little Space
With Arms and Legs endu'd, long Leaps they take,
Rais'd on their hinder Part, and swim the Lake;
And Waves repel: For Nature gave their Kind,
To that Intent, a Length of Legs behind. Dryd. Ovid.

FROST.

The Winds oft bind the Globe in crystal Fetters:
To Glass they turn the Lakes on which they blow;
Benumb the Floods, and teach them not to flow. Blac. Job.
How is the Dew arrested in its Flight,
Congeal'd and whiten'd in the Air by Night?

How

How does it spread its Frost-work o'er the Meads,
Oppress the Trees, and bend their hoary Heads?
What is the Nature of the icy Chain,
Which can the fluid Element restrain;
Which oft compels a rolling Flood to stand,
Hardens the Stream, and makes the Water Land?
Grown stiff with Cold, the Billows roll no more, (Job.
But with their crystal Arms embrace the rocky Shore. Blac.

FROWN.

Contempt contracts her Brow: her Passions rise,
And proud Disdain glows in her rolling Eyes. Gay. Ovid.
Like a black Storm the Monarch frown'd,
And, louring, cast his haughty Eyes around. Blac. Eliza.
——— ——— his parting Frowns
May well instruct me, Rage is in his Heart. Orph.
What are the Thoughts that knit thy Brows in Frowns?
Add. Cato.
Look not so dreadful on your kneeling Servant;
O do not frown, but clear that angry Brow:
Your Eyes will blast me, and your Words are Bolts,
That strike me dead. ——— ——— Lee. Alex.

FRYAR.

I met a rev'rend, fat, old, gouty Fryar;
With a Paunch swoln so high, his double Chin
Might rest upon't; a true Son of the Church;
Fresh-colour'd, and well thriven on his Trade;
Come puffing with his greazy bald-pate Quire;
And fumbling o'er his Beads in such an Agony,
He told them false for Fear: About his Neck (Fry.
There hung a Wench; the Label of his Function. Dryd. Sp.

FUNERALS.

An ancient Wood, fit for the Work design'd,
The shady Covert of the savage Kind,
The Trojans found: the sounding Axe is ply'd;
Firs, Pines, and Pitch-Trees, and the tow'ring Pride
Of Forest Ashes feel the fatal Stroke;
And piercing Wedges cleave the stubborn Oak:
Huge Trunks of Trees, fell'd from the steepy Crown
Of the bare Mountains, roll with Ruin down. Dryd. Ovid.
Forth from the City all the People went,
And nine Days Space in felling Trees was spent.

The

The tenth, a most stupendous Pile they made,
And on the Top the manly Hector laid;
Then gave it Fire: while all, with weeping Eyes,
Beheld the rolling Flame and Smoke arise.
All Night they wept, and all the Night it burn'd:
But when the rosy Morn with Day return'd,
About the Pile the thronging People came,
And with black Wine quench'd the remaining Flame.
His Brothers then, and Friends search'd ev'ry where,
And, gath'ring up his snowy Bones with Care,
Wept o'er them: when an Urn of Gold was brought,
Wrapt in soft purple Palls, and richly wrought,
In which the sacred Ashes were interr'd:
Then o'er his Grave a Monument they rear'd. Cong. Hom.

Thrice in his Body clean by Bathing made;
And, when with Victor's Oil anointed o'er,
'Tis in the Palace Gate devoutly laid,
Clad in that Vest which he in Battel wore.
Whilst sev'n succeeding Suns pass sadly by,
The Palace seems all hid in Cypress Boughs;
From antient Lore, of Man's Mortality
The Type: for, where 'tis lopt, it never grows.
The publick fun'ral Voice, till these expire,
Cries out: Here Greatness, tir'd with Honour, rests!
Come see what Bodies are when Souls retire,
And visit Death, ere you become his Guests.
Now on a purple Bed the Corps they lay;
Whilst Trumpets summon all the common Quire
In Tune to mourn him, and disperse his Praise:
And then move slowly tow'rds the fun'ral Fire.
They bear before him Spoils they'ad gain'd in War,
And his great Ancestors, in Sculpture wrought;
And now arrive ——————
Where, in an Altar's Form, a Pile is made
Of unctuous Fir, and Sleeper's fatal Eugh;
On which the Body is by Mourners laid,
Who there sweet Gums, their last kind Tribute, threw.
Hubert, his Arm, westward, aversely stretch'd,
Whilst to the hopeful East his Eyes were turn'd;
And with a hallow'd Torch the Pile he reach'd,
Which seen, they all with utmost Clamour mourn'd.
Whilst the sad Flame aspires, Oswald! they cry,
Farewel! we follow swiftly as the Hours!
For, with Time's Wings, tow'rds Death ev'n Cripples fly!
This said the hungry Flame its Food devours.
Then Priests with Wine the Ashes quench'd, and hide
The reverenc'd Reliques in a Marble Urn:

The old dismissive Ilicet is cry'd
By the Town-Voice, and all to Feasts return. D'Av. Gond.

——— We then his fun'ral Rites prepare,
And, to his Ghost, a Tomb, and Altars rear:
In mournful Pomp the Matrons walk the Round;
With baleful Cypress, and blue Fillets crown'd;
With Eyes dejected, and with Hair unbound:
Then Bowls of tepid Milk and Blood we pour;
And thrice invoke the Soul of Polydore. Dryd. Virg.

G.

GAMESTER.

But then my Study was to cog the Dice;
And dextrously to throw the lucky Sice;
To shun Ames-Ace, that sweeps my Stakes away;
And watch the Box, for fear they should convey
False Bones; and put upon me in the Play. Dryd. Juv.

If Gaming does an aged Sire entice,
Then my young Master swiftly learns the Vice;
And shakes, in hanging Sleeves, the little Box and Dice.
(Dryd. Juv.

——— Like losing Gamesters,
Who fret and storm, and swear at little Losses:
But, when they see all Hope of Fortune vanish'd,
Submit, and gain a Temper by their Ruin. Dryd. Riv. Lad

GANYMEDE.

From Troy, great Jove to azure Skies convey'd,
To live with Gods, the lovely Ganymede:
Where, by th' Immortals honour'd, (strange to see!)
The Youth enjoys a bless'd Eternity:
Where all his Hours are pass'd in circling Joy,
Which Age can ne'er decay, nor Death destroy:
In Bowls of Gold he ruddy Nectar pours;
And Jove regales in his unbended Hours. Cong. Hom.

Story of Ganymede in Needlework.

The royal Youth is wrought with lively Art,
Chasing thro' Ida's Groves the panting Hart:
Eager and straining, he their Speed outvies:
Jove's Eagle stoops, and bears him to the Skies:
His aged Keepers to the Heav'ns complain:
With imitated Cries his Dogs regard in vain. Laud. Virg.

GARDEN.

And here, perhaps, were I not giving o'er,
And striking Sail, and making to the Shore;
I'd shew what Art the Gard'ners Toils require:
Why rosy Pæstum blushes twice a year;
What Streams the verdant Succory supply;
And how the thirsty Plant drinks Rivers dry:
What with a chearful Green does Parsley grace;
And writhes the bellying Cucumber along the twisted Grass.
Nor would I pass the soft Acanthus o'er,
Ivy, nor Myrtle-trees, that love the Shore;
Nor Daffodils that late from Earths slow Womb
Unrumple their swoln Buds, and shew their yellow Bloom.
For once I saw, in the Tarentine Vale,
Where slow Galesus drench'd the washy Soil,
An old Corycian Yeoman, who had got
A few neglected Acres to his Lot;
Where neither Corn nor Pasture grac'd the Field,
Nor would the Vine her purple Harvest yield;
But sav'ry Herbs among the Thorns were found,
Vervain and Poppy-Flow'rs his Garden crown'd,
And dropping Lillies whiten'd all the Ground:
Bless'd with these Riches he could Empire slight;
And, when he rested from his Toils at Night,
The Earth unpurchas'd Dainties would afford,
And his own Garden furnish out his Board:
The Spring did first his op'ning Roses blow;
First rip'ning Autumn bent his fruitful Bough:
When piercing Colds had burst the brittle Stone,
And freezing Rivers stiffen'd as they run;
He then would prune the tender'st of his Trees,
Chide the late Spring, and ling'ring western Breeze:
His Bees first swarm'd, and made his Vessels foam
With the rich Squeezings of the juicy Comb:
Here Lindens and the happy Pine increas'd:
Here, when gay Flow'rs his smiling Orchard dress'd,
As many Blossoms as the Spring could show,
So many dangling Apples mellow'd on the Bough:
In Rows his Elms and knotty Pear-trees bloom,
And Thorns, ennobled now to bear a Plumb:
And spreading Plane-trees, where, supinely lay'd,
He now enjoys the Cool, and quaffs beneath the Shade.
(Add. Virg.

Garden

Garden of Alcinous.

Close by the Gates a spacious Garden lies,
From Storms defended and inclement Skies:
Four Acres was th'allotted Space of Ground;
Fenc'd with a green Inclosure all around:
Tall thriving Trees confess'd the fruitful Mold;
The redd'ning Apple ripens here to Gold:
Here the blue Fig with luscious Juice o'erflows;
With deeper Red the full Pomegranate glows:
The Branch here bends beneath the weighty Pear,
And verdant Olives flourish round the Year.
The balmy Spirit of the Western Gale
Eternal breathes on Fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping Pear a following Pear supplies;
On Apples Apples, Figs on Figs arise:
The same mild Season gives the Blooms to blow,
The Buds to harden, and the Fruits to grow.
Here order'd Vines in equal Ranks appear,
With all th'united Labours of the Year:
Some to unload the fertile Branches run,
Some dry the blackning Clusters in the Sun,
Others to tread the liquid Harvest join;
The groaning Presses foam with Floods of Wine.
Here are the Vines in early Flow'r descry'd;
Here, Grapes discolour'd on the sunny Side;
And, there, in Autumn's richest Purple dy'd.
Beds of all various Herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous Order terminate the Scene.
Two plenteous Fountains the whole Prospect crown'd;
This thro' the Garden leads its Streams around,
Visits each Plant, and waters all the Ground;
While that in Pipes beneath the Palace flows,
And thence its Current on the Town bestows:
To various Use their various Streams they bring;
The People one, and one supplies the King. [illegible] Hom.

The Garden, [illegible]
In Spring's [illegible] clad of [illegible]
Fresh Flow'rs [illegible] between. [illegible] & Art.

Their Gardens [illegible]
Bend down the [illegible] Parent Root. Blac.

Such fragrant Fruits, as in [illegible] Gardens grew,
Where a perpetual *Autumn* ever smil'd,
And golden Apples loaded Branches fill'd:
By such swift *Atalanta* was betray'd;
The vegetable Gold soon stopt the flying Maid. Bowles. Juv.

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Hesperian Gardens.

——— Near the Tritonian Lake,
Where, by the wakeful Dragon kept of old,
Hesperian Plants grew rich with living Gold;
Long since the Fruit was from the Branches torn,
And now the Gardens their lost Honours mourn:
Such was in antient Times the Tale receiv'd,
Such by our good Forefathers was believ'd;
Nor let Inquirers the Tradition wrong,
Or dare to question, now, the Poets sacred Song:
Then take it for a Truth; the wealthy Wood
Here under golden Boughs low bending stood;
On some large Tree his Folds the Serpent wound;
The fair Hesperian Virgins watch'd around,
And join'd to guard the rich forbidden Ground;
But great Alcides came to end their Care,
Stript the gay Grove, and left the Branches bare;
Then, back returning, sought the Argive Shore,
And the bright Spoil to proud Eurystheus bore. Rowe. Luc.

GARLAND.

She thrust among the Trees her Lilly Hand
To draw the Rose; and ev'ry Rose she drew,
She shook the Stalk, and brush'd away the Dew.
The Party-colour'd Flowers of white and red
She wove, to make a Garland for her Head.
Dryd. Chau. Pal. & Arc.

——— ——— ——— He wove
Of choicest Flow'rs a Garland to adorn
Her Tresses; and her rural Labours crown,
As Reapers oft are wont their Harvest Queen. Milt. Par. Lost.

A Garland deck'd with all the Pride of May,
Sweet as thy Breath, and as thy Beauty gay. Phil.

GAUNTLET-FIGHT.

Once more the Prince bespeaks th' attentive Crowd:
If there be here, whose dauntless Courage dare
In Gauntlet-fight, with Limbs and Body bare,
His Opposite sustain in open View,
Stand forth the Champion, and the Games renew.
Two Prizes I propose, and thus divide;
A Bull, with gilded Horns, and Fillets ty'd,
Shall be the Portion of the conqu'ring Chief:
A Sword and Helm shall chear the Loser's Grief.

Then haughty Dares in the Lists appears;
Stalking he strides; his Head erected bears:
His nervous Arms the weighty Gauntlets wield;
And loud Applauses echo thro' the Field.
Dares, alone, in Combate us'd to stand
The Match of mighty Paris Hand to Hand:
Dares, at Hector's Fun'rals undertook
Gigantick Butes, of th' Amician Stock;
And, by the Stroke of his resistless Hand,
Stretch'd the vast Bulk upon the yellow Sand:
Such Dares was; and such he strode along;
And drew the Wonder of the gazing Throng.
His brawny Back and ample Breast he shows;
His lifted Arms around his Head he throws;
And deals, in whistling Air, his empty Blows:
His Match is sought; but, thro' the trembling Band,
Not one dares answer to the proud Demand.
Presuming of his Force, with sparkling Eyes,
Already he devours the promis'd Prize.
He claims the Bull with awless Insolence;
And, having seiz'd his Horns, accosts the Prince:
If none my matchless Valour dares oppose,
How long shall Dares wait his Dastard Foes?
Permit me, Chief, permit, without Delay,
To lead this uncontended Gift away.
The Crowd assents; and, with redoubled Cries,
For the proud Challenger demands the Prize.
Acestes, fir'd with just Disdain to see
The Palm usurp'd without a Victory,
Reproach'd Entellus thus, who sate beside,
And heard, and saw unmov'd, the Trojan's Pride:
Once, but in vain, a Champion of Renown,
So tamely can you bear the ravish'd Crown?
A Prize in Triumph borne before your Sight,
And shun, for Fear, the Danger of the Fight?
Where is our Eryx now, the boasted Name,
The God, who taught your thund'ring Arm the Game?
Where now your baffled Honour? where the Spoil,
That fill'd your House, and Fame that fill'd our Isle?
Entellus thus: My Soul is still the same,
Unmov'd with Fear, and mov'd with martial Fame;
Oh, could I turn to that fair Prime again,
That Prime, of which this Boaster is so vain,
The Brave, who this decrepit Age defies,
Should feel my Force without the promis'd Prize.

He said, and, rising at the Word, he threw Dr. Virg.
Two pond'rous Gauntlets on the lifted Field,
Which mighty Eryx us'd in Fight to wield;
And which the Hides of seven strong Bulls compose, (Virg.
Loaded with leaden Knobs, that Iron Hoops inclose. Laud.
Dares himself was daunted at the Sight,
Renounc'd his Challenge, and refus'd to fight:
Astonish'd at their Weight the Hero stands,
And pois'd the pond'rous Engines in his Hands.
What had your Wonder, said Entellus, been,
Had you the Gauntlets of Alcides seen;
Or view'd the stern Debate on this unhappy Green?
These, which I bear, your Brother Eryx bore.
Still mark'd with batter'd Brains, and mingled Gore.
With these he long sustain'd th' Herculean Arm;
And these I wielded while my Blood was warm.
This said, Entellus for the Strife prepares;
Stripp'd of his quilted Coat, his Body bares, Dryd. Virg.
And in the Lists the bold Defier dares.
But then Æneas equal Arms supply'd,
Which to their Shoulders and their Wrists they ty'd:
Stretch'd in their full Extent their Crests they rear,
And fling their Steel-clinch'd Fingers in the Air:
To ward the Strokes their working Heads retire,
And clashing Gauntlets flake their Fists with Fire:
His youthful Limbs more nimbly Dares plies;
This in his Strength exceeds, and Giant Size:
But, stiff with Age, his lab'ring Joints bend slow,
He shakes with Panting, and his Nostrils blow:
Equal as yet they strike, and equal wound;
Their Back-bones echo, and their Chests resound:
And Show'rs of Thumps about their Temples fly,
And rattling Jaws their nervous Fists defie:
Entellus stands his Ground, and wards but with his Eye.
Laud. Virg.
While Dares traverses, and shifts his Place:
And, like a Captain, who beleaguers round
Some strong-built Castle on a rising Ground,
Views all th' Approaches with observing Eyes,
This, and that other Part, in vain he tries,
And more on Industry, than Force, relies. Dryd. Virg.
Entellus, stretching out, discharg'd a Blow,
But Dares slip'd aside, and shuns the Foe;
And down his Arms and he together go. Laud. Virg.
So falls a hollow Pine, that long had stood
On Ida's Height, or Erymanthus' Wood

Torn from the Roots: The diff'ring Nations rise;
And Shouts, and mingled Murmurs, rend the Skies.
Acestes runs, with eager Haste, to raise
The fall'n Companion of his youthful Days:
Dauntless he rose, and to the Fight return'd;
With Shame his glowing Cheeks, his Eyes with Fury burn'd:
Disdain and conscious Virtue fir'd his Breast;
And with redoubled Force his Foe he press'd. Dryd. Virg.

Undaunted he, nor slower, to engage,
Is warm'd back forty Winters by his Rage:
Shame and his conscious Worth his Bosom fill'd,
And now he chases Dares thro' the Field:
Nor Rest, nor Breath, he to his Foe allows,
But Storms of Strokes descend about his Brows,
A rattling Tempest and a Hail of Blows:
The fainting Dares spouts a clotter'd Flood,
And pounded Teeth came gushing with the Blood.
But now the Prince, who saw the wild Increase
Of Wounds, commands the Combatants to cease;
And bounds Entellus Wrath, and bids the Peace.
The Champion, then, before Æneas came,
Proud of his Prize; but prouder of his Fame:
O Goddess born, and you, Dardanian Host,
Mark with Attention, and forgive my Boast:
Learn what I was by what remains; and know
From what impending Fate you sav'd my Foe:
Sternly he spoke; and then confronts the Bull;
And, on his ample Forehead aiming full,
The deadly Stroke, descending, pierc'd the Skull.
Down drops the Beast; nor needs a second Wound;
But sprawls in Pangs of Death, and spurns the Ground:
Then thus: In Dares' Stead I offer this;
Eryx, accept a nobler Sacrifice;
Take the last Gift my wither'd Arms can yield;
Thy Gauntlets I resign, and here renounce the Field. (Virg. Laud.)

(Virg. Dryd.)

GENERAL.

How great's the Care, the Toil, and ling'ring Pain,
That racks a Gen'ral's Breast, and breaks his Brain! Lee. Sophon.

———— For Art,
And Conduct, are of War the better Part,
And more avail than Strength. —— Dryd. Ovid.

Cool Sense and Judgment, with a noble Fire,
To make a finish'd Leader must conspire. Blac. K. Arth.

It is a noble General's prudent Part,
To cherish Valour, and reward Desert. Dryd. Juv.
He charg'd his Soldiers, with preventing Care,
Their Flags to follow, and their Arms prepare;
Warn'd of th' ensuing Fight, and bade them hope the War.
Dryd. Virg.

Ere the mid Hour of Night, from Tent to Tent,
Unweary'd thro' the num'rous Host he pass'd,
Viewing with careful Eyes each sev'ral Quarter;
Whilst, from his Looks, as from Divinity,
The Soldiers took Presage, and cry'd, Lead on
To Victory, and everlasting Fame. Rowe. Tamerl.
Fix'd on the glorious Action, he forgets
The Change of Seasons, and Increase of Heats;
No Toils are painful, that can Danger shew;
No Climes unlovely, that contain a Foe. Add.
Our Godlike Leader, ere the Stream he past;
The mighty Scheme of all his Labours cast;
Forming the wond'rous Year within his Thought,
His Bosom glow'd with Battels yet unfought.
The long laborious March he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese;
Between whose Floods such pathless Forests grow,
Such Mountains rise, so many Rivers flow:
The Toil looks lovely in the Heroes Eyes,
And Danger serves but to enhance the Prize. Add.
Foremost, on foot, he treads the burning Sand,
Bearing his Arms in his own patient Hand;
Scorning another's weary Neck to press;
Or in a lazy Chariot loll at Ease:
The panting Soldier to his Toil succeeds,
Where no Command, but great Example, leads:
Sparing of Sleep, still for the rest he wakes;
And at the Fountain last his Thirst he slakes:
Whene'er by Chance some living Stream is found,
He stands, and sees the cooling Draughts go round;
Stays till the last and meanest Drudge be past,
And, till his Slaves have drunk, disdains to taste:
If true good Men deserve immortal Fame;
If Virtue, tho' distress'd, be still the same,
Whate'er our Fathers greatly dar'd to do,
Whate'er they bravely bore, or wisely knew,
Their Virtues all are his, and all their Praise his Due.
Rowe. Luc. Spoken of Cato.
But most the Virtues of their matchless Chief
Inspire new Strength to bear with ev'ry Grief:

All Night, with careful Thoughts and watchful Eyes,
On the bare Sands expos'd the Hero lies:
In ev'ry Place alike, in ev'ry Hour,
Dares his ill Fortune, and defies her Pow'r:
Unweary'd, still his common Care attends
On ev'ry Fate, and chears his dying Friends:
With ready Haste at each sad Call he flies;
And more than Health, or Life itself supplies:
With Virtue's noblest Precepts arms their Souls,
And ev'n their Sorrows, like his own, controuls:
Where-e'er he comes, no Signs of Grief are shewn,
Grief, an unmanly Weakness, they disown,
And scorn to sigh, or breathe one parting Groan:
Still urging on his pious Cares, he strove
The Sense of outward Evils to remove;
And, by his Presence, taught them to disdain
The feeble Rage and Impotence of Pain. Rowe. Luc.
(Spoken of Cato.

Am I distinguish'd from you but by Toils,
Superior Toils, and heavier Weight of Cares?
Painful Pre-eminence?
Have you forgotten Lybia's burning Waste,
It's barren Rocks, parch'd Earth, and Hills of Sand;
Its tainted Air, and all its Broods of Poison?
Who was the first t'explore th'untrodden Path,
When Life was hazarded in ev'ry Step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious March,
When on the Banks of an unlook'd-for Stream,
You sunk the River with repeated Draughts,
Who was the last in all your Host that thirsted?
If some penurious Source by chance appear'd,
Scanty of Waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full Helmet up to Cato,
Did he not dash th'untasted Moisture from him?
Did he not lead you thro' the Mid-day Sun
And Clouds of Dust? Did not his Temples glow
In the same sultry Winds and scorching Heats? Add. Cato.

GHOST.

Hear, ye midnight Phantoms, hear,
You, who pale and wan appear,
And fill the Wretch, who wakes, with Fear;
You who wander, scream, and groan,
Around the Mansions, once your own;
You, whom still your Crimes upbraid,
You who rest not with the Dead:

From

From the Coverts, where you stray,
Where you lurk, and shun the Day,
From the Charnel, and the Tomb,
Hither haste ye, hither come. Rowe. Fair Pen.

Now Hector's Ghost before my Sight appears:
A bloody Shrowd he seem'd, and bath'd in Tears:
Such as he was, when, by foul Treason slain,
Thessalian Coursers drag'd him o'er the Plain:
Swol'n were his Feet, as when the Thongs were thrust
Thro' his bor'd Soles, his Body black with Dust:
Unlike that Hector, who return'd from Toils
Of War, triumphant in Æacian Spoils:
Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire,
And lanch'd against their Navy Phrygian Fire:
His Hair and Beard stood stiffen'd with his Gore;
And all the Wounds, he for his Country bore,
Now stream'd afresh, and with new Purple ran:
I wept to see the visionary Man. Dryd. Virg.

——— She gliding pass'd unseen in Air:
I strove to speak, but Horrour ty'd my Tongue:
And thrice about her Neck my Arms I flung;
And, thrice deceiv'd, on vain Embraces hung;
Light as an empty Dream at Break of Day,
Or as a Blast of Wind she rush'd away. Dryd. Virg.

Then, as he strove to clasp the fleeting Fair,
His empty Arms confess'd th' impassive Air;
From his Embrace th' unbodied Spectre flies. Garth.

He said; and falling Tears his Face bedew;
Then thrice, around his Neck, his Arms he threw;
And thrice the flitting Shadow slipp'd away;
Like Winds, or empty Dreams, that fly the Day. Dr. Virg.

——— ——— I vanish with the Night;
And feel the Blast of Heav'n's approaching Light:
He said; and mix'd with Shades; and took his airy Flight.
Dryd. Virg.

GIANT.

——— ——— ——— He sung,
How Earth's bold Sons, by wild Ambition fir'd,
Defy'd the Gods, and to celestial Thrones aspir'd:
Typhoeus first, with lifted Mountains arm'd,
Led on the furious Van, and Heav'n it self alarm'd:
Now Prochyte among the Stars he threw,
And, from their Bases torn, huge Islands flew,
And shook th' Etherial Orbs: The Pow'rs above
Then first knew Fear; not so Almighty Jove:

He, with red Lightning arm'd, and winged Fire,
Replung'd the Rebels in their native Mire:
All Nature with the dreadful Rout resounds;
They fled, and bath'd in Baian Springs their burning Wounds:
On the scorch'd Earth the Footsteps still remain,
And sulph'rous Springs a firy Taste retain. Bowles. Senaz.
Then arm'd against the Skies the Sons of Earth:
With Mountains pil'd on Mountains thrice they strove
To scale the steepy Battlements of Jove:
And thrice his Lightning and red Thunder play'd;
And their demolish'd Works in Ruin laid. Dryd. Virg.
So when at Bathos all the Giants strove
T'invade the Skies, and wage a War with Jove,
Soon as the Ass of old Silenus bray'd,
The trembling Rebels in Confusion fled. Garth.
The fam'd Gigantick War!
When those tall Sons of Earth did Heav'n aspire,
(A brave, but impious, Fire!)
Uprooting Hills, with most stupendous Hale,
To form the high and dreadful Scale:
The Gods with Horrour and Amaze look'd down,
Beholding Rocks from their firm Basis rent;
Mountain on Mountain thrown,
With threat'ning Hurl, that shook the Firmament!
Th'Attempt did Fear in Heav'n create,
Ev'n Jove desponding sate,
Till Mars, with all his Force collected, stood,
And pour'd whole WAR on the rebellious Brood;
Who, tumbling Headlong from th'Empyreal Skies,
O'erwhelm'd those Hills, by which they thought to rise.
Cong.

GIFT.

Of all the Joys that gen'rous Minds receive,
The noblest is, the Godlike Pow'r to give. Lansd. Jew of Ven.
The Gift resum'd, the Obligation dies. Hig. Gen. Conq.
We like the Gift, when we the Giver prize. Norm. Ovid.
With Flatt'ry now he seeks her Mind to move,
And now with Gifts, the pow'rful Bribes of Love. Dr. Ovid.
With Gifts, you gave me Words of so sweet Breath com-
As made the Things more rich: that Perfume lost, (pos'd,
Take these again; for to the noble Mind (Haml.
Rich Gifts wax poor, when Givers prove unkind. Shak.
——— ——— Where they receive
Base Natures hate, and love but where they give.
Sedl. Ant. & Cleop.

GIFTED

GIFTED-BROTHER.

Some call it Gifts, and some new Light:
A lib'ral Art, that costs no Pains
Of Study, Industry, or Brains:
His Wits were sent him for a Token,
But in the Carriage crack'd and broken:
Like Commendation Nine-pence, crook'd
With to and from my Love, it look'd:
He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a Gift-Horse in the Mouth;
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it, than 'twas worth.
But, as he got it freely, so,
He spent it frank and freely too:
For Saints themselves will sometimes be
Of Gifts, that cost them nothing, free.
By Means of this, with Hem and Cough,
Prolongers to enlighten'd Snuff,
He could deep Myst'ries unriddle
As easily, as thread a Needle:
For, as of Vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'er beside their Way,
Whate'er Men speak by this new Light;
They still are sure to be i' th' Right.
'Tis a dark Lantern of the Spirit,
Which none see by, but those that bear it:
A Light, that falls down from on high,
For Spiritual Trades to cozen by:
An Ignis-fatuus, that bewitches,
And leads Men into Pools and Ditches,
To make them dip themselves, and sound
For Christendom in dirty Pond;
To dive, like wild Fowl, for Salvation,
And fish to catch Regeneration.
This Light inspires, and plays upon
The Nose of Saint, like Bag-pipe Drone;
And speaks thro' hollow empty Soul,
As thro' a Trunk, or whisp'ring Hole,
Such Language, as no mortal Ear,
But Spiritual Eaves-droppers can hear.
So Phoebus, or some friendly Muse,
Into small Poets Song infuse,
Which they at second Hand rehearse,
Thro' Reed or Bagpipe, Verse for Verse. Had,

He could foretel whatever was
By Consequence to come to pass;
As Death of Great Men, Alterations,
Diseases, Battels, Inundations:
All this, without th' Eclipse of Sun,
Or dreadful Comet, he has done
By inward Light, a Way as good,
And easy to be understood. Hud.

GIPSY.

A frantick Gipsy now the House he haunts,
And in wild Phrases speaks dissembled Wants:
With the fond Maids in Palmistry he deals;
They tell the Secret first, which he reveals;
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd;
What Groom shall get, and Squire maintain, the Child:
But when bright Emma would her Fortune know,
A softer Look unbends his op'ning Brow:
With trembling Awe he gazes on her Eye;
And in soft Accents forms the kind Reply;
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair;
And Hymen's choicest Gifts are all reserv'd for her. Prior.

GLORY.

O fatal Love of Fame! O glorious Heat,
Only destructive to the Brave and Great! Add.
How vainly Glory has our Youth misled!
The Wind which blows us from the happy Shore,
And drives us from the Living to the Dead. D'Aven. Gond.
And what is Glory, but the Blaze of Fame,
The People's Praise? —— Milt. Par. Reg.
Glory farewel: thou art the Soldier's Care; (Gond.
More lov'd than Woman, less than Woman true. D'Aven.

GLOW-WORM.

—— He upon the Ground
A Glow-Worm spy'd, and, thinking he had found
A moving Diamond, a breathing Stone,
For Life it had, and like those Jewels shone,
He held it dear, till by the springing Day
Inform'd, he threw the worthless Worm away. Wall.
The Glow-Worm shews the Mattin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual Fire. Shak. Haml.

GOAT.

The Goats, that graze the Field, and burn it bare.
Dryd. Virg.

The hairy Goats of equal Profit are
With woolly Sheep, and ask an equal Care:
For the fallacious Goat encreases more,
And twice as largely yields her milky Store:
The still distended Udders never fail;
But, when they seem exhausted, swell the Pail;
Mean time the Pastor shears their hoary Beards;
And eases of their Hair the loaded Herds:
Their Cam'lots, warm in Tents, the Soldier hold;
And shield the wretched Mariner from Cold:
On Shrubs they browze; and, on the bleaky Top
Of rugged Hills, the thorny Bramble crop:
Attended with their Family they come
At Night, unask'd, and mindful of their Home;
And scarce their swelling Bags the Threshold overcome.
Dryd. Virg.

Farewel, my Goats! A happy Herd, while mine!
No more shall I, in the refreshing Shade
Of verdant Grottos by kind Nature made,
Behold your climbing on the Mountain Top,
The flow'ry Thyme, and fragrant Shrubs to crop. (Virg. Carry.

GOBLET.

A Goblet, rich with Gems, and rough with Gold. Dryd. Bocc. Sig. & Guisc.

Besides, a brave large Goblet shall be thine;
New made, new turn'd, and smelling wond'rous fine;
Sweet wholsome Wax the inner Hollow hides;
And two neat Handles grace the well wrought Sides:
About the Brim a creeping Ivy twines,
Thro' whose brown Leaves the brighter Crocus shines:
Within, a Woman's lovely Image stands:
Around her Head a braided Fillet goes;
A decent Veil adown her Shoulders flows;
By her, two blooming Youths by Turns complain;
Each striving who shall the blest Conquest gain;
Both eagerly contend; but both in vain:
She now on this her wanton Glances throws,
And now on that a careless Smile bestows:
While they their big swoll'n Eyelids hardly rear,
And silently accuse the cruel Fair.

Next,

Next, on a Cliff, a Fisherman you'll view,
Who eagerly does his low'd Sport pursue:
His gather'd Net just hov'ring o'er the Sea,
He labours at the Cast on his half-bended Knee:
You'd swear his active Limbs work'd to and fro,
So tight he is; so fixed for the Throw:
His Neck enlarg'd with swelling Veins appears;
Much is his Strength, tho' many are his Years.
Not far from thence a seeming Vineyard grows;
The Vines all neatly set in graceful Rows;
Whose weighty Clusters bend the yielding Boughs:
The Cup, besides, a Woodbine does contain,
Which round the Bottom wreathes its leafy Train,
Admir'd and envy'd by each gazing Swain:
Unus'd it lies, unsully'd, neat and trim;
Nor have my Lips once touch'd the shining Brim. (Theoc. Dryd.

He fill'd the Goblet high with sparkling Wine,
With Sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising Gold:
Here, to the Clouds victorious Perseus flies;
Medusa seems to move her languid Eyes,
And, ev'n in Gold, turns paler as she dies.
There, from the Chace, Jove's tow'ring Eagle bears,
On golden Wings, the Phrygian to the Stars:
Still, as he rises in th' Etherial Height,
His native Mountains lessen to his Sight;
While all his sad Companions upwards gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious Scene in wild Amaze:
And the swift Hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the Shade, and bark against the Skies. Pope. Stat.

GOD.

Then from his bright Aerial Abode,
On Storms and Whirlwinds down th' Almighty rode,
And the loud Voice of Thunder spoke the God:
He stretch'd his dark Pavilion o'er the Floods,
Harness'd the Winds, and rein'd the dusky Clouds. Broome.

Involv'd in Darkness down the Skies he came:
Whirlwinds before him flew, and Storms of ruddy Flame:
The Heav'ns were with his Glory spread:
Torrents of Glory, dazling bright,
Broke from th' immense Abyss of uncreated Light:
Ev'n from his Hands a bright Eruption came;
A pointed Efflux of immortal Flame,
His Being thus lay hidden either Way;
In too much Darkness, or in too much Day;

Of

Of thirsty panting Plagues a fiery Train,
Pale Pestilence and yelling Pain,
His dreadful Equipage before him ran;
And of his Terrours led the Van:
While Famine, Desolation and Despair,
Wringing their Hands, and tearing off their Hair,
A formidable Troop, came howling in the Reer.
His swift-wing'd Whirlwinds onward flew,
And o'er the Hills his Chariot drew;
Whose awful Wheels roul'd on in Clouds and Smoke,
Whence Flakes of Fire, and flashing Lightnings broke:
Such Bolts were cast, such Thunderclaps did roar,
As shook the Rocks, which never shook before:
The shudd'ring Hills express'd their Dread,
And everlasting Mountains bow'd their aged Head. Blac.

Chariot of God.

——— Forth rush'd with whirlwind Sound
The Chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flashing thick Flames, Wheel within Wheel undrawn,
It self instinct with Spirit, but convoy'd
By four cherubick Shapes, four Faces each
Had wondrous; as with Stars their Bodies all
And Wings were set with Eyes, with Eyes the Wheels
Of Beril, and careering Fires between;
Over their Heads a cristal Firmament,
Where on a Saphire Throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and Colours of the show'ry Arch,
He, in celestial Panoply all arm'd
Of radiant Urim, Work divinely wrought,
Ascended; at his right Hand Victory
Sate Eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his Bow
And Quiver, with three-bolted Thunder stor'd,
And from about him fierce Effusion roul'd
Of Smoke, and bick'ring Flame; and Sparkles dire.
(Milt. Par. Lost.

Prophesie of our Saviour.

Rapt into future Times the Bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son:
The Saviour comes, by antient Bards foretold;
Hear him, ye Deaf; and all ye Blind, behold!
He from thick Films shall purge the visual Ray;
And on the sightless Eye-ball pour the Day.
'Tis he th' obstructed Paths of Sound shall clear,
And bid new Musick charm th' unfolding Ear:
The Dumb shall sing; the Lame his Crutch forego;
And leap exulting like the bounding Roe.

In adamantine Chains shall Death be bound;
And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' Eternal Wound. ——

GOLD.

Gold's the great Art of Peace; the Engine 'tis of War:
And Fleets and Armies follow it afar:
The Ensign 'tis at Land, and 'tis the Seaman's Star.
Let all the World Slave to this Tyrant be,
Yet it shall never conquer me:
A Guard of Virtues will not let it pass,
And Wisdom is a Tow'r of stronger Brass:
The Muses Laurel, round my Temples spread,
Shall from this Light'ning's Force secure my Head;
Gold for its Pow'r we honour and adore: (Cowl. Hor.
Alas! the Things we hate, ill Fate, and Death, have more.
What art thou, Gold, that clear'st the Miser's Eyes!
'Tis Use alone can all thy Value give.
Curst Mineral, near neighb'ring Hell begot:
Thou Bawd to Murthers, Rapes, and Treachery,
And ev'ry greater Name of Villany:
From thee they all derive their Stock and Pedigree. Oldh.
In pow'rful Gold some secret Magick lies.
The wanton, mighty Jove in all his Glory,
With all the Art of Eloquence divine,
Found the Nymph coy, and blind to all his Charms;
'Till, chang'd at last into a golden Show'r, (of Parma.
The precious Drops dissolv'd her into Love. Smith. Prin.
Gold, the more 'tis try'd,
The more will its intrinsick Worth proclaim
Will pass the Combat of the searching Flame,
And triumph o'er the vanquish'd Heat;
For ever coming out the same,
And losing nor its Lustre, nor its Weight. Prior.
It serves, or rules, where-ever Gold you find;
But still the Varlet is a Slave by kind. Staff. Hor.
Balls of this Metal slack'd Atlanta's Pace,
And on the am'rous Youth bestow'd the Race:
Nor less may Jupiter to Gold ascribe;
For, when he turn'd himself into a Bribe.
Who can blame Danae, or the brazen Tow'r,
That they withstood not that almighty Show'r?
Never, till then, did Love make Jove put on
A Form more bright, and nobler than his own:
'Twas not Revenge for griev'd Apollo's Wrong;
Those Asses Ears on Midas' Temples hung;

But

But fond Repentance of his happy Wish,
Because his Meat grew Metal like his Dish:
Would Bacchus bless me so, I'd constant hold (a Miser.
Unto my Wish, and die creating Gold. Wall. Spoken by

The Good Old CAUSE.

Down in an obscure Vale,
'Midst Bogs and Fens, where Mists and Vapours rise,
Where never Sun was seen,
Under a desart Wood,
Which no Man own'd, but all wild Beasts are bred,
And kept their horrid Dens, by Prey far-forag'd, fed,
An ill-pil'd Cottage stood,
Built of Men's Bones, slaughter'd in Civil War,
By magick Art brought thither from afar;
There liv'd a widow'd Witch,
That us'd to mumble Curses Eve and Morn,
Like one, whom Wants and Cares had worn;
Meagre her Looks, and sunk her Eyes;
She Mischiefs study'd, Discords did devise:
She humble seem'd, but 'twas her Pride:
Slow in her Speech, in Semblance sanctify'd:
Still when she spoke, she meant another way;
And when she curs'd, she seem'd to pray:
Her hellish Charms had all a holy Dress,
And bore the Name of Godliness:
All her Familiars seem'd the Sons of Peace;
Honest Habits they all wore;
In outward Shew most Lamb-like and divine;
But, inward, of all Vices they had store:
Greedy as Wolves, and sensual too as Swine.
Like her, the sacred Scriptures they had all by Heart,
Most easily could quote, and turn to any Part,
Backward repeat it all, as Witches Pray'rs do,
And, for their Turn, interpret backward too.
Idolatry with her was held impure,
Because, besides her self, no Idol she'd endure:
Lewd whoring she defin'd a Mark of Grace,
Her late dead Pandar was of well-known Fame,
Old Presbyter Rebellion was his Name.
She a sworn Foe to King, his Peace, and Laws,
So will be ever, and was call'd, The Good Old Cause. Oldm.
The Good Old Cause, which some believe,
To be the Devil that tempted Eve
With Knowledge, and does still invite
The World to Mischief with new Light. Hud.

GOTHS

GOTHS and VANDALS.

Now from the rugged North unnumber'd Swarms
Invade the Latian Coasts with barb'rous Arms:
A Race unpolish'd, but inur'd to Toil;
Rough as their Heav'n, and barren as their Soil. Fenton.
When Rome lay trembling like a hunted Prey,
And hungry Ruin had her in the Wind;
When barb'rous Nations, of a Race unknown,
From undiscover'd Northern Regions came,
To lay her waste, and sweep her from the Earth;
——— Full three hundred thousand Men,
All Sons of Fortune, born and bred in Fields,
Whose Trade was War, and Camps their Habitation,
Hung, like a Swarm of Mischiefs, on the Hills
Of Italy, and threaten'd Fate to Europe:
They came in Tribes, as if to take Possession,
And seem'd a People, whom the Hand of Fate
Had scourg'd by Famine from a barren Land:
Of Visage foul and ugly, pinch'd and chapp'd
By bitter Frosts and winter Winds; yet fierce
As hungry Lions of the Desart:
Their Wives, with Loads of Children at their Backs,
Bold manly Hags, whom Shame had long forsaken,
And vagrant Living had inur'd to Ill,
Follow'd in Troops like Furies. ——— Otw. Cai. Mar.

GOUT.

Welcome thou friendly Earnest of fourscore!
Promise of Wealth! that hast alone the Pow'r
T' attend the Rich, unenvy'd by the Poor.
Thou, that dost Æsculapius deride,
And o'er his Gally-pots in triumph ride;
Thou, that art us'd t' attend the royal Throne,
And under-prop the Head, that bears the Crown;
Thou, that dost oft in Privy Council wait,
And guard from drowzy Sleep the Eyes of State;
Thou, that upon the Bench art mounted high,
And warn'st the Judges how they tread awry;
Thou, that dost oft, from pamper'd Prelates Toe,
Emphatically urge the Pains below;
Thou, that art ever half the Cities Grace,
And add'st to solemn Noddles, solemn Pace;
Thou, that art us'd to sit on Ladies Knee,

To feed on Jellies, and to drink cold Tea;
Thou, that art ne'er from velvet Slipper free,
Whence comes this unsought Honour done to me?
As Jove vouchsaf'd on Ida's Top, 'tis said,
At poor Philemon's Cot to take a Bed;
Pleas'd with the mean, but hospitable Feast,
Jove bad him ask, and granted his Request:
So do thou grant, for thou'rt of Race divine,
Begot on Venus by the God of Wine,
My humble Suit, and either give me Store
To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more. ———

GRAFFING.

'Tis usual now, an Inmate Graff to see,
With Insolence invade a foreign Tree:
Thus Pears and Quinces from the Crabtree come;
And thus the ruddy Cornel bears the Plumb. Dryd. Virg.

As Orpheus Musick wildest Beasts did tame,
From the sour Crab the sweetest Apple came. Denh.

Thus Trees, receiving Graffs of other kind,
——— ——— Will change their salvage Mind;
Their Wildness lose, and, quitting Nature's Part,
Obey the Rules, and Discipline of Art. Dryd. Virg.

The thin-leaf'd Arbute, Hazle Graffs receives,
And Planes huge Apples bear, that bore but Leaves:
Thus mastful Beech the bristly Chesnut bears,
And the wild Ash is white with blooming Pears:
And greedy Swine from grafted Elms are fed,
With falling Acorns, that on Oaks were bred.

But various are the Ways to change the State
Of Plants; to bud; to graff; t' inoculate:
For where the tender Rinds of Trees disclose
Their shooting Gems, a swelling Knot there grows;
Just in that Space a narrow Slit we make;
Then other Buds from bearing Trees we take:
Inserted thus, the wounded Rind we close;
In whose moist Womb th' admitted Infant grows:
But when the smoother Bole from Knots is free.
We make a deep Incision in the Tree;
And in the solid Wood the Slip inclose;
The batt'ning Bastard shoots again, and grows:
And in short Space the laden Boughs arise,
With happy Fruit advancing to the Skies:
The Mother Plant admires the Leaves unknown
Of Alien Trees, and Apples, not her own. Dryd. Virg.

So

So some weak Shoot, which else would poorly rise,
Jove's Tree adopts, and lifts him to the Skies:
Thro' the new Pupil fost'ring Juices flow,
Thrust forth the Gems, and give the Flow'rs to blow
Aloft; immortal reigns the Plant unknown,
With borrow'd Life, and Vigour not his own. ——

GRAVE.

Vain Men, how vanishing a Bliss we crave,
Now warm in Love, now with'ring in the Grave!
Never, O never more to see the Sun! (Pal. & Arc.
Still dark, in a damp Vault, and still alone! Dryd. Chau.
Nature provides for all a common Grave,
The last Retreat of the distress'd and brave. Bowles. Sanaz.
For in the Grave no Passions fill the Breast,
'Tis all we gain by Death to be at Rest. Dr. Ind. Emp.
The Grave's the Bed where I alone shall rest,
—— —— Where Nature weary,
And long oppress'd with Woes and bending Cares,
May lay the Burden down, and sink in Slumbers
Of Peace eternal. —— Cong. Mourn. Bride.
Yes, I saw him Dust. ——
I saw the mighty Thing a Nothing made;
Huddled with Worms, and swept to that cold Den,
Where Kings lie crumbled just like other Men. Lee. Mishr.
Sooner or later all Things pass away,
And are no more: The Begger and the King,
With equal Steps, tread forward to one End;
Tho' they appear of diff'rent Natures now;
Not of the same Days Work of Providence,
They meet at last: the reconciling Grave
Swallows Distinction, that first made us Foes:
Then all alike lie down in Peace together. South. Fat. Mar.
The Grave unites: there ev'n the Great find Rest;
And blended lie th' Oppressor and th' Oppress'd. Pope.

GRIEF.

A secret Damp of Grief comes o'er my Thoughts. Add. Cat.
Give me your Drops, ye soft-descending Rains;
Give me your Streams, ye never-ceasing Springs;
That my sad Eyes may still supply my Duty;
And feed an everlasting Flood of Sorrow. Rowe. J. Shore.
—— My Soul lies hid in Shades of Grief;
Whence, like the Bird of Night, with half-shut Eyes,
She peeps; and sickens at the Sight of Day. Dr. Riv. Lad.
—— Her

——— Her stiff'ning Grief,
Who saw her Children slaughter'd all at once,
Was dull to mine. ——— Lee. OEdip.
My Grief has hurry'd me beyond all Thought. Con. M. B.
How does my constant Grief deface
The Pleasures of this happy Place!
In vain the Spring my Senses greets,
In all her Colours, all her Sweets:
To me the Rose
No longer glows:
And ev'ry Plant
Has lost its Scent:
The vernal Blooms of various Hue,
The Blossoms, fresh with Morning Dew,
The Breeze that sweeps these fragrant Bow'rs,
Fill'd with the Breath of op'ning Flow'rs,
Purple Scenes,
Winding Greens,
Glooms inviting,
Birds delighting,
Nature's sweetest, softest Store,
Charm my tortur'd Soul no more. Add. Ros.
——— This Sorrow
Is the sad Native of Calista's Breast,
And, once possess'd of, ne'er will quit, its Dwelling;
'Till Life, the Prop of all, shall leave the Building,
To tumble down, and moulder into Ruin. Rowe. Fair Peni.
——— O let us not suppo t,
But sink each other down; ———
Where, level'd low, no more we'll lift our Eyes
But, prone and dumb, rot the firm Face of Earth,
With Rivers of incessant scalding Rain. Cong. M. Bride.
Oh, that I could but weep to vent my Passion!
But this dry Sorrow burns up all my Tears. Dr. Span. Fry.
I'm stupify'd with Sorrow, past Relief
Of Tears; parch'd up, and wither'd with my Grief.
My Tears are all congeal'd, and will not flow. Dr. Auren.
——— My Heart sinks with its Suff'rings,
And can but vent it self in Sobs and Murmurs. Lee. OEdip.
Deep Silence told the Greatness of our Grief:
Our Grief, too great by Vent to find Relief. Old.
I cannot speak; Grief flows so fast upon me,
It choaks, and will not let me tell the Cause. Otw. Orph.
Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy Grief?
Thy Heart will burst: Thy Eyes look red, and start:
Give thy Soul way; and tell me thy dark Thought:
Thy second self should feel each other Wound;

And

And Woe should be in equal Portions dealt. Cong. M.Bride.
For Grief, conceal'd, like hidden Fire, consumes,
Which, flaming out, would call in Help to quench it.
(Denh. Sophy.
Divided Griefs increase, and not grow less. How.Ind.Qu.
——— Yet Sorrow's like a Child,
That loves to be bemoan'd. How. Duke of Lerma.
Great Grief, when conceal'd, still to Anger turns. D'Av.
There is a kind of mournful Eloquence, (Lee. Theod.
In thy dumb Grief, which shames all clam'rous Sorrow.
She seem'd forlorn, and hopeless of Relief; (Eliza.
Stupid with Woe, benumb'd and stiff with Grief. Blac.
Now, sunk in Grief, and pining with Despair,
Her waining Form no longer shall incite
Envy in Woman, or Despair in Man;
She never sees the Sun but thro' her Tears;
And wakes to sigh the live-long Nights away. Rowe. J.Shor.
Her Grief gave speaking Beauty to her Face. D'Aven.
A fatal Sorrow dims thy shaded Eyes,
And now, in spight of all thy Ornaments,
Thou seem'st to me the Ghost of Athenais. Lee. Theod.
As at the Stroke of Death, twice turn'd she pale;
And twice a burning Crimson blush'd all o'er her:
Then, with a Shriek, Heart-wounding, loud she cry'd,
While down her Cheeks two gushing Torrents ran, (Shore.
Fast falling on her Hands, which thus she wrung. Rowe. J.
'Twas then, that Amaryllis, Heav'nly fair,
Wounded with Grief, and wild with her Despair,
Forsook her myrtle Bow'r and rosy Bed,
To tell the Winds her Woes, and mourn Amyntas dead.
Who had a Heart so hard, that heard her Cries,
And did not weep? who such relentless Eyes?
Tigers and Wolves their wonted Rage forego,
And dumb Distress, and new Compassion shew,
As taught by her to taste of human Woe.
Nature her self attentive Silence kept,
And Motion seem'd suspended while she wept:
The rising Sun restrain'd his fiery Course,
And rapid Rivers listen'd at their Source:
Ev'n Echo fear'd to catch the flying Sound,
Lest Repetition should her Accents drown:
The very Morning Wind with-held his Breeze,
Nor fann'd with fragrant Wings the noiseless Trees:
No Voice, no whisp'ring Sigh, no murm'ring Groan
Presum'd to mingle with a Mother's Moan;
Her Cries alone her Anguish could express;
All other Mourning would have made it less.

Ye Winds, who on your Wings sad Accents bear,
And catch the Sounds of Sorrow and Despair;
Tell me, if e'er your tender Pinions bore
Such Weight of Woe, such deadly Sighs before? Cong.
The Mother lovely, tho' with Grief oppress'd,
Reclin'd her dying Head upon her Breast:
The mournful Family stood all around,
One Groan was heard, one universal Sound;
All were in Floods of Tears and endless Sorrow drown'd.
So dire a Sadness sate on ev'ry Look,
Ev'n Death repented he had giv'n the Stroke. Dryd.
But in the Palace of the King appears
A Scene more solemn, and a Pomp of Tears:
Maids, Matrons, Widows, mix their common Moans;
Orphans their Sires, and Sires lament their Sons. Dr. Virg.
Soon as the fatal News by Fame was blown,
The sad Lavinia rends her yellow Hair,
And rosy Cheeks: the rest her Sorrow share;
With Shrieks the Palace rings, and Madness of Despair.
Latinus rends his Garments, as he goes,
Both for his publick and his private Woes;
With Filth his venerable Beard besmears,
And sordid Dust deforms his silver Hairs. Dryd. Virg.
He wrings his Hands; and, in his mournful Rage,
Tears off the hoary Honours of his Age. Blac. P. Arth.
Pensive and slow, with sudden Grief opprest,
The King arose, and beat his careful Breast;
Then with erected Eyes stood fixt in Woe;
And, as he spoke, the Tears began to flow. Pope. Hom.
Like some sad Statue, speechless, pale, I stood;
Grief chill'd my Breast, and stopt my freezing Blood:
No Sigh to rise, no Tear had Pow'r to flow:
Fix'd in a stupid Lethargy of Woe.
But when its way th' impetuous Passion found,
I rend my Tresses, and my Breast I wound;
I rave, then weep; I curse, and then complain;
Now swell to Rage, now melt in Tears again. Pope. Ovid.
But I forlorn and desolate was left,
Of ev'ry Help, of ev'ry Hope bereft:
To ev'ry Element expos'd I lay
And to my Griefs a more defenceless Prey.
For thee, Amyntas, all these Pains were borne;
For thee these Hands were wrung, these Hairs were torn;
For thee my Soul to sigh shall never leave,
For thee my Soul to sigh, this throbbing Heart to heave:
These Eyes to weep, this throbbing Heart to heave:
To mourn thy Fall, I'll fly the hated Light,
And hide my Head in Shades of endless Night:

For

For thou wert Light, and Life, and Health to me;
The Sun but idly shines, that shews not thee.
This said, her loud Complaint, of Force, she ceas'd,
Excess of Grief her fault'ring Speech suppress'd.
And now the Winds, which had so long been still,
Began the swelling Air with Sighs to fill:
The Water-Nymphs, who motionless remain'd,
Like Images of Ice, while she complain'd,
Now loos'd their Streams; as when descending Rains
Roul the steep Torrents headlong o'er the Plains.
The prone Creation, who so long had gaz'd,
Charm'd with her Cries, and at her Grief amaz'd,
Began to roar and houl with horrid Yell,
Dismal to hear, and horrible to tell.
Nothing but Groans and Sighs were heard around,
And Echo multiply'd each mournful Sound. Cong.
For him the lofty Laurel stands in Tears;
And, hung with humid Pearl, the lowly Shrub appears:
Mænalian Pines the Godlike Swain bemoan,
And cold Lycæus wept from ev'ry dropping Stone. Dr. Virg.
For this I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change these black and dismal Robes,
Or ever dry these swoln and wat'ry Eyes,
Or ever taste Content, or Peace of Heart,
While I have Life, and Thought of my Alphonso. Cong. M. (Bride.
O Ventidius! ———
What should I fight for now? My Queen is dead:
I was but Great for her: my Pow'r, my Empire,
Were but my Merchandize to buy her Love;
And conquer'd Kings, my Factors - Now she's dead,
Let Cæsar rule the World, ———
An empty Trifle, since the Jewel's gone,
Which made it worth my Strife: my Being's nauseous,
For all the Bribes of Life are gone away. Dr. All for Love.
Th' afflicted Father with the Hero strove;
The firmest Courage with the tender'st Love:
But Love, with Grief united, won the Field;
And the soft Parent made the Warriour yield:
With Reason arm'd, he labour'd to arrest
And calm the Perturbations of his Breast:
But with unequal Arms for Conquest strove;
For Reason never was a Match for Love:
Reason and grave Discourse are spent in vain
To ease our Suff'rings and asswage our Pain.
Sick Minds must by degrees themselves restore:
'Tis Time alone can mighty Troubles cure. Blac. Eliza.

Abate

Abate thy Passion; nor too much complain:
Grief should be forc'd; and it becomes a Man,
To let it rise no higher than his Pain. Creech. Juv.
——— Some Grief shews much of Love: (Rom. & Jul.
But much of Grief shews still some Want of Wit. Shak.
Could mournful Sighs, or Floods of Tears prevent
The Ills, unhappy Men lament;
Could all the Anguish of my Mind
Remove my Cares, or make but Fortune kind;
Soon I'd the grateful Tribute pay,
And weep my troubled Thoughts away:
To Wealth and Pleasure ev'ry Sigh prefer,
And more than Gems esteem each falling Tear.
But since insulting Cares are most inclin'd
To triumph o'er th' afflicted Mind;
Since Sighs can yield us no Relief,
And Tears, like fruitful Show'rs, but nourish Grief;
O cease, fair Mourner, to complain,
Nor lavish such bright Streams in vain:
But still with chearful Thoughts thy Cares beguile,
And tempt thy better Fortunes with a Smile.
Wipe, O wipe those Tears away,
And Cares, that urge thee to Decay:
Like rav'nous Age thy Charms they waste,
Wrinkle thy youthful Brow, and blooming Beauties blast:
O keep thy Looks and Mind serene,
All gay without, and calm within:
For Fate is aw'd, and adverse Fortunes fly
A chearful Look, and an unconquer'd Eye. Yald.
I felt no Sorrows then, but now my Grief,
Like fest'ring Wounds grown cold, begins to smart;
The raging Anguish gnaws and tears my Heart. Roch. Val.

GROTTO.

Hail bless'd Retreat of Nature's happy Shade. Tate L. Gen.
Down in a Vale, with Pine and Cypress clad,
Refresh'd with gentle Winds, and brown with Shade,
The chaste Diana's private Haunt, there stood,
Full in the Middle of the darksom Wood,
A spacious Grotto, all around o'ergrown
With hoary Moss, and arch'd with Pumice-stone:
From out its rocky Clefts the Waters flow,
And, trickling, swell into a Lake below:
Nature had ev'ry where so play'd her Part,
That ev'ry where she seem'd to vie with Art. Add. Ovid.

Beneath

Beneath, a gloomy Grotto's cool Recess
Delights the Nereids of the neighb'ring Seas;
Where Bowls and Urns were form'd of living Stone,
And massy Beams in native Marble shone:
On which the Labours of the Nymphs were roll'd,
Their Work divine of Purple mix'd with Gold:
Within the Cave the clust'ring Bees attend
Their waxen Works, or from the Roof depend:
Perpetual Waters o'er the Pavement glide;
Two Marble Doors unfold on either Side. Pope. Hom.
The rugged Stone is cloath'd with mantling Vines;
And round the Cave the creeping Woodbine twines. Gay.
The gloomy Grotto makes a doubtful Day. Dryd. Virg.

GROVE.

——— ——— We wander'd thro' a Grove,
'Twas green beneath us, and all Shade above:
Mild as our Friendship, springing as our Love:
Hundreds of chearful Birds fill'd ev'ry Tree,
And sung their joyful Songs of Liberty. Otw.
——— ——— A pleasant Grove,
With Chaunt of tuneful Birds resounding loud.
——— ——— ——— The Shade:
High roof'd, and Walks beneath, and Alleys brown,
That open'd in the Midst a woody Scene:
Nature's own Work! ——— ——— Milt. Par. Reg.
He walk'd within a lonely Lawn, that stood
On ev'ry Side surrounded by a Wood:
Alone he walk'd to please his pensive Mind,
And sought the deepest Solitude to find.
'Twas in a Grove of spreading Pines he stray'd;
The Winds within the quiv'ring Branches play'd;
And dancing Trees a mournful Musick made.
The Place itself was suiting to his Care;
Uncouth, and savage, as the cruel Fair:
He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the Wood, and all on Love intent. Dryd. Bocc. (Theod. & Hon.
A Thicket close beside the Grove there stood,
With Briers and Brambles choak'd, and dwarfish Wood.
Dryd. Bocc. Theod. & Hon.
Now, in a secret Vale, the Trojan sees
A sep'rate Grove, thro' which a gentle Breeze
Plays with a passing Breath, and whispers thro' the Trees.
A Greenwood Shade, for long Religion known,
Stands by the Streams, that wash the Tuscan Town.

Incom-

Incompass'd round with gloomy Hills above,
Which add a holy Horrour to the Grove. Dryd. Virg.
——— The sacred Grove both gave Delight,
And claim'd a Rev'rence from Beholders Sight. Laud. Virg.
——— ——— The Druids Grove,
Where solemn Walks and awful Shades invite
Compos'd Devotion, and divine Delight;
Exclude the Sun's, to let in purer Light. Blac. P. Arth.
——— Amid the mossy Groves,
Sweet Solitude! where warbling Birds provoke
The silent Muse; delicious rural Seat! Phil.
The Birds make Harmony on ev'ry Bush;
The Snakes lie roll'd, basking i' th' chearful Sun:
The green Leaves quiver with the cooling Wind,
And cast a chequer'd Shadow on the Ground:
The Flow'rs beneath all shed their Fragrancies,
And thro' the Air diffuse their subtile Sweets. Shak. T. Andr.
——— When Winds the Groves do wound,
The vex'd and injur'd Boughs sigh forth a mournful Sound.
Creech. Luc.

GRUB.

The Grubs, from their sepulchral Abode,
Creep out, unfinish'd, like the Maggot's Brood:
Trunks without Limbs; till Time, at leisure, brings
The Thighs they wanted, and their tardy Wings. Dr. Ovid.

GUILT.

Guilt, which should blacken Moors themselves but own,
Would make, thro' all their Night, new Blushes dawn. Oldh.
Guilt sounds a rattling Peal to both their Consciences.
Dryd. D. Seb.
There hangs a secret Shame on guilty Men. Dr. Auren.
To guilty Men, all that appears is Devil. Suck. Agl.
Behold her guilty Looks: for Guilt will speak,
Tho' Tongues were out of Use. ——— Shak. Othello.
Cold and confus'd the guilty Lover stood;
The Light forsook his Eyes, his Cheeks the Blood:
An icy Horrour shiver'd in his Look. Garth.
The Horrour that attends on waking Guilt,
Now seizes on my Thoughts, and hurries them
Into the Wilderness of a mad Despair. South. Disapp.
Now, as I pass, the crowded Way shall sound
With hissing Scorn, and murm'ring Detestation:
The latest Annals shall record my Shame;
And when th' avenging Muse, with pointed Rage,

Would sink some impious Woman down to Hell,
She'll say, she's False, she's Base, she's Foul as Phædra,
Sm. Phæd. & Hip.

And dost thou bear me yet, thou patient Earth?
Dost thou not labour with my murd'rous Weight?
And you, ye glitt'ring heav'nly Host of Stars,
Hide your fair Heads in Clouds, or I shall blast you;
For I am all Contagion, Death, and Ruin,
And Nature sickens at me. ——— Rowe. Fair Pen.

Why dost thou tremble when I look upon thee?
When thou would'st speak, upon thy fault'ring Tongue
The Accents die: All Arguments of Guilt!
Thy Colour goes and comes upon thy Face,
And thy young Treason blushes to be seen:
The murder'd Body, at the Murd'rers Touch,
Will bleed afresh: nor can Betrayers bear
The Sight of one betray'd without Confusion. Lansd. Her. (Love.

Amazing Pow'r of Guilt! one great Offence
Benumbs the Mind, and stupifies the Sense:
Binds fast reluctant Conscience with its Charms,
And of its Sting the Worm within disarms. Blac. K. Arth.

——— ——— The Guilty must
Submit to be the Slaves of those they trust. How. Surpriz.

And ill Men, conscious of their inward Guilt,
Think the best Actions on By-ends are built. Dryd.

There's nothing bolder than a Woman caught:
Guilt gives them Courage to maintain their Fault. Dr. Juv.

H.

HABIT.

The Ladies dress'd in rich Symars were seen,
Of Florence Satten, flower'd with White and Green;
And, for a Shade betwixt, the bloomy Gridelin:
The Borders of their Petticoats below
Were guarded thick with Rubies on a Row:
And ev'ry Damsel wore upon her Head
Of Flow'rs a Garland, blended White and Red:
Attir'd in Mantles all the Knights were seen;
That gratify'd the View with chearful Green:
Their Chaplets of their Ladies Colours were
Compos'd of White and Red, to shade their shining Hair:
Before the merry Troop the Minstrels play'd,
All in their Master's Liv'ries were array'd;

And

And clad in Green; and on their Temples wore
The Chaplets White and Red their Ladies bore. Dr. Chauc.
(The Flower and the Leaf.

But their Attire, like Liv'ries of a Kind,
All rich and rare, is fresh within my Mind:
In Velvet, white as Snow, the Troop was gown'd,
The Seams with sparkling Em'ralds set around:
Their Hoods and Sleeves the same; and purfled o'er
With Di'monds, Pearls, and all the shining Store
Of Eastern Pomp: their long descending Train,
With Rubies edg'd and Saphires, swept the Plain.
High on their Heads, with Jewels richly set,
Each Lady wore a radiant Coronet:
Beneath the Circles all the Quire was grac'd
With Chaplets green, on their fair Foreheads plac'd:
Of Lau el some; of Woodbine many more:
And Wreaths of Agnus-castus others bore. Dryd. Chauc.
(The Flower and the Leaf.

As she in Beauty far surpass'd the Quire,
So nobler than the rest was her Attire:
A Crown of ruddy Gold inclos'd her Brow;
Plain without Pomp, and rich without a Show:
A Branch of Agnus-castus in her Hand
She bore aloft; her Sceptre of Command. Dryd. Chauc.
(The Flower and the Leaf.

Fix'd he beheld her, and with Joy admir'd
To see a Nymph so bright, and so attir'd:
For, from her flowing Robe a Lustre spread;
As if with radiant Flame she were array'd;
Her Hair, in Part disclos'd, in Part conceal'd,
In Ringlets fell, or was with Jewels held:
With various Gold and Gems her Neck was grac'd,
And orient Pearls heav'd on her panting Breast,
Bright as the Moon she shone with silent Light; (Hom.
And charm'd his Sense with Wonder and Delight. Cong.

Clad in Mourning.

You'll find her, all in ruful Sables clad; (Carl.
With one dim Lamp that yields imperfect Light. Otw. D.
Behold how Night sits lovely on her Eye-brows,
While Day breaks from her Eyes! Dryd. Sec. Love.
——— ——— What Child of Sorrow
Art thou, that com'st thus wrapt in Weeds of Sadness,
And mov'st as if thy Steps were tow'rds a Grave?
Otw. Ven. Pres.

When from black Clouds no Part of Sky is clear,
But just so much as lets the Sun appear;

Heav'n then would seem thy Image; and reflect
Those noble Vestments, and that bright Aspect:
A Spark of Virtue by the deepest Shade
Of sad Adversity is fairer made:
No less Advantage does thy Beauty get;
A Venus rising from a Sea of Jet!
Such was th' Appearance of new formed Light,
While yet it struggled with eternal Night. Wall.
Deep Shades are, thus, to heighten Colours, set; (Love.
So Stars in Night, and Di'monds shine in Jet. (Dryd. Secc.

Clad in White.

Fairest Thing, that shines below,
Why in this Robe dost thou appear?
Would'st thou a White most perfect show,
Thou must at all no Garment wear:
'Tis not the Linnen shews so fair;
Her Skin shines thro', and makes it bright:
So Clouds themselves like Suns appear,
When the Sun pierces them with Light:
So Lillies in a Glass inclose,
The Glass will seem as white as those. Cowl.

HAG.

One only Hag remain'd, but fouler far
Than Grandame Apes in Indian Forests are:
Against a wither'd Oak she lean'd her Weight;
Prop'd on her trusty Staff, not half upright;
And drop'd an awkward Court'sy to the Knight.
Dryd. W. of Bath's Tale.

HAIR.

Her loosely flowing Hair, all radiant bright,
O'erspread the dewy Grass, like Streams of Light:
As if the Sun had of his Beams been shorn,
And cast to Earth the Glories he had worn. Cong.
In a close Knot his curling Locks were ty'd,
And, playing on his Shoulders, flew behind,
Danc'd in the Air, and sported with the Wind. Bl. P. Arth.
The curling Hair in tortur'd Ringlets flows,
Or round the Face in labour'd Order glows. Gay.
No longer shall thy comely Tresses break
In flowing Ringlets on thy snowy Neck;
Or sit behind thy Head, an ample Round,
In graceful Braids, with various Ribbon bound:

Th' ambrosial Plenty of thy shining Hair,
Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy Ear,
Shall stand uncouth. ———— Prior.
Drag'd in the Dust, his frizzled Hair I'll soil; (Virg.
Hot from the vexing Ir'n, and smear'd with fragrant Oil. Dr.
Her Amber Locks loose on her Shoulders lay,
Whither lascivious Zephyrs came to play:
With sporting Wings they rais'd them up; then all
Flew off, and let the golden Burden fall. Blac. K. Arth.
This Nymph, to the Destruction of Mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal Curls; and well conspir'd to deck
With shining Ringlets her smooth Iv'ry Neck:
Love in those Labyrinths his Slaves detains,
And mighty Hearts are held in slender Chains:
With hairy Springes we the Birds betray:
Slight Lines of Hair surprize the finny Prey:
Fair Tresses Man's imperial Race insnare;
And Beauty draws us with a single Hair. Pope.
——— Upon a radiant Throne reclin'd,
Venus her golden Tresses did unbind:
Proud to be thus imploy'd, on either Hand,
Th' Idalian Sisters, rang'd in Order, stand:
Ambrosial Essence one bestows in Show'rs;
And lavishly whole Streams of Nectar pours:
With Iv'ry Combs another's dextrous Care,
Or curls, or opens, the dishevel'd Hair:
A third, industrious, with a nicer Eye,
Instructs the Ringlets in what Form to lie:
Yet leaves some few, that, not so closely prest,
Sport in the Wind, and wanton from the rest:
Sweet Negligence! by artful Study wrought;
A graceful Errour, and a lovely Fault. Eusd. Claud.

HAMPTON-COURT.

Close by those Meads, for ever crown'd with Flow'rs,
Where Thames with Pride surveys his rising Tow'rs,
There stands a Structure of majestick Fame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its Name.
Here Britain's Statesmen oft the Fall foredoom
Of Foreign Tyrants and of Nymphs at Home.
Here thou, great ANNA, whom three Realms obey,
Dost sometimes Counsel take, and sometimes Tea.
Hither the Heroes and the Nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the Pleasures of a Court:

In various Talk th' instructive Hours they past,
Who gave a Ball, or paid the Visit, last:
One speaks the Glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian Skreen:
A third interprets Motions, Looks and Eyes;
At ev'ry Word a Reputation dies:
Snuff, or the Fan, supplies each Pause of Chat,
With Singing, Laughing, Ogling, and all that. Pope.

HAPPINESS.

Nature courts Happiness, altho' it be
Unknown as was th' Athenian Deity.
It dwells not in Man's Sense, yet he supplies
The Want, by growing fond of its Disguise:
The false Appearances of Joy deceive;
And, seeking her, unto her Like we cleave.
For sinking Man has scarce Sense left to know,
Whether the Plank he grasps will hold or no:
And all the sev'ral Passions Men express,
Are but for Pleasure in a diff'rent Dress.
They hope for Happiness in being Great,
Or rich, or lov'd; then hug their own Conceit:
But the Good only find this Treasure out;
For which in vain others still dig and doubt. Orinda.

Who will be happy must be unconcern'd,
Must all their Comfort in their Bosom wear, (Orinda.
And seek their Treasure, and their Pow'r too there.

Let never Man believe he can be happy!
For when I thought my Fortune most secure,
One fatal Moment tears me from my Joys. Dryd. Span. Fry.

How difficult's the Path to Happiness!
Whilst up the Precipice we climb with Pain,
One little Slip throws us quite down again. Otw. D. Carl.

Let none, tho' e'er so virtuous, great and high,
Be judg'd intirely bless'd before they die. Lee OEdip.

If Happiness in Self-Content be plac'd;
The Wise are wretched, and Fools only bless'd. Cong. D. Deal.

The Brave may by themselves be happy made.
Otw. Don Carl.

No Happiness is found, but what is sought. King. Ovid.

HARBOUR.

Far stretch'd within the Coast there lies a Bay;
An Isle defends it from the raging Sea,
And forms a Port: Here gentle Surges glide
In double Streams, push'd by the swelling Tide: On

On either Hand upon the Entry rise
Two rocky Cliffs, which neighbour on the Skies:
Whose tow'ring Tops the stormy Winds oppose;
And sylvan Scenes the shaded Bay inclose:
A nat'ral Grott, a Marble Seat surrounds
And fronts the Entry: Here the murm'ring Sounds
Of Water, purling from a living Spring,
To this Retreat the Nymphs and Nereids bring:
No Hawlsers here tie beaten Ships to Land; (Virg.
No crooked Anchors moor their Sterns to Sand. Laud.
Far from the Town a spacious Port appears;
Two craggy Rocks, projecting to the Main,
The roaring Winds tempestuous Rage restrain:
Within, the Waves in softer Murmurs glide,
And Ships secure without their Haulsers ride. Pope. Hom.
The Port lies there to Eastern Seas oppos'd,
Bends like a Bow, by tow'ring Rocks inclos'd;
'Gainst which, on either Hand, the foaming Tide (Virg.
Dashes the briny Waves; the Rocks the Harbour hide. Laud.
Thither they bent, and haul'd their Ships to Land.
The crooked Keel divides the yellow Sand. Pope, Hom.

HARE.

So have I seen some fearful Hare maintain
A Course, till tir'd before the Dogs she lay:
Who, stretch'd behind her, pants upon the Plain,
Past Pow'r to kill, as she to get away:
With his loll'd Tongue he faintly licks his Prey;
His warm Breath blows her Flix up as she lies;
She, trembling, creeps upon the Ground away,
And looks back on him with beseeching Eyes. Dryd.

HARMONY.

O Harmony, to thee we sing,
To thee the grateful Tribute bring
Of sacred Verse, and sweet resounding Lays;
Thy Aid invoking while thy Pow'r we praise.
Wise Nature owns thy undisputed Sway,
Her wond'rous Works resigning to thy Care;
The planetary Orbs thy Rule obey,
And tuneful roul, unerring in their Way,
Thy Voice informing each melodious Sphere.
Thy Voice, O harmony, with awful Sound,
Could penetrate th' Abyss profound,

Explore the Realms of ancient Night,
And search the living Source of unborn Light.
Confusion heard thy Voice, and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd Head:
Then didst thou, Harmony, give Birth
To this fair Form of Heav'n and Earth;
Then all those shining Worlds above
In mystick Dance began to move
Around the radiant Sphere of central Fire,
A never ceasing, never silent Choir.
Thou only, Goddess, first could'st tell
The mighty Charms in Numbers found;
And didst to Heav'nly Minds reveal
The secret Force of tuneful Sound.
When first Cyllenius form'd the Lyre,
Thou didst the God inspire;
When first the vocal Shell he strung,
To which the Muses sung.
Then first the Muses sung; melodious Strains Apollo play'd,
And Musick first begun by thy auspicious Aid. Cong.
Parent of all, thou still dost sway,
And o'er this lower World preside,
Man and his Passions thee obey,
As meaner Waters the commanding Tide.
Beauty may wound th' unguarded Eyes;
And slowly creep into the Heart;
But Musick quick as Lightning flies:
The Pleasure dances with the Smart;
And melts, and thrills thro' ev'ry Part:
Without the Magick of the Fair,
We love, we sigh, and we despair;
We catch at Sounds, and grasp the fleeting Air. Parf.

Harmony and Beauty.

When Harmony and conqu'ring Beauty reign,
Who can support the Pleasure, or the Pain?
Here their soft Magick these two Syrens try;
And, if we listen, or but look, we die:
Why should we the romantick Tales admire
Of Orpheus' Numbers, or Amphion's Lyre,
Of Walls erected by harmonious Skill,
How Mountains mov'd, and rapid Streams stood still?
Behold this Scene of Beauty, and confess
The Wonder greater, but the Fiction less.
We, like religious Victims, are decreed
To worship those bright Altars where we bleed.

The

The bravest need not blush to tremble here:
Triumphant Love can make more Slaves than Fear:
No Faction Homage to the Fair denies;
The Right Divine's apparent in their Eyes:
Empires endure, when founded on Desire;
And Flames, that Vestals guard, can ne'er expire. ———
Spoken at a Musick-Meeting.

HARPYES.

Monsters more fierce than these th' offended Gods
Ne'er sent to plague the Globe from Hell's Abodes:
Birds with a Virgin's Face and Vulture's Tail;
Hands arm'd with Claws; their Looks with Hunger pale;
Down from the Mountains, with a hideous Cry,
Clapping their Wings, the cruel Harpyes fly. Laud. Virg.
They snatch our Meat, defiling all they find;
And, parting, leave a loathsom Stench behind.
And now again the rav'nous Birds return;
With filthy Claws their odious Meal repeat;
And mix their loathsom Ordures with their Meat!
——— For Vengeance we prepare,
And with the hellish Nation wage the War:
Then, when along the crooked Shore we hear
Their clatt'ring Wings, and saw the Foe appear;
Misenus sounds the Charge; we take th' Alarm;
And our strong Hands with Swords and Bucklers arm;
In this new Kind of Combate all imploy
Their utmost Force, the Monsters to destroy. Dryd. Virg.
But all in vain: Their Plumes are Proof to Harms;
Their scaly Hides resist our feeble Arms. Laud. Virg.
At length, rebuff'd, they leave the mangled Prey; (Virg.
And their stretch'd Pinions to the Skies display. Dryd.

HATE.

This is Hatred:
She loaths, detests him, flies his hated Presence, (Hip.
And shrinks and trembles at his very Name. Smith. Phed. &
My Heart heaves up, and swells: He's Poison to me,
My injur'd Honour, and my ravish'd Love ———
Bleed at my Murd'rer's Sight. Dryd. D. Seb.
I had much rather see
A crested Dragon or a Basilisk:
Both are less Poison to my Eyes and Nature. Dryd. D. Seb.
——— ——— By the Head of Jove,
I hate him worse than Famine or Disease;

Perish his Family: let invet'rate Hate
Commence between our Houses from this Moment,
And, meeting, never let them bloodless part. Otw. C. Mar.
No; I would fly thee to the Ridge of Earth,
And leap the Precipice to 'scape thy Sight. Dryd. Amphit.
——— He is my Bane; I cannot bear him;
One Heaven and Earth can never hold us both:
Still shall we hate, and with Defiance deadly
Keep Rage alive, till one be lost for ever:
As if two Suns should meet in the Meridian,
And strive in fiery Combat for the Passage. Rowe. Tamerl.
——— We two, like the Twin-Stars, appear;
Never to shine together in one Sphere. Dryd. Tyr. Love.
Causeless to hate is not of human Kind:
The salvage Brute, that haunts in Woods remote,
And desart Wilds, tears not the fearful Trav'ller,
If Hunger or some Injury provoke not. Rowe. Tamerl.

HEART.

The Fright awaken'd Arcite with a Start: (Arc.
Against his Bosom bounc'd his heaving Heart. Dryd. Pal. &
My Heart beats high, and pushes out the Blood,
To give me just Revenge on this Impostor. Dr. Amphit.
Oh Heart! why dost thou leap about my Bosom,
Like a cag'd Bird, and beat thy self to Death? Lee. Const.
Within I feel my hot Blood swell my Heart, (Love.
And gen'rous Tremblings in each outward Part. Dr. Tyr.
His Heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a Passage thro' his Side,
Impatient, as he vow'd, to wait 'em,
But in a Fury to fly at 'em;
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a Cranny to creep out. Hud.
My Bosom's Lord sits lightly on his Throne;
And all this Day an unaccustom'd Spirit (Rom. & Jul.
Lifts me above the Ground with chearful Thoughts. Shak.
——— I find my self grow calm;
My panting Heart heaves less and less each Pulse,
And all the boiling Spirits scatter from it. Dryd. Riv. Lad.
——— ——— O my Heart,
Why do'st thou throb, as if thou wert a breaking?
Down, down, I say; think on thy Injuries!
Thy Wrongs, thy Wrongs! 'Tis well; my Eyes are dry,
And all within my Bosom now is still. Lee. Theod.
I feel a trembling Warmth within my Heart:
It pants, as Cowards do before a Battel. Lee. Mithr.

My troubled Heart presag'd its own Distress,
And gave dark Symptoms of the rising Storm. Tate. Loy. Gen.
Yet oft his Heart, divine of something Ill,
Misgave him; he the faulc'ring Measure felt. Milt. Par. Lost.
Peace, my tumultuous Heart! Why jolt my Spirits
In this unequal circling of my Blood?
I'll stand it while I may. O mighty Nature,
Why this Alarm? Why dost thou call me on
To fight, yet rob'st my Limbs of all their Use. Dryd. D. of (Guise.
——— Tho' my Out-side's rough,
Yet, by those Eyes, your Soldier has a Heart,
Compassionate and tender as a Virgin's:
Ev'n now it bleeds to see those falling Sorrows. Lee. Theod.
——— My troubled Heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its Sorrows,
It throbs with Fear, and akes at ev'ry Sound. Add. Cato.

HEAVEN.

Above the subtile Foldings of the Sky,
Above the well-set Orbs soft Harmony,
Above those petty Lamps that gild the Night,
There is a Place o'erflown with hallow'd Light;
Where Heav'n, as if it left it self behind,
Or stretch'd out far, not its own Bounds can find;
Here peaceful Flames swell up the sacred Place,
Nor can the Glory contain it self within the endless Space;
For there no Twilight of the Sun's dull Ray
Glimmers upon the pure and native Day:
No pale-fac'd Moon does in stoln Beams appear,
Or with dim Taper scatter Darkness there:
On no smooth Sphere the restless Seasons slide,
No circling Motion does swift Time divide;
Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal NOW does ever last. Cowl. David.
O azure Vaults! O cristal Sky!
The World's transparent Canopy! Rosc.
These are the Mansions of eternal Ease,
Where Joy in full Perfection flows,
No Interruption, no Cessation knows,
But in a mighty Circle round for ever goes. Rosc.

HECATE.

Infernal Hecate! the Furies Queen!
Ascend from everlasting Night,
Blasting Nature with the Sight:

She

She comes: she cleaves the trembling Ground;
And, spreading Horrour all around,
Doubly dyes the misty Air:
Her dark and griesly Features fright
The coal-black Steeds, that drag the Night;
And Nature's Centinels they scare:
Hark! how with dreary Shriek the Owl,
And frighted Wolves with dreadful Howl,
Her dire Approach declare. Den. Iphig.

When she ascends from the pale Shades below
Thro' gaping Tombs, and the divided Ground,
A sudden Horrour seizes all around:
The Dogs at her approach affrighted, fly. Bowles. Theoc.

She comes! the Goddess comes! The dreadful Cry
Of howling Dogs gives Notice she is nigh. Bowles. Theoc.

HEIFER.

Sprightly as unyok'd Heifers, on whose Head
The tender Crescents but begin to spread. Duke. Theoc.

As when the raging Heifer thro' the Grove,
Stung with Desire, pursues her wand'ring Love;
Faint at the last, she seeks the weedy Pools,
To quench her Thirst, and on the Rushes rowls;
There lows her Moan, despairing and forlorn;
Careless of Night; unmindful to return. Dryd. Virg.

My brinded Heifer to the Stake I lay:
Two thriving Calves she suckles twice a Day:
And twice, besides, her Beestings never fail
To store the Dairy with a brimming Pail. Dryd. Virg.

HELL.

Now Celsus, with his glorious Guide, invades
The silent Regions of the fleeting Shades;
Where Rocks and rueful Desarts are descry'd;
And sullen Styx rowls down his lazy Tide. Garth.

He dar'd to enter the black Jaws of Hell;
He saw the Grove where gloomy Horrours spread;
The Ghosts; the ghastly Tyrant of the Dead. Creech. Virg.

All these Cocytus bounds with squallid Reeds,
With muddy Ditches; and with deadly Weeds:
And baleful Styx incompasses around,
With nine slow circling Streams, th' unhappy Ground. Dr. (Virg.

The Gates of Hell are open Night and Day;
Smooth the Descent, and easy is the Way:

But,

But, to return, and view the chearful Skies,
In this the Task, the mighty Labour lies:
To few great Jupiter imparts this Grace;
And those of shining Worth, and heav'nly Race:
Betwixt those Regions, and our upper Light,
Deep Forests, and impenetrable Night
Possess the middle Space: Th' infernal Bounds
Cocytus, with his sable Waves, surrounds. Dryd. Virg.
——————— Long is the Way,
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to Light:
Our Pris'n strong, this large Convex of Fire,
Outragious to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and Gates of burning Adamant,
Barr'd over us, prohibit all Egress. Milt. Par. Lost.
Satan, th' Adversary of God and Man,
Puts on swift Wings, and tow'rds the Gates of Hell
Explores his solitary Flight: sometimes
He scours the right Hand Coast, sometimes the left;
Now shaves with level Wing the Deep, then soars
Up to the firy Concave, tow'ring high:
As when far off at Sea a Fleet descry'd
Hangs in the Clouds, by Equinoctial Winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the Isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence Merchants bring
Their spicy Drugs: they on the trading Flood
Thro' the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply stemming nightly tow'rds the Pole: so seem'd
Far off the flying Fiend: at last appear
Hell Bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,
And thrice threefold the Gates; three Folds were Brass,
Three Ir'n, three of Adamantine Rock,
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling Fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the Gates there sate
On either side a formidable Shape;
The one seem'd Woman to the Waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly Fold
Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm'd
With mortal Sting: about her Middle round
A Cry of Hell-Hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerberean Mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous Peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb'd their Noise, into her Womb,
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the Sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian Shore.

——— The

——— ——— The other Shape,
If Shape it might be call'd, that Shape had none
Distinguishable in Member, Joint, or Limb,
Or Substance might be call'd that Shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful Dart; what seem'd his Head
The Likeness of a Kingly Crown had on.
Satan was now at Hand; and from his Seat
The Monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid Strides: Hell trembled as he strode.
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd;
Admir'd, not fear'd; ———
And with disdainful Look thus first began.
Whence, and what art thou, execrable Shape,
That dar'st, tho' grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated Front athwart my Way?
So spake the griesly Terrour, and in Shape,
So speaking and so threat'ning, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. ———
——— The snaky Sorceress, that sat
Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key.
——— From her Side the fatal Key,
Sad Instrument of all our Woe, she took;
And tow'rds the Gate rouling her bestial Train,
Forthwith the huge Portcullis high up drew,
Which, but her self, not all the Stygian Pow'rs
Could once have mov'd; then in the Key-hole turns
Th' intricate Wards, and ev'ry Bolt and Bar,
Of massy Ir'n or solid Rock with Ease
Unfastens: On a sudden open fly
With impetuous Recoil and jarring Sound
Th' infernal Doors, and on their Hinges grate
Harsh Thunder, that the lowest Bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd; but to shut
Excel'd her Pow'r: the Gates wide open stood,
That with extended Wings a banner'd Host,
Under spread Ensigns marching, might pass through,
With Horse and Chariots rank'd in loose Array;
So wide they stood, and, like a Furnace Mouth,
Cast forth redounding Smoke and ruddy Flame. Milt.
(Par. Lost.

Beneath the silent Chambers of the Earth,
Beneath the Dens where unfledg'd Tempests lie,
And Infant Winds their tender Voices try:
Beneath th' eternal Fountain of all Waves,
Where their vast Court the Mother-waters keep,

And, undisturb'd by Moons, in Silence sleep:
There is a Place, deep, wond'rous deep, below,
Which genuine Night and Horrour overflow,
No Bound controuls th' unweary'd Space, but Hell;
Endless as those dire Pains that in it dwell. Cowl. David.

The vast, unbottom'd Gulph of Hell,
Where Sin and Death in all their Terrours dwell:
Horrour and Night hang dismal o'er the Place,
And griesly Forms fill all the gloomy Space:
Dead Seas of pond'rous Darkness lie around,
And the sad Realms from Light's grey Frontiers bound:
Darkness, which blunts the sharpest-pointed Ray,
And, unannoy'd, repels th' invading Day:
In flaming Heaps the livid Ocean rouls,
And scalding Waves involve despairing Souls:
All Hope, for ever banish'd, flies the Place,
And fix'd Despair sits pale in ev'ry Face:
Here panting Thirst with ghastly Famine dwells;
——— ——— Here, how to moan,
Sad Grief first learnt; and Torment how to groan,
Here uninstructed Death first learnt her Arts, (Arth.
First strung her Bow, and pointed first her Darts. Blac. K.

Where am I now? Upon the Brink of Life,
The Gulph before me, Devils to push me on,
And Heav'n behind me closing all its Doors.
A thousand Years for ev'ry Hour I've past;
O could I 'scape so cheap! But ever! ever!
Still to begin an endless Round of Woes!
To be renew'd for Pains, and last for Hell!
Yet can Pains last, when Bodies cannot last?
Can earthly Substance endless Flames endure?
Or when one Body wears and flies away, (of Guis.
Do Souls thrust forth another Crust of Clay? Dryd. Duke

See, Hell sets wide its Adamantine Doors:
See, thro' the sable Gates the black Cocytus
In smoky Circles rouls its firy Waves:
Hear, hear the stunning Harmonies of Woe,
The Din of rattling Chains, the Clash of Whips,
Of Groans, of loud Complaints, of piercing Shrieks,
That wide thro' all its gloomy World resound:
How huge Megæra stalks! What streaming Fires
Blaze from her glaring Eyes! What Serpents curl
In horrid Wreaths, and hiss around her Head!
Now, now she drags me to the Bar of Minos:
See, how the awful Judges of the Dead
Look stedfast Hate, and horrible Dismay!
See, Minos turns away his loathing Eyes;

Rage

Rage choaks his ſtruggling Words: the fatal Urn
Drops from his trembling Hand. Smith. Phæd. & Hip.
——— I ſaw the burning Centre,
Saw the dire Secrets of th' Infernal World,
Beheld the ſevere Judges of pale Ghoſts,
The Furies, and th' inexorable King,
Beheld the molten Gold of flying Styx,
That caſts a diſmal Light, and ſcares the Damn'd;
Millions of Ghoſts, that ſtar'd with ſtony Eyes,
And gnaſh'd with iron Teeth, I there beheld,
Toſs'd from the Banks amidſt the flaming Gold,
And plung'd by red-hot Prongs of ſnaky Furies. (& Virg. Den. Ap.
O, thou haſt given me ſuch a Glimpſe of Hell,
So puſh'd me forward, even to the Brink
Of that irremeable burning Gulph,
That, looking in th' Abyſs, I dare not leap. Dr. D. Seb.
Thy Lot will be
Eternal Torments, Baths of boiling Sulphur,
Viciſſitudes of Fires, and then of Froſts. Dryd. OEdip.
In liquid Burnings, or on dry to dwell,
Is all the ſad Variety of Hell. Dryd. State of Inn.
Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
Said then the loſt Archangel, this the Seat
That we muſt change for Heav'n, this mournful Gloom
For that celeſtial Light? ———
——— ——— Farewel happy Fields,
Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail Horrours, hail
Infernal World, and thou, profoundeſt Hell,
Receive thy new Poſſeſſor. ———
——— ——— Here at leaſt
We ſhall be free, th' Almighty has not built
Here for his Envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign ſecure, and in my Choice
To reign is worth Ambition though in Hell. Milt. Par. B. 1.
(Spoken by Satan.
——— ——— The happier State
In Heav'n, which follows Dignity, might draw
Envy from each Inferiour; but who here
Will envy whom the higheſt Place expoſes
Foremoſt to ſtand againſt the Thund'rer's Aim
Your Bulwark, and condemns the greateſt Share
Of endleſs Pain? Where there is then no Good
For which to ſtrive, no Strife can grow up there
From Faction; for ſure none will claim in Hell
Precedence: none whoſe Portion is ſo ſmall
Of preſent Pain, that with ambitious Mind
Will covet more. ——— Milt. Par. Loſt.

——— Shall

———— Shall we sit ling'ring here
Heav'n's Fugitives, and for our dwelling Place
Accept this dark opprobrious Den of Shame,
The Prison of his Tyranny, who reigns
By our Delay? No: let us rather chuse,
Arm'd with Hell Flames and Fury, all at once
O'er Heav'n's high Tow'rs to force resistless Way,
Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms
Against the Tort'rer: when to meet the Noise
Of his almighty Engine he shall hear
Infernal Thunder; and for Lightning see
Black Fire and Horrour shot with equal Rage
Among his Angels; and his Throne it self
Mixt with Tartarean Sulphur, and strange Fire,
His own invented Torments. ————
———— ———— Who but felt of late
When the fierce Foe hung on our broken Rear
Insulting, and pursu'd us thro' the Deep,
With what Compulsion and laborious Flight
We sunk thus low? ———— ————
———— ———— Can there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd? What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from Bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred Den to utter Woe;
Where Pain of unextinguishable Fire
Must exercise us without Hope of End
The Vassals of his Anger, when the Scourge
Inexorably, and the tort'ring Hour (by Moloch.
Calls us to Penance? ———— ———— Milt. Par. Lost. Spoken
———— ———— Our final Hope
Is flat Despair: we must exasperate
Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his Rage,
And that must end us; that must be our Cure,
To be no more: sad Cure! for who would lose,
Tho' full of Pain, this intellectual Being,
Those Thoughts that wander thro' Eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide Womb of uncreated Night,
Devoid of Sense and Motion? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can, or will ever give it? How he can
Is doubtful: that he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his Ire,
Belike thro' Impotence, or unaware,
To give his Enemies their Wish, and end
Them in his Anger, whom his Anger saves

To

To punish endless? ——— ———
——— ——— We are decreed,
Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal Woe:
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst?
What, when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook
With Heav'n's afflicting Thunder, and besought
The Deep to shelter us? this Hell seem'd then
A Refuge from those Wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning Lake? that sure was worse.
What, if the Breath, that kindled those grim Fires,
Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold Rage,
And plunge us in the Flames? Or from above
Should intermitted Vengeance arm again
His red right Hand to plague us? What, if all
Her Stores were open'd, and this Firmament
Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire,
Impendent Horrours, threat'ning hideous Fall
One Day upon our Heads; while we perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious War,
Caught in a firy Tempest, shall be hurl'd
Each on his Rock transfixt, the Sport and Prey
Of racking Whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under yon' boiling Ocean, wrapt in Chains,
There to converse with everlasting Groans,
Unrespited, unpity'd, unrepriev'd,
Ages of hopeless End? this would be worse.
Shall we then live thus vile, the Race of Heav'n,
Thus trampled, thus expel'd, to suffer here
These Chains and Torments? much better these than worse
By my Advice; since Fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent Decree,
The Victor's Will. —— Milt. Par. Lost. Spoken by Belial.

——— ——— Suppose he should relent,
And publish Grace to all, on Promise made
Of new Subjection; with what Eyes could we
Stand in his Presence humble, and receive
Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne
With warbled Hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forc'd Hallelujah's; while he lordly sits
Our envy'd *Sov'reign*, and his Altar breathes
Ambrosial Odours and ambrosial Flow'rs,
Our servile Off'rings? This must be our Task
In Heav'n, this our Delight: how wearisome
Eternity so spent, in Worship paid
To whom we hate! —— Milt. Par. Lost. B. 2. Spoken by (Mammon.

—— The

——— The King of Heav'n has doom'd
This Place our Dungeon, not our safe Retreat
Beyond his potent Arm, to live exempt
From Heav'n's high Jurisdiction, in new League
Banded against his Throne, but to remain
In strictest Bondage, tho' thus far remov'd
Under th' inevitable Curb, reserv'd
His captive Multitude: for he, be sure,
In Height or Depth, still first and last will reign
Sole King, and of his Kingdom lose no Part
By our Revolt, but over Hell extend
His Empire, and with iron Sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden those in Heav'n:
——— For what Peace will be given
To us enslav'd, but Custody severe,
And Stripes, and arbitrary Punishment
Inflicted? And what Peace can we return,
But to our Pow'r, Hostility and Hate,
Untam'd Reluctance, and Revenge tho' slow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqu'ror least
May reap his Conquest, and may least rejoice,
In doing what we most in suff'ring feel. Milt. Par. Lost.
(Spoken by Beelzebub.

HERCULES.

O Pow'r, who hast deserv'd in Heav'n a Throne,
Not giv'n, but by thy Labours made thy own, Dr. Ovid.
Alcides thus his Race began,
O'er Infancy he swiftly ran:
The future God at first was more than Man.
Dangers, and Toils, and Juno's Hate
Ev'n o'er his Cradle lay in wait;
And there he grappled first with Fate.
In his young Hands the hissing Snakes he press'd;
So early was the Deity confess'd!
Thus, by degrees, he rose to Jove's imperial Seat:
Thus Difficulties prove a Soul legitimately great. Dryd.
Thus, when Alcides rais'd his Infant Cry,
The Snakes besieg'd his young Divinity:
But vainly with their forked Tongues they threat;
For Opposition makes a Hero great.
To needful Succour all the Good will run;
And Jove assert the Godhead of his Son. Dryd.

HERO.

Heroes are for heroick Deeds design'd:
And noble Work attends a noble Mind. Blac. P. Arth.
The Hero's Breast still swells with great Designs,
In ev'ry Thought the tow'ring Genius shines. Add.
Heroes are Blessings on the World bestow'd
To reap the Honour, but Mankind the Good. Blac. K. Art.
Hero's in Heav'n's peculiar Mould are cast;
They and their Poets are not form'd in haste: (the last.
Man was the first in God's Design, and Man was made
False Hero's, made by Flatt'ry so,
Heav'n can strike out, like Sparkles, at a Blow:
But, ere a Prince is to Perfection brought,
He costs Omnipotence a second Thought:
With Toil and Sweat,
With hard'ning Cold, and foaming Heat,
The Cyclops did their Strokes repeat,
Before th' impenetrable Shield was wrought.
It looks as if the Maker would not own
The noble Work for his,
Before 'twas try'd, and found a Masterpiece. Dryd.
The Hero's Souls, irregular to us,
Yet move, like Planets, in their proper Sphere;
Performing even Course,
In Paths uneven to Beholders Eyes. Dryd. Love. Trium.
The Minds of Heroes their own Measures are;
They stand exempted from the Rules of War:
Whilst tim'rous Wit goes round, or fords the Shore,
He shoots the Gulph, and is already o'er. Dryd. Conq. of
(Gran. p. 2.
He's brave, he's fiery, youthful and belov'd;
His Courage charms the Men, his Form the Women:
His very Sports are War ——
O! he's all Hero, scorns th' inglorious Ease
Of lazy Crete, delights to shine in Arms,
To wield the Sword, and launch the pointed Spear;
To tame the gen'rous Horse, that nobly wild
Neighs on the Hills, and dares the angry Lion;
To join the struggling Coursers to his Chariot,
To make their stubborn Necks the Rein obey, (Hip.
To turn, to stop, or stretch along the Plain. Smith. Phæd. &
Surely our Authors are to blame,
For making some well-sounding Name,
A Pattern fit for modern Knights,
To copy out in Frays and Fights:

Like

Like those, that a whole Street do raze
To build a Palace in the Place;
They never care how many others
They kill, without Regard of Mothers,
Or Wives, or Children, so they can
Make up some fierce, dead-doing Man,
Compos'd of many ingredient Valours,
Just like the Manhood of nine Tailours. Hud.
Like Heroes, in Sea-Fights, we seek Renown,
To fire some hostile Ship, we burn our own. Garth.

HIPPOLITUS.

Hippolitus, as old Records have said,
Was by his Stepdame sought to share her Bed;
But, when no female Arts his Mind could move,
She turn'd to furious Hate her impious Love:
Torn by wild Horses on the sandy Shore,
Another's Crimes th' unhappy Hunter bore;
Glutting his Father's Eyes with guiltless Gore:
But chaste Diana, who his Death deplor'd,
With Æsculapian Herbs his Life restor'd:
Then Jove, who saw from high, with just Disdain;
The Dead inspir'd with vital Life again,
Struck to the Centre, with his flaming Dart,
Th' unhappy Founder of the Godlike Art:
But Trivia kept in secret Shades alone,
Her Care, Hippolitus, to Fate unknown;
And call'd him Virbius, in th' Ægerian Grove,
Where then he liv'd obscure, but safe from Jove:
For this, from Trivia's Temple and her Wood,
Are Coursers driv'n, who shed their Master's Blood,
Affrighted by the Monsters of the Flood. Dryd. Virg.

HIPPOMENES.

So when Hippomenes beheld the Race,
Where Loss was Death, and Conquest but a Face,
He stood amazed at the fatal Strife,
Wond'ring that Love should dearer be than Life:
But when he saw the Prize, no longer stay'd.
But thro' those very Dangers sought the Maid,
And won her too. ——— ——— Sedl.
Hippomenes, who ran with noble Strife
To win his Lady, or to lose his Life,
(What Shift some Men will make to get a Wife!)

Threw

Threw down a golden Apple in her Way:
For all her Haste, she could not chuse but stay.
Renown said, run: the glitt'ring Bribe cry'd, hold:
The Man might have been hang'd, but for his Gold.
She saw; she sigh'd; her nimble Feet refuse
Their wonted Speed, and she took Pains to lose. Dr. Theoc.

HOMER.

Hail God of Verse!
Thou art the unexhausted Ocean, whence
Sprung first, and still do flow, th' eternal Rills of Sense:
To none but thee our Art divine we owe,
From whom it had its Rise, and full Perfection too:
Thou art the mighty Bank, that ever dost supply,
Throughout the World, the whole poetick Company:
With thy vast Stock alone they traffick for a Name,
And send their glorious Ventures out to all the Coasts of (Fame.
How trulier blind was dull Antiquity,
Who fasten'd that unjust Reproach on thee?
Who can the senseless lying Tale believe,
Or think thou didst want Sight, by whom all others see?
Whatever Earth does in her pregnant Bowels bear,
Or on her fruitful Surface wear,
Whate'er the spacious Fields of Air contain,
Or far extended Territories of the Main,
Is by the skilful Pencil so exactly shewn,
We scarce discern where thou, or Nature best has drawn:
Beyond the Travels of the Sun and Year,
Beyond this glorious Scene of starry Tapestry,
Where the vast Purlieus of the Sky,
And boundless Waste of Nature lies,
Thy Voyages thou mak'st, and bold Discoveries. Old.
——— From his abundant Spring
Succeeding Poets draw the Songs they sing:
From him they take, from him adorn, their Themes;
And into little Channels cut his Streams:
Rich in his Store! ——— Creech. Manil.

HONESTY.

An honest Mind, to Virtue's Precepts true,
Contemns the Fury of a lawless Crew;
Firm, as a Rock, he to his Purpose stands,
And thinks a Tyrant's Frown, as weak as his Commands.

If

If all the heav'nly Orbs, confus'dly hurl'd,
Should dash to Pieces, and should crush the World,
Undaunted he the mighty Crash would bear,
Nor in his Breast admit a Thought of Fear. ———
——— ——— Some loose the Bands
Of antient Friendship, cancel Nature's Laws
For Pageantry, and tawdry Gugaws. Some
Renounce their Sires, oppose Paternal Right
For Rule and Pow'r; and others Realms invade
With specious Shews of Love. This trait'rous Wretch
Betrays his Sov'raign. Others, destitute
Of real Zeal, to ev'ry Altar bend,
By Lucre sway'd, and act the basest Things
To be styl'd Hon'rable. The honest Man,
Simple of Heart, prefers inglorious Want
To ill-got Wealth: rather from Door to Door
A jocund Pilgrim, tho' distress'd, he'll rove,
Than break his plighted Faith: nor Fear, nor Hope,
Will shock his stedfast Soul: rather, debarr'd
Each common Privilege, cut off from Hopes
Of meanest Gain, of present Goods despoil'd,
He'll bear the Marks of Infamy, contemn'd,
Unpity'd; yet his Mind, of Evil pure,
Supports him, and Intention free from Fraud.
If no Retinue with observant Eyes
Attend him; if he can't with Purple Stain
Of cumb'rous Vestments, labour'd o'er with Gold,
Dazle the Crowd, and set them all agape;
Yet, clad in homely Weeds, from Envy's Darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly Pangs
Of Conscience, nor with Spectres griesly Forms,
Demons, or injur'd Souls, at Close of Day,
Annoy'd, sad interrupted Slumbers finds:
But, as a Child, whose unexperienc'd Age
Nor evil Purpose fears, nor knows, enjoys
Night's sweet Refreshment, humid Sleep, sincere.
——— ——— ——— His Thoughts
Are exercis'd with Speculations deep
Of Good, and Just, and Meet, and th' wholsome Rules
Of Temp'rance; and aught that may improve
The moral Life; nor sedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom'd Tongu[illegible] blast the Fame
Of harmless Men, or secret W[illegible]read,
'Mong faithful Friends to breed D[illegible] and Hate.
Studious of Virtue, he no Life observes
Except his own; his own imploys his Cares,
Large Subject! that he labours daily to refine. Phil. Cyd.

An

An honest Man he is, and hates the Slime,
That sticks on filthy Deeds. Shak. Othello.
So down-right, generous, frank, and open,
He thinks Mankind as honest as himself: (Conq.
He means no Ill, and consequently fears none. Hig. Gen.
Honest as Truth itself. ——— Rowe. Fair Pen.
His Nature is so far from doing Harms,
That he suspects none. Shak. K. Lear.
Plain Souls, like mine, judge others like themselves,
Men of a free and open Nature, (Dryd. Cleom.
Still think Men honest, that but seem to be so. Shak. K. Lear.
To seem to be, and not be what I seem,
Are Things my honest Nature understands not. Dr. Cleom.
I am more plain than dull Simplicity,
And artless as the Infancy of Truth. Shak. Troi. & Cress.
The Brave and Gen'rous act without Deceit:
Ignoble Minds work by ignoble Ways. Ravensc. Ital. Husb.
How should the Man, that moves by Craft or Fear,
Or ever greatly think, or ever greatly dare. ———
Short is the Date in which ill Acts prevail;
But Honesty's a Rock can never fail. Steele. Fun.
Thy Thoughts all clear, as cristal Currents, stream,
In various Play coursing each other down,
From the fair Fountain of an honest Soul. South. Disapp.
I'm thinking, Pierre, how that damn'd starving Quality,
Call'd Honesty, got footing in the World?
——— Powerful Villany first set it up,
For its own Ease and Safety: Honest Men
Are the soft easy Cushions, on which Knaves
Repose and fatten: Were all Mankind Villains,
They'd starve each other; Lawyers would want Practice,
Cut-throats Rewards: Each Man would kill his Brother
Himself: none would be paid or hang'd for Murder:
Honesty! 'Twas a Cheat invented first
To bind the Hands of bold deserving Rogues,
That Fools and Cowards might sit safe in Pow'r,
And lord it uncontroul'd above their Betters.
Honesty's but a Notion. ———
Like Wit, much talk'd of, not to be defin'd:
He, that pretends to most too, has least Share in't: (Pres.
'Tis a ragged Virtue! Honesty! no more on't. Otw. Ven.

HONOUR.

Honour, thou greatest Blessing in the Gift of Heav'n,
Which only art to its chief Darlings giv'n:
Cheaply

Cheaply with Blood and Dangers art thou sought,
Nor canst at any Rate be over-bought.
Thou, shining Honour, art the noblest Chace
Of all the braver Part of human Race.
Thou only art worth living for below,
And only worth our dying too. Oldh.

Honour, which differs Man from Man much more
Than Reason differ'd him from Beasts before,
Suffers this common Fate of all Things good,
By the blind World to be misunderstood:
For those, who most to Honour sacrifice,
Prescribe to her a mean and weak Disguise:
Imprison her to other's false Applause,
And from Opinion still receive their Laws:
Whilst that inconstant Idol they implore,
Who in one Breath can murder and adore.
But Honour is more great and more sublime,
Above the Battery of Fate or Time.
We see in Beauty certain Airs are found,
Which no one Grace can make, but all compound:
Honour's to th' Mind, as Beauty to the Sense;
The fair Result of blended Excellence.
As many Diamonds together lie,
And dart one Lustre to amaze the Eye;
So Honour is that bright Ethereal Ray,
Which many Stars does in one Light display:
But, as that Beauty were as truly sweet,
Were there no Tongue to praise, no Eye to see't;
So Honour is its own Reward and End;
And, satisfy'd within, cannot descend
To beg the Suffrage of a vulgar Tongue,
Which, by commending Virtue, does it Wrong.
The peaceable Reflections on the Mind
Will in a silent Shade Contentment find:
Honour keeps Court at home; and scorns to fear
To be condemn'd abroad, if quitted there. Orinda.

Honour's the Conscience of an Act well done,
Which gives us Pow'r our own Desire to shun:
The strong and secret Curb of headstrong Will; (of Gran.
The Self-Reward of Good, and Shame of Ill. Dryd. Con.

Honour's a sacred Tie; the Law of Kings;
The noble Mind's distinguishing Perfection,
That aids and strengthens Virtue, where it meets her,
And imitates her Actions, where she is not:
It is not to be sported with. ——— Add. Cato.

Reflect, that lessen'd Fame is ne'er regain'd,
And virgin Honour, once, is always stain'd:

Timely advis'd, the coming Evil shun:
Better not do the Deed, than weep it done:
No Penance can absolve our guilty Fame;
Not Tears, that wash our Sin, can wash our Shame. Prior.
——— ——— Woman's Honour
Is nice as Ermin, will not bear a Soil. Dryd. D. Seb.
He taught them Honour, Virtues Bashfulness!
A Fort so yieldless, that it fears to treat:
Like Pow'r, it grows to nothing, growing less:
Honour, the moral Conscience of the Great! D'Aven.
Honour's the Soldier's Treasure, bought with Blood,
And kept at Life's Expence. ——— Rowe. Fair Pen.
Honour's the Soldier's Conscience. Dr. D. of Guise.
Honour is colder Virtue, set on Fire. D'Aven. Siege of (Rhodes.
Honour is, like the Soul, contain'd in ev'ry Part. D'Aven. (Siege of Rhodes.
Honour grows warm in airy Vests of Praise. D'Aven. (Siege of Rhodes.
Honour must yield where Reason should prevail. D'Aven. (Siege of Rhodes.
Base grov'ling Souls ne'er know true Honour's Worth,
But weigh it out in mercenary Scales:
The secret Pleasure of a gen'rous Act
Is the great Mind's great Bribe. Dryd. D. Seb.
Honour's alone the gen'rous Mind's Reward. Dr. Auren.
——— He was a Man,
That liv'd up to the Standard of his Honour,
And priz'd that Jewel more than Mines of Wealth:
He'd not have done a shameful Thing but once;
Tho' kept in Darkness from the World, and hidden,
He could not have forgiv'n it to himself. Otw. Orph.
My Honour is my own, and not deriv'd
From this frail Body, ———
But that etherial Spark, which Heav'n inspir'd,
And kindled in my new created Soul. Dr. Love Triump.
Fortune and Life depend on Fate alone:
My Honour and my Conscience are my own. Ld. Lansd.
——— Poor frighted Men at Sea,
To save their Lives, cast all their Goods away.
In Storms of Fortune, where there is a Strife,
Which shall be sav'd, Man's Honour or his Life,
Who would preserve the totter'd Bark from Fate,
But sink the Vessel to preserve the Freight? How. Vest. Vir.
He, that will win the Prize in Honour's Race,
Must, nearer to the Goal, still mend his Pace. D'Aven. (Siege of Rhodes.

Honour's a fine imaginary Notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienc'd Men
To real Mischiefs, while they hunt a Shadow. Add. Cato.

Honour is but an Itch, in youthful Blood,
Of doing Acts extravagantly good:
We call that Virtue, which is only Heat, (Queen.
That reigns in Youth, till Age finds out the Cheat. How. In.

Honour! a very Word! an empty Name!
How dully wretched is the Slave to Fame!
Give me the Soul, that's large and unconfin'd,
Free as the Air, and boundless as the Wind. Otw. Alcibiad.

——— Who lightly weigh their Fame,
Make but ill Lovers: Honour's the strongest Tie; (Her. Lov.
That Chain once broke, there's nothing left to bind. (Lansd.

——— Honour still delights
To tyrannize o'er Love. ——— Lansd. Jew of Ven.

Now Love would yield,
Fierce Honour stands his Ground, and keeps the Field:
Nature, within seduc'd, in vain befriends,
While Honour, with his Guard of Pride, defends:
O Nature, frail and faulty in thy Frame,
Fomenting Wishes, Honour must condemn!
Or, O too rigid Honour, thus to bind, (Ench.
When Nature prompts, and when Desire is kind! Lansd. Br.

Poor feeble Tyrant! who in vain
Would proudly take upon her,
Against kind Nature to maintain
Affected Rules of Honour.
The Scorn she bears so helpless proves,
When I plead Passion to her,
That much she fears, but more she loves,
Her Vassal should undo her. Roch.

Those formal Lovers be for ever curst,
Who fetter'd free-born Love with Honour first:
Who thro' fantastick Laws are Virtue's Fools,
And against Nature will be Slaves to Rules. Lansd. Br. Ench.

Let Honour come, I'll stand the stalking Nothing,
And, when the bladder'd Air would turn the Balance,
I'll cast in Love, substantial, pond'rous Love,
Eternal Love, and hurl him to the Beam. Lee. P. of Cleve.

Honour's got it, and keeps her Heart!
This huffing Honour domineers
In Breasts where he alone has Place:
But if true gen'rous Love appears,
The Hector dares not shew his Face.
I fall a Sacrifice to Love;
She lives a Wretch for Honour's sake:

Tho' I still languish, and complain,
Am most inhumanly deny'd;
I have some Pleasure in my Pain:
She can have none with all her Pride.
Consider real Honour then,
You'l find, hers cannot be the same:
'Tis noble Confidence in Men,
In Women mean mistrustful Shame. Roch.
——— Cou'd you raise me high
As most fantastick Woman's Wish cou'd reach,
And lay all Natures Riches at my Feet;
I'd rather run a Savage in the Woods,
Amongst brute Beasts grow wrinkled and deform'd,
As Wildness and most rude Neglect cou'd make me,
So I might still preserve my Honour safe,
From the destroying Wiles of faithless Men. Otw. Orph.
Now mourn, thou God of Love, since Honour triumphs,
And crowns his cruel Altars with thy Spoils. Rowe. Tamerl.

HORACE.

Horace still charms with graceful Negligence;
And without Method talks us into Sense:
Does, like a Friend, familiarly convey
The truest Notions in the easiest Way:
He, who, supream in Judgment as in Wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ;
Yet judg'd with Coolness, tho' he sung with Fire:
His Precepts teach, but what his Works inspire:
Our Criticks take a contrary Extream;
They judge with Fury, but they write with Phlegm. Pope.

HOROSCOPE.

Onward she hastens to the fam'd Abodes,
Where Horoscope invokes th' infernal Gods;
And reach'd the Mansion, where the Vulgar run
T'increase their Ills, and throng to be undone:
This Wight, all mercenary Projects tries;
And knows, that to be rich is to be wise:
By useful Observations he can tell
The sacred Charms, that in true Sterling dwell:
So truly Horoscope its Virtue knows,
To this blind Idol 'tis alone, he bows;
And fansies, that a thousand Pound supplies
The Want of Twenty thousand Faculties:

Long

Long has he been of that amphibious Fry,
Bold to prescribe, and busy to apply. Garth.

HORROUR.

Methinks we stand on Ruins: Nature shakes
About us; and the universal Frame's
So loose, that it but wants another Push,
To leap from off its Hinges.———
No Sun to chear us, but a bloody Globe,
That rouls above, a bald and beamless Fire:
His Face o'ergrown with Scurf: For no Sun shines,
But a dim winking Taper in the Skies,
That nods, and scarce holds up his drowsy Head,
To glimmer thro' the Damps: Therefore the Seasons
Lie all confus'd, and, by the Heav'ns neglected,
Forget themselves: Blind Winter meets the Summer
In his Mid-way; and, seeing not his Livery,
Has driv'n him headlong back.——— Dryd. OEdip.

All Things to universal Ruin hast:
Afflicted Nature seems to breathe her last: D'Aven. Circe.

From Hell's deep Hollow dreadful Groans are sent;
And Nature labours with some dire Event. D'Aven. Circe.

Sure 'tis a Horrour more than Darkness brings,
That sits upon the Night: Fate is abroad:
Some ruling Fiend hangs in the dusky Air,
And scatters Ruin, Death, and wild Distraction,
O'er all the wretched Race of Man below. Rowe. Tamerl.

——— Start Eyes;
Split Heart; burst ev'ry Vein at this dire Object;
At once dissolve and flow: Meet Blood with Blood:
Dash your encount'ring Streams with mutual Violence;
'Till Surges roul, and foaming Billows rise, (M. Bride.
And curl their crimson Heads to kiss the Clouds. Cong.

And now a sudden Darkness covers all:
True genuine Night! Night added to the Groves! (OEdip.
The Fogs are blown full in the Face of Heaven. Dryd.

While list'ning to the murm'ring Leaves he stood,
More than a Mile immers'd within the Wood;
At once the Wind was laid; the whisp'ring Sound
Was dumb; a rising Earthquake shook the Ground:
With deeper Brown the Grove was overspread:
A sudden Horrour seiz'd his giddy Head;
And his Ears tinckled, and his Colour fled.
Nature was in Alarm.———
——— The hollow Sound

Sung in the Leaves; the Forest shook around;
Air blacken'd; roul'd the Thunder; groan'd the Ground.
(Dryd. Bocc. Theod & Hon.

Sure 'tis the End of all Things! Fate has torn
The Lock of Time off, and his Head is now
The ghastly Ball of round Eternity!
Call you these Peals of Thunder but the Yawn
Of bell'wing Clouds? By Jove, they seem to me
The World's last Groans; and those vast Sheets of Flame
Are its last Blaze! The Tapers of the Gods,
The Sun and Moon, run down like waxen Globes;
And Chaos is at Hand. ——
Did ever Day or Night shew ought like this?
Answer, ye Pow'rs divine; spare all this Noise,
This Rack of Heav'n; and speak your fatal Pleasure:
Why breaks yon' dark and dusky Orb away?
Why from the bleeding Womb of monstrous Night
Break forth such Myriads of abortive Stars?
Why dart they all at once their baleful Influence
In leaking Fires? Once more I ask your Pleasure:
If that the Glow-worm Light of human Reason
Might dare to offer at immortal Knowledge,
And cope with Gods, why all this Storm of Nature?
Why do the Rocks split, and why rouls the Sea?
Why these Portents in Heav'n, and Plagues on Earth?
Why these gigantick Forms, ethereal Monsters? Lee.OEdip.

Tell me what means this Anger of the Heav'ns?
Why did the Eve descend so dismal dark?
Why not one Star to glimmer thro' the Skies?
Why fall those Clouds so thick? Why sits the Night (rhus.
So heavy on the Brows of bended Mountains. Hopk. Pyr-

——This Rack of Heav'n,
Those burning Orbs, and the loud Peals of Thunder,
Those starting Stars, and yonder falling Meteors,
Are common Things to us; the usual Huddle
Of jarring Elements.—— Hopk. Pyrrhus.

Ascend ye Ghosts, fantastick Forms of Night,
In all your diff'rent dreadful Shapes ascend,
And match the present Horrour if you can. Rowe. Fair. Pen.

—— An universal Horrour
Struck thro' my Eyes, and chill'd my very Heart:
The chearful Day was ev'ry where shut out
With Care, and left a more than midnight Darkness,
Such as might ev'n be felt: A few dim Lamps,
That feebly lifted up their sickly Heads,
Look'd faintly thro' the Shade, and made it seem

More dismal by such Light: While those, that waited
In solemn Sorrow, mix'd with wild Amazement,
Observ'd a dreadful Silence.—— Rowe Amb. Stepm.
I can see nothing but a gath'ring Tempest;
Horrour on Horrour to the End of Heav'n. Dryd. Cleom.
—— The bare Remembrance
Still strikes a thrilling Horrour to my Heart. Den. Iphig.
—— The bare Mention (Den. Iphig.
Strikes to my Heart, like Fate, and shakes my Nature.
—— If we cou'd recount
Our baleful News, and, at each Word's Deliv'rance,
Stab Ponyards in our Flesh till all were told,
The Words wou'd add more Anguish than the Wounds.
(Shak. Hen. 6. p. 3.
Should from their hollow Vaults pale Ghosts resort,
To fill your Ears with hideous Groans and Shrieks,
The Sound to you wou'd not be half so wounding. Smith.
(P. of Parma.
Ev'n frighted Destiny disowns the Deed,
And Hell is struck with Horrour.——Shak. and Tate Coriol.
—— O this Tale of Horrour (and Tate Coriol.
Would rouze the sleeping Father from his Grave. Shak.
Sleep on, Virgilia: Wake not to a Story,
Whose Horrour wou'd exceed the Force of Death,
And turn thee into Stone.—— Shak. and Tate. Coriol.
By Heav'n, thou hast awaken'd somewhat in me,
That shakes my very Soul. —— Dryd. All for Love.
—— Speak then, O speak, (Love.
While I have Sense to understand the Horrour. Dryd. All for
Cold tremblings chill the Matron's frozen Blood,
And her faint Legs scarce bear their shaking Load:
Her hoary Hairs upright with Horrour rise,
And ghastly Fears star'd wildly in her Eyes. Hopk. Ovid.
The silver Moon, averse to such a Sight,
Fled from her darken'd Orb: No streak of Light,
No glimm'ring Star shot thro' the dismal Night. Hopk. Ovid.
Recoil thou Sun, as at the Feast of Atreus,
And hide the World in universal Darkness;
That neither Heav'n, nor Earth, nor Gods, nor Men, (Virg.
May see a Deed that will amaze the Universe. Den. Ap. &
Talk on, till thou make mad my rouling Brain;
Groan still more Death; and may those dismal Sources
Still bubble on, and pour forth Blood and Tears:
Methinks at such a Meeting Heav'n stands still;
The Sea nor ebbs, nor flows; this Mole-hill Earth
Is heav'd no more: The busy Emmets cease. Lee OEdip.
(spoken by Jocasta to OEdipus.

The Clouds dispel; the Sky resum'd her Light;
And Nature stood recover'd of her Fright. Dryd. Bocc.
(Theod. & Hon.

HORSE.

Varying her Theme, the Muse now takes Delight,
The swift-heel'd Horse to praise, and sing his rapid Flight,
And see! Th' Air-born Racers start,
Impatient of the Rein;
Faster they run than flies the Scythian Dart,
Nor, passing, print the Plain:
The Winds themselves, who with their Swiftness vie,
In vain their airy Pinions ply,
So far, in matchless Speed, thy Coursers pass
Th' Etherial Authors of their Race! Cong.
Bold, gen'rous, sprightly, as th' illustrious Breed,
Which in th' etherial blue Inclosures feed:
That, thro' Heav'ns Waste, with the Sun's Chariot play,
And govern Time, by carrying on the Day. Blac. P. Arth.
How firm the manag'd War-Horse keeps his Ground,
Nor breaks his Order tho' the Trumpets sound!
With fearless Eyes the glitt'ring Host surveys:
And glares directly at the Helmet's Blaze:
The Master's Word, the Laws of War he knows;
And when to charge; and when to stop the Foes. ——
Fleet as the Wind, he shoots along the Plain,
And knows no Check; nor hears the curbing Rein:
His fiery Eye-balls, formidably bright,
Dart a fierce Glory, and a dreadful Light:
Pleas'd with the Clank of Arms, and Trumpets Sound,
He bounds; and, prauncing, paws the trembling Ground:
He snuffs the promis'd Battel from afar,
Neighs at the Captain's Shout, and Thunder of the War:
Rowz'd with the noble Din, and martial Sight,
He pants with Tumults of severe Delight:
His sprightly Blood an ev'n Course disdains,
Pours from his Heart, and charges in his Veins:
He braves the Spear, and mocks the twanging Bow;
Demands the Fight, and rushes on the Foe. Broome.
He praunc'd, and whiten'd with his Foam the Air,
Pleas'd with the Pomp of Arms, and the stern Face of War.
(Blac. Eliza.
Proud with Excess of Life, he paws the Ground;
Tears up the Turf, and spurns the Sand around. Blac. Job.
Light'ning flew from his Eyes; and Clouds of Smoke,
Dark'ning the Air, from his large Nostrils broke. Blac. P. Arth.

Champing his Foam, and bounding o'er the Plain; (Virg.
Arch'd his high Neck, and graceful spread his Mane. Dr
Her lofty Courser, in the Court below,
Who his majestick Rider seem'd to know;
Proud of his purple Trappings, paws the Ground; (Dr. Virg.
And champs the golden Bit, and spreads the Foam around.
A Lion's Hide his Back and Limbs infold;
Precious with studded Work and Paws of Gold. Dryd. Virg.
Illustrious Blood he boasts, with equal Pride,
Transmitted to his Veins, on either Side:
A Race so famous for their speedy Feet;
Eurus himself was not esteem'd more fleet:
So swift they run, that vulgar Fame declares,
The western Winds impregnated the Mares. Blac. P. Arth.
The Steeds caparison'd with Purple stood;
With golden Trappings, glorious to behold,
And champ betwixt their Teeth the foaming Gold. Dr. Virg.
——— He spurr'd his firy Steed
With goring Rowels to provoke his Speed. Dryd. Virg.
—— They now begun
To spur their living Engines on:
For, as whip'd Tops, and bandy'd Balls,
The Learned hold, are Animals;
So Horses they affirm to be
Meer Engines, made by Geometry:
And were invented first from Engines,
As Indian Britains were from Penguins. Hud.
So when the Ring with joyous Shouts resounds,
With Rage and Pride th' imprison'd Courser bounds:
He frets, he foams, he rends his idle Rein;
Springs o'er the Fence, and headlong seeks the Plain.——
As, when the Dogs with their deep Mouths proclaim,
That in the Wood they've rouz'd the flying Game;
The gen'rous Steed erects his list'ning Ears,
And the loud Noise with brave Impatience hears:
His eager Looks his inward Heat express,
And all his quiv'ring Limbs his Joy confess:
He paws the Valley with a needless Strife;
Profuse of Force, and prodigal of Life:
His forward Feet anticipate the Chace, (Arth.
And seem to run, even while he keeps his Place. Blac. K.

Getting on Horse-back.

Behold the sturdy Squire aforesaid,
Preparing to get up his Horse-side. Hud.

And first with nimble active Force,
He got on th' Outside of his Horse;
For, having but one Stirrup ty'd
T' his Saddle, on the farther Side,
It was so short, he'ad much ado
To reach it with his desp'rate Toe:
But, after many Strains and Heaves,
He got up to the Saddle-Eaves;
From whence he vaulted into th' Seat,
With so much Vigour, Strength, and Heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own Weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on Tail and Main,
Which oft he us'd instead of Rein. Hud.

Thrice he assay'd to mount aloft,
But, by his weighty Bum, as oft
He was pull'd back; till having found
Th' Advantage of the rising Ground,
Thither he led his warlike Steed,
And, having plac'd him right, with speed
Prepar'd again to scale the Beast.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his Beast with active Vaulting;
Wriggling his Body to recover
His Seat, and cast his right Leg over. Hud.

Falling from a Horse.

The startling Steed was seiz'd with sudden Fright;
And, bounding, o'er the Pummel cast the Knight:
Forward he flew; and, pitching on his Head,
He quiver'd with his Feet, and lay for dead:
Black was his Count'nance in a little Space,
For all the Blood was gather'd in his Face:
The Saddle-Bow, the noble Part had press'd; (&c Arc.
And bruis'd and mortify'd his manly Breast. Dr. Chau. Pal.

GOOD HUMOUR.

Trust not too much your now resistless Charms;
Those, Age or Sickness, soon or late, disarms:
Good Humour only teaches Charms to last,
Still makes new Conquests, and maintains the past:
Love, rais'd on Beauty, will, like that, decay,
Our Hearts may bear its slender Chains a Day,
As flow'ry Bands in Wantonness are worn,
A Morning's Pleasure, and at Ev'ning torn:

This

This binds in Ties more easy, yet more strong,
The willing Heart, and only holds it long. Pope.

HUNTING.

I'll to the Woods among the happier Brutes;
Come, let's away: Hark, the shrill Horn resounds,
The jolly Huntsmens Cries rend the wide Heav'ns:
Come, o'er the Hills pursue the bounding Stag,
Come, chase the Lion, and the foamy Boar; (Phæd.& Hip.
Come, rouze up all the Monsters of the Wood. Smith

Hark! with this Morning's Hunt, the Hills, and Groves,
The Skies and Fountains, seem one mutual Cry. Lee.
(Mass. of Par.

I, mix'd with Nymphs, on Mænalus resort,
And make the Boar, my Danger, and my Sport:
When from the Vale the jolly Cry resounds,
What Rain, what Cold, shall keep me from my Hounds?
Methinks my Ears the sprightly Consort fills; (Virg.
I seem to bound thro' Woods, and mount o'er Hills. Staff.

—— Now, now methinks I go (Bow. Trapps. Virg.
O'er Rocks, thro' sounding Woods, and twang the Parthian

Ye vig'rous Swains, while Youth ferments your Blood,
And purer Spirits swell the sprightly Flood;
Now range the Hills, the thickest Woods beset,
Wind the shrill Horn, or spread the waving Net. Pope.

—— His youthful Joy
Was Beasts of Chace in Forests to destroy:
This gentle Knight, inspir'd by jolly May,
Forsook his easy Couch at early Day,
And to the Woods and Wilds pursu'd his Way,
With Horns, and Hounds, and all the tuneful Cry,
To hunt a Royal Hart within the Covert nigh:
And, as he follow'd Mars before, so now
He serves the Goddess of the silver Bow.
And now th' uncoupled Hounds began the Chace,
—— And forthwith rouz'd the Prey,
That, shaded by the Fern, in Harbour lay;
And, thence dislodg'd, was wont to leave the Wood,
For open Fields, and cross the crystal Flood. Dryd. Chau.
(Pal. & Arc.

I've known young Juba rise before the Sun,
To beat the Thicket where the Tiger slept,
Or seek the Lion in his dreadful Haunts:
How did the Colour mount into your Cheeks,
When first you rouz'd him to the Chace! I have seen you,
Ev'n in the Lybian Dog-Days, hunt him down;
Then charge him close, provoke him to the Rage

Of Fangs and Claws; and, stooping from your Horse,
Rivet the panting Savage to the Ground:
——— How wou'd the old King smile
To see you weigh the Paws, when tipp'd with Gold, (Cato.
And throw the shaggy Spoils about your Shoulders! Add.
When Emma hunts, in Huntsman's Habit dress'd,
Henry on Foot pursues the bounding Beast:
In his right Hand his beechen Pole he bears,
And graceful at his Side his Horn he wears:
Still to the Glade, where she has bent her Way,
With knowing Skill he drives the future Prey;
Bids her decline the Hill, and shun the Brake;
And shews the Path her Steed may safest take;
Directs her Spear to fix the glorious Wound;
Pleas'd in his Toils to have her Triumph crown'd:
And blows her Praises in no common Sound. Prior.
Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the Sky,
The Woods and Fields their pleasing Toils deny.
To Plains with well-breath'd Beagles we repair,
And trace the Mazes of the circling Hare:
Beasts, taught by us, their fellow Beasts pursue,
And learn of Man each other to undo. Pope.
Now Cancer glows with Phoebus firy Car:
The Youth rush eager to the Sylvan War;
Swarm o'er the Lawns, the Forest Walks surround,
Rouze the Fleet Hart, and chear th' opening Hound:
Th' impatient Courser pants in ev'ry Vein,
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant Plain:
Hills, Vales, and Floods, appear already cross'd,
And, e're he starts, a thousand Steps are lost:
See! The bold Youth strain up the threat'ning Steep;
Rush thro' the Thickets; down the Valleys sweep;
Hang o'er their Courser's Heads with eager speed,
And Earth rouls back beneath the flying Steed. Pope.
With Crowds attended of your antient Race,
You seek the Champian Sports, or Sylvan Chace.
This fiery Game your active Youth maintain'd;
Not yet by Years extinguish'd, tho' restrain'd:
You season still with Sports your serious Hours:
For Age but tasts of Pleasures, Youth devours.
Thus Princes ease their Cares: but happier he,
Who seeks not Pleasure thro' Necessity:
Than such, as once on slipp'ry Thrones were plac'd,
And, chasing, sigh, to think themselves are chas'd. Dryd.
——— ——— Our Sport
Has been to day much better for the Danger:
When on the Brink the foaming Boar I met

And in his Side thought to have lodg'd my Spear;
The desp'rate Savage rush'd within my Force,
And bore me headlong with him down the Rock:
But then my Brother, my friend Polydore,
Like Perseus, mounted on his winged Steed,
Came on, and down the dang'rous Precipice leap'd
To save Castalio. 'Twas a God-like Act!
But when I came, and found you Conqueror,
O my Heart danc'd to see your Danger pass'd:
The Heat and Fury of the Chace was cold,
And I had nothing in my Mind but Joy. Otw. Orph.

HURRICANE.

So where our wide Numidian Wastes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous Hurricanes descend;
Wheel thro' the Air; in circling Eddies play;
Tear up the Sands, and sweep whole Plains away:
The helpless Traveller, with wild surprize,
Sees the dry Desart all around him rise;
And, smother'd in the dusty Whirlwind, dies. Add. Cato.

HUSBAND and WIFE.

All Husbands must or Pain, or Shame endure:
The Wise too jealous are, Fools too secure.
Cong. Way of the World.

Curst be that Hour ———
When, sated with my single Happiness,
I chose a Partner to controul my Bliss,
Who wants that Reason which her Will should sway,
And knows but just enough to disobey. Dryd. State of Inn.
Would I had never marry'd: for now, methinks,
I've bound up for my self a Weight of Cares;
And, how the Burden will be borne none knows:
A Husband may be jealous, rigid, false,
And, should Castalio ever prove so to me,
So tender is my Heart, so nice my Love,
'Twould ruin and distract my Breast for ever. Otw. Orph.
O for a Curse upon the cunning Priest,
Who conjur'd us together in a Yoke,
That galls me now. ——— South. Disapp.
O I could curse that first seducing Priest,
Who with false Reasons triumph'd o'er the World,
And reconcil'd Mankind to Slavery;
Whilst he, and all that rev'rend fatted Tribe,
Skill'd in the Arts of Luxury and Ease,

Wisely

Wisely refus'd the Doctrines that they taught,
And only damn'd the Laity to a Wife. South. Disapp.

There's no Condition sure so curst as mine:
I'm marry'd! Death, I'am sped! How like a Dog
Look'd Hercules, thus to a Distaff chain'd! Otw. Orph.

Art thou not well, Castalio? Come lean
Upon my Breast, and tell me, where's thy Pain?

'Tis here: 'tis in my Head; 'tis in my Heart;
'Tis ev'ry where: it rages like a Madness;
And I most wonder how my Reason holds:
Nay, wonder not, Monimia: the Slave,
You thought you had secur'd within your Breast,
Is grown a Rebel, and has broke his Chain,
And now he walks there, like a Lord, at large.
No more, Monimia, of your Sexes Arts;
They're useless all: I'm not that pliant Tool,
That necessary Utensil you'd make me:
I know my Charter better. I am Man,
Obstinate Man, and will not be enslav'd.

You shall not fear't: Indeed my Nature's easy:
I'll ever live your most obedient Wife,
Nor ever any Privilege pretend
Beyond your Will, for that shall be my Law.

By yon' bright Heav'n, you shall not: all the Day,
I'll play the Tyrant, and at Night forsake thee:
Till, by Afflictions and continu'd Cares,
I've worn thee to a homely Houshold Drudge;
Nay, if I've any too, thou shalt be made
Subservient to all my looser Pleasures. Otw. Orph.

——— What Woman, when
Her Blood boils up, and wantons in her Veins;
When her hot-panting Pulse beats to the Joy,
What Woman then would quench a gen'rous Flame,
In an unactive heavy Husband's Arms;
That tires and jades our Expectation
In the first Stretch of Love; then dully falls
To his old Trot, and drudges out the Course? South. Disap.

Now she has bound me fast, she means to lord it,
To rein me hard, and ride me at her Will,
'Till by Degrees she shape me into Fool,
For all her future Uses. ——— Otw. Orph.

Apart you talk'd, for that's your special Case,
The Consort never must the Council share:
One gracious Word is for a Wife too much:
Such is a Marriage Vow, and Jove's own Faith is such.
Dryd. Hom. Spoken by Juno to Jupiter.

Ev'n Goddesses are Women: and no Wife
Has Pow'r to regulate her Husband's Life:
Counsel she may; and I will give thy Ear
The Knowledge first of what is fit to hear:
What I transact with others, or alone,
Beware to learn; nor press too near the Throne.
Dryd. Hom. Spoken by Jupiter to Juno.

Wise Heav'n, in Pity to the Sex, design'd
Fools, for the last Relief of Womankind.
Two marry'd Wits no Quiet can enjoy;
Two Fools together would the House destroy:
But Providence, to level human Life,
Made the Fool Husband for the witty Wife. Dr. Love. Trium.

Now fie for Shame, quoth she, by Heav'n above,
Thou hast for ever lost thy Ladies Love:
No Woman can endure a recreant Knight;
He must be bold by Day, and free by Night:
Our Sex desires a Husband, or a Friend,
Who can our Honour and his own defend;
Wise, hardy, secret, lib'ral of his Purse:
A Fool is nauseous, but a Coward worse:
No bragging Coxcomb, yet no baffled Knight:
How dar'st thou talk of Love, and dar'st not fight?
How dar'st thou tell thy Dame thou art affear'd?
Hast thou no manly Heart, and hast a Beard?
Dryd. Chauc. The Cock and the Fox.

—— —— Thou art innocent;
Simplicity from Ill, pure native Truth,
And Candour of the Mind adorn thee ever:
But there are such, such false ones in the World,
'Twould fill thy gentle Soul with wild Amazement,
To hear their Story told. ——

Can there be such; and have they Peace of Mind?
Have they in all the Series of their Changing
One happy Hour? If Women are such Things,
How was I form'd so diff'rent from my Sex?
My little Heart is satisfy'd with you;
You take up all her Room: As in a Cottage,
Which harbours some benighted Princely Stranger,
Where the good Man, proud of his Hospitality,
Yields all his homely Dwelling to his Guest,
And hardly keeps a Corner for himself.

O were they all like thee, Men would adore them;
And all the Bus'ness of their Lives be Loving:
The nuptial Band should be the Pledge of Peace,
And all domestick Cares and Quarrels cease:

The

The World should learn to love by virtuous Rules;
And Marriage be no more the Jest of Fools. Rowe. Fair Pen.
——— ——— O I will keep thee
Next to my Heart, my certain Pledge of Happiness:
Heav'n form'd thee gentle, fair, and full of Goodness,
And made thee all my Fortune here on Earth;
It gave thee to me, as a large Amends
For Fortune, Friends, and all the World beside:
O I will love thee still; cherish thee ever;
And hide thee from Misfortune in my Bosom. Rowe. Fair (Pen.

He only merits her, she only him:
So pair'd; so suited in their Minds and Persons,
That they were fram'd the Tallies for each other:
If any Alien Love had interpos'd,
It must have been an Eye sore to Beholders,
And to themselves a Curse. ——— Dryd. D. Seb.

All of a Tenour was their After-Life:
No Day discolour'd with domestick Strife:
No Jealousie, but mutual Truth believ'd;
Secure Repose, and Kindness undeceiv'd. Dryd. Chan. Pal. (& Arc.

Thus long in mutual Bliss they lay embrac'd;
And their first Love continu'd to the last:
One Sun-shine was their Life; no Cloud between:
Nor ever was a kinder Couple seen. Dr. Chauc. The Wife (of Bath's Tale.

HUSHAI.

Hushai, the Friend of David in Distress;
In publick Storms of manly Stedfastness:
By foreign Treaties he inform'd his Youth;
And join'd Experience to his native Truth.
His frugal Care supply'd the wanting Throne;
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
'Tis easy Conduct when Exchequers flow;
But hard the Task to manage well the low:
For sov'raign Pow'r is too depress'd or high,
When Kings are forc'd to sell, or Crowds to buy.
Dryd. Abs. & Ach.

HYDRA.

So when some shelt'ring Travellers retire
To leafy Shades, near the cool sapless Verge
Of Paraba, Brasilean Stream, her Tail,
Of vast Extension, from her wat'ry Den
A griesly Hydra suddainly shoots forth

Insi-

Insidious, and, with curs'd envenom'd Train,
Embracing horridly, at once the Crew
Into the River hurls: th'unweeting Prey
Entwisted roars; the parted Wave rebounds. Phil.

HYPERBOLE.

Hyperboles, so daring and so bold,
Disdaining Bounds, are yet by Rules controul'd:
Above the Clouds; but yet within our Sight;
They mount with Truth, and make a tow'ring Flight:
Presenting Things impossible to view,
They wander thro' Incredible to True:
Falsehoods, thus mix'd, like Metals, are refin'd;
And Truth, like Silver, leaves the Dross behind. Lansd.

HYPOCRISIE.

O, that Deceit should steal such gentle Shape,
And with a virtuous Vizard hide deep Vice! Shak. Rich. 3.
The Shape of Virtue still can best deceive:
Those, that in faithless Oceans take their Way, (Virg.
Sink in the Storms; but 'tis the Calms betray. How. Vest.
——— ——— I'll conceal
My Thoughts in Passion; 'tis the surest Way:
Your cold Hypocrisie's a stale Device;
A worn-out Trick: Would'st thou be thought in Earnest;
Cloath thy feign'd Zeal in Rage, in Fire, in Fury. Add. Cato.
——— ——— Satan then
Each Perturbation smooth'd with outward Calm;
Artificer of Fraud! and was the first
That practis'd Falsehood under saintly Show; (Lost.
Deep Malice to conceal, couch'd with Revenge. Milt. Par.
At rites then, his outward Zeal to boast,
Bade purifie the Sin-polluted Host:
Those Pomps the royal Hypocrite design'd
For Show; but harbour'd Vengeance in his Mind:
'Till holy Malice, lab'ring for a Vent,
At length discover'd his conceal'd Intent. Dryd. Hom.
The Hypocrite defeats his own Design;
Splits on the Rock, he labours to decline. Blac. K. Arth.

JANUS.

See antient Janus, with his double Face,
And Bunch of Keys, the Porter of the Place. Dryd. Virg.
Janus himself before his Fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful Issues of his Gate,
With Bolts and Iron Bars: within remains
Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen Chains:
High on a Trophy rais'd of useless Arms,
He sits, and threats the World with vain Alarms. Dr. Virg.

Gates of the Temple of Janus open'd by Juno.

Two Gates of Steel, the Name of Mars they bear,
And still are worship'd with religious Fear,
Before his Temple stand: The dire Abode,
And the fear'd Issues of the furious God,
Are fenc'd with brazen Bolts; without the Gates
The wary Guardian Janus doubly waits:
Then, when the sacred Senate votes the Wars,
The Roman Consul their Decree declares,
And in his Robes the sounding Gates unbars:
The Youth in military Shouts arise,
And the loud Trumpets break the yielding Skies.
These Rites of old by Sov'reign Princes us'd,
Were the Kings Office, but the King refus'd;
Deaf to their Cries; nor would the Gates unbar
Of sacred Peace, nor loose th'imprison'd War:
But hid his Head, and, safe from loud Alarms,
Abhor'd the wicked Ministry of Arms.
Then Heav'n's imperious Queen came down from high;
At her Approach the brazen Hinges fly;
The Gates are forc'd, and ev'ry falling Bar;
And, like a Tempest, issues out the War. Dryd. Virg.

JAPIS.

Japis was at Hand to prove his Art;
Whose blooming Youth so fir'd Apollo's Heart,
That, for his Love, he proffer'd to bestow
His tuneful Harp, and his unerring Bow:
The pious Youth, more studious to save
His aged Sire, now sinking to the Grave,
Preferr'd the Pow'r of Plants, and silent Praise
Of healing Arts, before Phoebeian Rays. Dryd. Virg.

IDEOT.

IDEOT.

His eldest born, a goodly Youth to view,
Excell'd the rest in Shape, and outward Shew:
Fair, tall, his Limbs with due Proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degen'rate Mind:
His Soul bely'd the Features of his Face;
Beauty was here, but Beauty in Disgrace:
He look'd like Nature's Errour; as the Mind
And Body were not of a Piece design'd,
But made for two, and by Mistake in one were join'd.

Falling in Love with a beautiful Lady whom he saw sleeping by a Fountain.

The Fool of Nature stood with stupid Eyes,
And gaping Mouth, that testify'd Surprize,
Fix'd on her Face, nor could remove his Sight,
New as he was to Love, and Novice in Delight:
Long mute he stood; and, leaning on his Staff,
His Wonder witness'd with an Ideot Laugh:
Then would have spoke: but, by his glimm'ring Sense,
First found his want of Words, and fear'd Offence;
Doubted, for what he was he should be known,
By his Clown-Accent and his Countrey-Tone.
But Reason in this brutal Soul began:
Love made him first suspect he was a Man:
Love made him doubt his broad Barbarian Sound;
By Love his want of Words and Wit he found:
That Sense of Want prepar'd the future Way
To Knowledge, and disclos'd the Promise of a Day.
What not his Father's Care, nor Tutor's Art,
Could plant with Pains in his unpolish'd Heart,
The best Instructor, Love, at once inspir'd,
As barren Grounds to Fruitfulness are fir'd.
Love taught him Shame; and Shame, with Love at Strife,
Soon taught the sweet Civilities of Life:
His gross material Soul at once could find
Something in her excelling all her Kind:
Exciting a Desire till then unknown,
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone:
This made the first Impression in his Mind;
Above, but just above the brutal Kind:
For Beasts can like, but not distinguish too,
Nor their own Liking by Reflection know;
Nor why they like or this, or t'other, Face,
Or judge of this or that peculiar Grace:

But

But love in groſs, and ſtupidly admire;
As Flies, allur'd by Light, approach the Fire.
Thus our Man-Beaſt, advancing by Degrees,
Firſt likes the Whole; then ſep'rates what he ſees:
On ſev'ral Parts a ſev'ral Praiſe beſtows,
The ruby Lips, the well-proportion'd Noſe,
The ſnowy Skin, the Raven-gloſſy Hair,
The dimpled Cheek, the Forehead riſing fair,
And ev'n in Sleep it ſelf a ſmiling Air.
From thence his Eyes deſcending view'd the reſt,
Her plump round Arms, white Hands, and heaving Breaſt:
Long on the laſt he dwelt: thro' ev'ry Part
A pointed Arrow ſped to pierce his Heart.
Thus in a Trice a Judge of Beauty grown,
A Judge erected from a Countrey-Clown,
He long'd to ſee her Eyes, in Slumber hid,
And wiſh'd his own could pierce within the Lid:
He would have wak'd her, but reſtrain'd his Thought;
And Love, new-born, the firſt good Manners taught:
An awful Fear his ardent Wiſh withſtood,
Nor durſt diſturb the Goddeſs of the Wood:
For ſuch ſhe ſeem'd by her celeſtial Face,
Excelling all the reſt of human Race:
And Things divine, by common Senſe, he knew
Muſt be devoutly ſeen at diſtant View:
So, checking his Deſire, with trembling Heart,
Gazing he ſtood; nor would, nor could, depart:
Fix'd as a Pilgrim, wilder'd in his Way,
Who dares not ſtir by Night for fear to ſtray,
But ſtands with awful Eyes to watch the Dawn of Day.
At length, awaking, Iphigene the Fair,
So was the Beauty call'd who cauſ'd his Care,
Unclos'd her Eyes, and double Day reveal'd,
While thoſe of all her Slaves in Sleep were ſeal'd.
The ſlav'ring Cudden, propt upon his Staff,
Stood ready, gaping with a grinning Laugh,
To welcome her Awake; nor durſt begin
To ſpeak; but wiſely kept the Fool within.
But ſtill the Sot ſtood ſilent with Surprize,
With fix'd Regard on her new-open'd Eyes;
And in his Breaſt receiv'd th' invenom'd Dart;
A tickling Pain that pleas'd amid the Smart.
——— The Fire, which choak'd in Aſhes lay,
A Load too heavy for his Soul to move,
Was upward blown below, and bruſh'd away by Love.
Love made an active Progreſs thro' his Mind;
The dusky Parts he clear'd, the groſs refin'd;
The

The drowsy wak'd; and, as he went, impress'd
The Maker's Image on the human Breast. Dryd. Bocc.
(Cym. & Iphig.

JEALOUSY.

Who could more happy, who more bless'd could live,
Than they whom kind, whom am'rous, Passions move?
What Crowns, what Empires greater Joys could give,
Than the soft Chains, the Slavery of Love?
Were not the Bliss too often cross'd
By that unhappy, vile Distrust, (lady,
That gnawing Doubt, that anxious Fear, that dang'rous Ma-
That terrible tormenting Rage, that Madness, Jealousie?
In vain Belinda boasts she has been true;
In vain she swears, she keeps untouch'd her Charms;
Dire Jealousie does all my Pains renew,
And represents her in my Rival's Arms:
His Sighs I hear, his Looks I view,
I see her damn'd Advances too;
I see her smile, I see her kiss; and, Oh! methinks I see
Her give up all those Joys to him, she should reserve for me.
But these rude Pangs of Jealousie are much more certain Signs
Of Love, than all the tender Words an am'rous Fansy coins.
Walsh.

O Weakness, sprung from Mightiness of Love!
D'Aven. Siege of Rhodes.

For jealous Rage is but a hasty Flame,
That blazes out, when Love too fiercely burns. Rowe. Tam.

This noble Jealousie for ever show:
It stirs Love's dying Embers till they glow:
Love would without it dull and lazy grow;
As Churches, whom no Hereticks oppose,
Rust into Ignorance, for want of Foes. D'Aven. Circe.

——— ——— Jealousie's a Proof of Love;
But 'tis a weak and unavailing Med'cine:
It puts out the Disease, and makes it show,
But has no Pow'r to cure. —— Dryd. All for Love.

O Jealousie, thou Avarice of Love. Dryd. Maid. Queen.

Alas! 'Tis sacred Jealousie;
Love rais'd to an Extream! Roch.

For Jealousie but shews how well we love. Dr. Ind. Emp.

O Jealousie, the injur'd Lover's Hell. Milt. Par. Lost.

The restless Stone, the Vulture, and the Wheel;
Whate'er the Damn'd or the Despairing feel,
The sharpest Punishments of angry Jove,
Are all contain'd at once in jealous Love. Johns. Vict.

Oh!

Oh! the distracting Throes of Jealousie! (D. Carl.
Curs'd Jealousie, that poisons all Love's Sweets! Otw.
From Lovers Beds, and Thrones of Monarchs, fly,
Thou ever waking Madness, Jealousie. D'Aven.
O Jealousie, thou Bane of pleasing Friendship;
Thou worst Invader of our tender Bosoms;
How does thy Rancour poison all our Sweetness,
And turn our gentle Natures into Bitterness!
See where she comes! Once my Heart's dearest Blessing:
Now my chang'd Eyes are blasted with her Beauty, (Shore.
Loath that known Face, and sicken to behold her. Rowe. J.
——— ——— Accursed Jealousie!
O merciless, wild and unforgiving Fiend!
Blindfold it runs to undistinguish'd Mischief,
And murders all it meets: Curs'd be its Rage;
For there is none so deadly: Doubly curs'd
Be all those easy Fools, who give it Harbour:
Who turn a Monster loose among Mankind,
Fiercer than Famine, War, or spotted Pestilence,
Baneful as Death, and horrible as Hell. Rowe. J. Shore.
The Rage of Jealousie then fir'd his Soul; (& Arc.
And his Face kindled like a burning Coal. Dr. Chauc. Pal.
Curse on her Name; I faint, I die;
With secret Pangs of Jealousie.
My Breast with hoarded Vengeance burns:
While Fear and Rage
With Hope engage,
And rule my wav'ring Soul by Turns. Add. Ros.
Soon as the Name of Aura reach'd her Ears,
With Jealousie surpriz'd, and fainting Fears,
Her rosy Colour fled her lovely Face,
And Agonies like Death supply'd the Place:
Pale she appear'd, as are the falling Leaves,
When first the Vine the Winters Blast receives:
Of ripen'd Quinces such the yellow Hue;
Or, when unripe, we Cornel-Berries view. Cong. Ovid.
More with Revenge, that soft Desires, she burns,
Whose slighted Passion meets no kind Returns.
Dread Scylla's Rocks 'tis safer to engage,
And trust a Storm, than her destructive Rage:
Not Waves, contending with a boist'rous Wind,
Threaten so loud, as her tempestuous Mind:
For Seas grow calm, and raging Storms abate;
But most implacable's a Woman's Hate:
Her furious Looks with wild Disorder glow,
Looks, that her Envy and Resentment show:

Oft o'er her Face the rising Blushes spread,
Her glowing Eye-Balls turn with Fury red:
Then pale and wan her alter'd Looks appear,
Paler than Guilt, and drooping with Despair:
A Tide of Passions ebbs and flows within,
And oft she shifts the melancholy Scene;
Now, calm as Infants at the Mother's Breast,
Her Grief in softest Murmurs is express'd:
She speaks the tender'st Things, that Pity move,
Kind are her Looks, and languishing with Love:
Then, loud as Storms, and raging as the Wind,
She gives a Loose to her distemper'd Mind:
With Shrieks and Groans she fills the Air around,
Her Motion, Looks, and Voice, proclaim her Woes,
While Sighs, and broken Words her wilder Thoughts dis-
(close. Yald.

A killing Sweat, a Damp of Jealousy
Hangs on my Brows, and clams upon my Limb. Dr. Amph

O Jealousie, how art thou Eagle-ey'd! Dr. Tyr. Love.

I never gave him Cause of Jealousy:
But jealous Souls will not be answer'd so:
They are not ever jealous for the Cause,
But jealous, for they're jealous. It is a Monster,
Begot upon it self, born on it self. Shak. Othel.

——— Trifles light as Air
Are to the Jealous Confirmations strong
As Proofs of Holy Writ.——— Shak. Othel.

But thou, like Jealousie, enquir'st a Truth,
Which found will torture thee.—— Dryd. D. Seb.

When Love's afraid, do not that Fear despise:
Flames tremble most, when they the highest rise. D'Aven.
(The Man's the Mast.

To doubt 's an Injury; to suspect a Friend;
Is Breach of Friendship: Jealousie 's a Seed,
Sown but in vicious Minds: prone to distrust,
Because apt to deceive. ——— Lansd. Her. Love.

How much are they deceiv'd, who vainly strive,
By jealous Fears, to keep our Flames alive?
Love's like a Torch, which, if secur'd from Blasts,
Will faintlier burn; but then it longer lasts:
Expos'd to Storms of Jealousie and Doubt,
The Blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out. Walsh.

Kind jealous Doubts, tormenting Fears,
And anxious Cares, when past,
Prove our Hearts Treasure fixt and dear,
And make us bless'd at last. Roch.

O my Heart's Joy! Rise, Bellamira, rise!
There's nothing left, nothing of Rage to fright thee:
Thou hast new-tun'd me, and the trembling Strings
Of my touch'd Heart dance to the Inspiration,
As if no Harshness, nor no Jars had been:
Had these sweet Sounds but met my Entrance here,
My ghastly Fears and cloven Jealousies,
With all the Monsters that made sick my Brain,
Had fled, so soft and artful are thy Strains, (Bor.
Like sullen Fiends before the Prophets Charms. Lee. Cæs.

JEWS.

The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murm'ring Race,
As ever try'd th' Event and Stretch of Grace:
God's pamper'd People! whom, debauch'd with Ease,
No King could govern, nor no God could please:
Gods they had try'd of ev'ry Shape and Size,
That God-Smiths could produce, or Priests devise.
And, when no Rule, no Precedent was found
Of Men, by Laws less circumscrib'd and bound;
They led their wild Desires to Woods and Caves,
And thought that all but Savages were Slaves.
And, govern'd by the Moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same Track, when she the Prime renews;
And once in twenty Years, their Scribes record, ——
By natural Instinct, they change their Lord. Dr. Abs. & Ach.

IMPRECATION.

Curs'd be my Days! and doubly curs'd my Nights!
Blasted be ev'ry Herb, and Fruit and Tree!
Curs'd be the Rain that falls upon the Earth! (Ven. Pres.
And may the gen'ral Curse reach Man and Beast! Otw.
Curs'd be the fatal Day, that gave me Birth;
In Clouds of Darkness let it still be hid,
And roul no more in the vast Rounds of Time:
Tearing Remorse and never ceasing Vengeance, (of Parma.
Racks, Hell and burning Sulphurs be my Lot. Smith. P.
Cover me, Earth, take me, thou dark Abyss,
To horrid Depth, as boundless as my Woe. Smith. P. of Parma.
—— Light'ning blast me; Thunder,
Rivet me ever to Prometheus' Rock,
And Vultures gnaw out my incestuous Heart. Lee. Œdipus.
O, would th' avenging Thunderbolt of Jove
Fall down amain on this devoted Head; (Virg.
And drive me headlong to th' infernal Pow'rs. Den. Ap. &

May all my Curſes, and Ten thouſand more,
Heavier than them, fall back upon my Head:
Pelion and Oſſa from the Giant's Grave
Be torn, by ſome avenging Deity,
And hurl'd at me, a bolder Wretch than they,
Who durſt invade the Skies.——— Dryd. Troil. & Creſs.
——— All Curſes on me;
The Whips of Conſcience, and the Stings of Pleaſure;
Sores and Diſtempers, Diſappointments, plague me.
May all my Life be one continu'd Torment, (Cleves.
And that more racking than a Woman's Labour. Lee. P. of
Let me be branded for the publick Scorn,
Turn'd forth, and driv'n to wander like a Vagabond;
Be friendleſs, and forſaken; ſeek my Bread
Upon the barren, wild and des'late Waſte;
Feed on my Sighs, and drink my falling Tears. Rowe. J. Sh.

INCEST.

What art thou, that doſt creep into my Breaſt,
And dar'ſt not ſee my Face? ———
——— ——— Inceſt is in me;
I cannot utter it: Why ſhould I keep
A Breaſt to harbour Thoughts I dare not ſpeak?
Darkneſs is in my Boſom, and there lie
A thouſand Thoughts that cannot brook the Light:
How wilt thou vex them, when this Deed is done,
Conſcience, that art afraid to let me name it?
If you above love not ſuch Crimes as theſe,
Circle my Heart with Thoughts as cold as Snow,
To quench theſe riſing Flames that harbour Love.
Why ſhould there be ſuch Muſick in a Voice,
And Sin for me to hear it? All the World
May take Delight in this, and 'tis Damnation
For me to do ſo. O happy is he,
That is ſo near you as a Brother is,
But you are nought to me but a Diſeaſe,
Continual Torment without Hope of Eaſe:
Such an ungodly Sickneſs I have got,
That he, that undertakes my Cure, muſt firſt
O'erthrow Divinity, all moral Laws,
And leave Mankind as unconfin'd as Beaſts,
Allowing them to do all Actions
As freely as they drink when they deſire.
——— ——— O, I have loſt my Reaſon,
The only Diff'rence between Man and Beaſt:
And I am left as far without a Bound,

As the wild Ocean that obeys the Wind:
——— ——— Is there no Stop
To our full Happineſs, but thoſe meer Sounds,
Brother and Siſter? I have liv'd
To conquer Men, and now am overthrown
Only by Words: Brother and Siſter! Where
Have thoſe Words Dwelling? I will find them out,
And utterly deſtroy them: Let them be Men or Beaſts,
And I will cut them from the Earth; or Towns,
And I will raze them, and then blow them up:
Let 'em be Seas, and I will drink 'em off,
And yet have unquench'd Fire left in my Breaſt:
Let 'em be any thing but meerly Voice.
——— O Man accurſt!
Thou bought'ſt thy Reaſon at too dear a Rate;
For thou haſt all thy Actions bounded in
With envious Rules, when ev'ry Beaſt is free:
What is there that acknowledges a Kindred
But wretched Man? Who ever ſaw the Bull
Fearfully leave the Heifer that he lik'd,
Becauſe they had one Dam? Beaum. King and no King.

See where ſhe comes again! ———
By Heav'n, when I behold thoſe beauteous Eyes,
Repentance lags, and Sin comes hurrying on.
We cannot look upon each other's Face,
But, when we read our Love, we read our Guilt:
Yet not to love you's impoſſible.
Ah! why were we not both born of a Sex,
For then we might have lov'd without a Crime!
Why was not I your Brother?
We'd then been Friends, and Friendſhip is not Inceſt!
Alas, I know not by what Name to call thee!
Siſter and Wife are the two deareſt Names;
And I would call thee both; and both are Sin.
Unhappy we! that ſtill we muſt confound
The deareſt Names into a common Curſe.
We muſt make Haſte to part, or never ſhall:
One Moment longer, ———
And I ſhould break thro' Laws divine and humane,
And think 'em Cobwebs, ſpread for little Man,
Which all the bulky Herd of Nature breaks.
The vigorous young World was ignorant
Of theſe Reſtrictions; 'tis decrepit now;
Not more devout, but more decay'd, and cold.
All this is impious: therefore we muſt part:
For gazing thus, I kindle at thy Sight,

A 2 U And,

And, once burnt down to Tinder, light again
Much sooner than before. Dryd. D. Seb.
 Heav'n was unkind to set so strict a Bound,
And Love would struggle to forbidden Ground. Dryd. Love (Triun.
 I cannot bear your Looks; new Flames arise
From ev'ry Glance, and kindle from your Eyes.
Pure are the Beams, which from those Suns you dart;
But gather Blackness from my sooty Heart.
Then let us each with hasty Steps remove (Trium.
Nor spread Contagion, where we meant but Love. D. Love
 Oh raging, impious, and yet hopeless Fire,
Not daring to possess what I desire,
Condemn'd to suffer what I cannot bear;
Torment'd with Love, and furious with Despair:
Of all the Pains, which wretched Mortals prove,
The fewest Remedies belong to Love:
But ours has none: For, if we should enjoy,
Our fatal Cure must both of us destroy. Dr. Love Trium.
 We are deny'd the common Rights of Nature,
Which the first Brother and first Sister had:
Why were not you and I that happy Pair?
But Nature doats with Age. ——— Dryd. Love Trium.
 O she's the fairest, sweetest of the World:
Nay, she is beauteous too; yet, mighty Love,
I never offer'd to obey thy Law.
But an unusual Chilness came upon me:
An unknown Hand still check'd my forward Joy,
Dash'd me with Blushes, tho' no Light was near;
That ev'n the Act became a Violation. Lee. Oedip.
 By Heav'n, I'd rather
Embrue my Hands up to my very Shoulders
In the dear Entrails of the best of Fathers,
Than offer at the execrable Act
Of damned Incest ——— Lee. Oedip.
 Enjoy thy Mother!
What! Violate, with bestial Appetite,
The sacred Veils that wrapt thee yet unborn!
That is not to be born ——— Lee. OEdip.
 O, 'tis too little this; thy Loss of Sight,
What has it done? I shall be gaz'd at now,
The more; be pointed at, There goes the Monster:
Nor have I hid my Horrour from my self:
For, tho' corporeal Light be lost for ever,
The bright reflecting Soul, thro' glaring Opticks,
Presents in larger Size her black Ideas,
Doubling the bloody Prospect of my Crimes;
Holds Fansy down, and makes her act again

With Wife and Mother. Tortures, Hell, and Furies!
Ha! Now the baleful Offspring's brought to Light!
In horrid Form they rank themselves before me:
What shall I call this Medley of Creation?
Here, one, with all th' Obedience of a Son,
Borrowing Jocasta's Look, kneels at my Feet,
And calls me Father: There, a sturdy Boy,
Resembling Laius just as when I kill'd him,
Bears up, and, with his cold Hand, grasping mine,
Cries out, How fares my Brother OEdipus?
What, Sons and Brothers! Sisters and Daughters too!
Fly all, be gone, fly from my whirling Brain:
Hence Incest, Murder; hence ye ghastly Figures!
O Gods! Gods! answer, Is there any Mean?
Let me go mad, or die. Lee. OEdip. Spoken by OEdipus after he had torn out his Eyes.

Alas! I groan beneath
The Pain, the Guilt, the Shame of impious Love:
I love, --- Alas! I shudder at the Name:
My Blood runs backward, and my fault'ring Tongue
Sticks at the Sound. --- I love --- O righteous Heaven!
Why was I born with such a Sense of Virtue,
So great Abhorrence of the smallest Crime,
And yet a Slave to such impetuous Guilt?
Rain on me, Gods, your Plagues, your sharpest Tortures,
Afflict my Soul with any Thing but Guilt;
And yet that Guilt is mine. ——— Smith. Phæd. & Hip.

Incest! O name it not:
The very Mention shakes my inmost Soul:
The Gods are startled in their peaceful Mansions;
And Nature sickens at the shocking Sound:
Thou brutal Wretch! thou execrable Monster!
To break thro' all the Laws that early flow
From untaught Reason, and distinguish Man:
Mix, like the senseless Herd, with bestial Lust,
Mother and Son preposterously wicked;
To banish from thy Soul the Rev'rence due
To Honour, Nature, and the genial Bed! Smith. Phæd. & Hip.

But is't a Crime, which yet Heav'ns partial Pow'rs
Allow to ev'ry Kind they form, but ours:
All Creatures else without Distinction join,
Regard no Limits, and respect no Line:
The feather'd Kind fly mingled with their Young;
Birds pair with Birds, from whom of late they sprung:
The lawless Herds in flow'ry Pastures feed,
And, by promiscuous Leaps, increase the Breed:

Un-

Unbounded, o'er the spacious Plains they range,
Chuse as they please, and, as they please, they change.
Wisely with Nature happy Brutes comply,
And, as she prompts them, they improve their Joy.
But foolish Man against himself conspires,
Inventing Laws to curb his fierce Desires:
Industrious to destroy his own Content,
He makes those Bars, which Nature never meant:
Yet there are Nations, no such Customs bind;
Where Men and Women, all in common join'd,
With doubled Love exalt their gen'rous Kind:
Where Daughters with indulgent Fathers wed,
And without Scandal mount the genial Bed.
Had my Stars plac'd my Birth in such a Clime,
I might have had my Wish without a Crime:
I might have been, of all I love, possess'd;
Like them I had enjoy'd, like them been bless'd;
Hence, impious Thoughts, from my distracted Brain;
Be gone all Hopes, since all, alas! are vain. Hopk. Ovid.
This gentle Cock, for Solace of his Life,
Six Misses had beside his lawful Wife:
Scandal, that spares no King, tho' ne'er so good,
Says, they were all of his own Flesh and Blood:
His Sisters both by Sire, and Mother's Side:
And sure their Likeness show'd them much ally'd:
But make the Worst, the Monarch did no more,
Than all the Ptolomeys had done before:
When Incest is for Int'rest of a Nation, (and the Fox.
'Tis made no Sin by holy Dispensation. Dryd. The Cock

INCONSTANCY.

How vainly would dull Moralists impose
Limits on Love, whose Nature brooks no Laws:
Love is a God, and, like a God, should be
Inconstant; with unbounded Liberty
Rove as he list.——— ——— Otw. D. Carl.
Man therefore was a Lord-like Creature made;
Rough as the Winds, and as inconstant too:
A lofty Aspect given him for Command;
Easily soften'd when he would betray:
Like conqu'ring Tyrants you our Breast invade;
Where you are pleas'd to ravage for a while:
But soon you find new Conquests out, and leave
The ravag'd Province ruinate and bare. Otw. Orph.
——— ——— O inconstant Man! (Pres.
How will you promise, how will you deceive! Otw, Ven.

Beautiful Looks are rul'd by fickle Minds;
And Summer Seas are turn'd by sudden Winds:
Another Love may gain her easy Youth:
Time changes Thoughts; and Flatt'ry conquers Truth.
Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone;
Each Man is Man, and all the Sex is one:
False are our Words, and fickle is our Mind;
Nor in Love's Ritual can we ever find
Vows made to last, or Promises to bind.
By Nature prompted, and for Empire made,
Alike by Strength or Cunning we invade:
When, arm'd with Rage, we march against the Foe,
We lift the Battel-ax, and draw the Bow:
When, fir'd with Passion, we attack the Fair,
Delusive Sighs and brittle Vows we bear:
Our Falsehood and our Arms have equal Use,
As they our Conquest or Delight produce.
The foolish Heart thou gav'st again receive;
The only Boon departing Love can give:
To be less wretched, be no longer true:
What strives to fly thee, why should'st thou pursue?
Forget the present Flame; indulge a new.
Single the loveliest of the am'rous Youth;
Ask for his Vow; but hope not for his Truth:
The next Man, and the next thou shalt believe,
Will pawn his Gods, intending to deceive,
Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
Hence let thy Cupid aim his Arrows right:
Be wise, and false; shun Trouble, seek Delight:
Change thou the first; nor wait thy Lover's Flight.
Why should'st thou weep? Let Nature judge our Case:
I saw thee young and fair; pursu'd the Chase
Of Youth and Beauty: I another saw
Fairer and younger; yielding to the Law
Of our all-ruling Mother, I pursu'd
More Youth, more Beauty: Blest Vicissitude!
My active Heart still keeps its pristine Flame;
The Object alter'd, the Desire the same.
This younger Fairer pleads her rightful Charms,
With present Pow'r compels me to her Arms;
And much I fear from my subjected Mind,
If Beauties Force to constant Love can bind,
That Years may roll ere, in her Turn, the Maid
Shall weep the Fury of my Love decay'd;
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle Clamours of a broken Vow. Prior.
Fool, not to know, that Love endures no Tie,
And Jove but laughs at Lovers Perjury. Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

Phillis, why should we delay
Pleasures, shorter than the Day?
Could we, which we never can,
Stretch our Lives beyond their Span;
Beauty, like a Shadow, flies:
And our Youth, before us, dies:
Or would Youth and Beauty stay,
Love has Wings, and will away:
Love has swifter Wings than Time;
Change in Love to Heav'n does climb.
Gods, that never change their State,
Vary oft their Love and Hate:
Phillis, to this Truth we owe
All the Love betwixt us two:
Let not you and I inquire,
What has been our past Desire;
On what Shepherds you have smil'd,
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd:
For the Joys we now may prove,
Take Advice of present Love. Wall.

INDEPENDENT.

Th'Independents, whose first Station
Was in the Reer of Reformation:
A Mungril Kind of Church-Dragoons,
That serv'd for Horse and Foot at once:
And, in the Saddle of one Steed,
The Saracen and Christian rid;
Were free of ev'ry Spiritual Order
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder. Hud.
The Spiritual Men are too transcendent,
That mount their Banks for Independent;
To hang, like Mahomet, in th' Air,
Or St. Ignatius at his Pray'r,
By pure Geometry, and hate
Dependency on Church and State;
Disdain the Pedantry o' th' Letter,
And, since Obedience is better,
The Scripture says, than Sacrifice,
Presume the less on't will suffice;
And scorn to have the moderat'st Stints
Prescrib'd their peremptory Hints;
Or any Opinion, true or false,
Declar'd as such in Doctrinals;
But left at large to make their best on,
Without being call'd t'Account or Question. Hud.

INGRATITUDE.

—— Base Ingratitude
Is such a Sin to friendship, as Heav'n's Mercy,
That strives with Man's untoward, monstrous Wickedness,
Unweary'd with forgiving, scarce can pardon. Rowe. F. Pen.
It was not always thus: The Time has been,
When this unfriendly Door, that bars my Passage,
Flew wide, and almost leap'd from off its Hinges,
To give me Entrance here; when this good House
Has pour'd forth all its Dwellers to receive me;
When my approach has made a little Holy-day,
And ev'ry Face was dress'd in smiles to meet me:
But now 'tis otherwise; and those, who bless'd me,
Now curse me to my Face.——
There was, there was a Time, when my Alicia
Has thought unhappy Shore her dearest Blessing,
And mourn'd that live-long Day, she pass'd without me:
When, pair'd like Turtles, we were still together,
When, often, as we prattled Arm in Arm,
Inclining fondly to me she has sworn,
She lov'd me more than all the World beside. Rowe J. Shore.
—— Where are thy Friends,
The dear Companions of thy joyful Days,
Whose Hearts thy warm Prosperity made glad;
Whose Arms were taught to grow like Ivy round thee,
And bind thee to their Bosoms? Thus with thee,
Thus let us live, and let us die, they said,
For sure thou art the Sister of our Loves,
And nothing shall divide us: Now where are they?
Ah! Bellmour, where indeed? They stand aloof,
And view my Desolation from afar! J. Shore.
When they pass by, they shake their Heads in scorn. Rowe.
—— I could stand upright
Under the Tyranny of Age and Fortune;
But the sad Weight of such Ingratitude
Will crush me into Earth. Denh. Sophy.
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a Child,
Than the Sea-Monster:
Oh! It is sharper than a Serpent's Tooth,
To have a thankless Child:
—— Filial Ingratitude!
Is it not as this Mouth shou'd tear this Hand
For lifting Food to't? —— Shak. K. Lear.

Traitor's enough, but when ungrateful comes,
It stops the Mouth of Pity ——— Suckl. Sad One.
'Tis some Relief, when ill Returns are made,
With Favours done th' ungrateful to upbraid. Tate. Ovid.

INNOCENCE.

Let envious Jealousy and canker'd Spight
Produce my Actions to severest Light,
And tax my open Day, or secret Night:
Did e'er my Tongue speak my unguarded Heart,
The least inclin'd to play the Wanton's Part?
Did e'er my Eye one lawless Thought reveal,
Which Angels might not hear, and Virgins tell? Prior.
I thank the Gods, no secret Thoughts reproach me:
No: I dare challenge Heav'n to turn me outward,
And shake my Soul quite empty in your Sight;
Then wonder not that I can bear unmov'd
These fix'd Regards, and silent Threats of Eyes. Dryd. OEd.
——— Come what will, or can;
My thoughts are clearer than unclouded Stars,
And with those Thoughts i'll rest. Lee OEdip.
——— 'Tis Evidence so full,
If the last Trumpet sounded in my Ear,
Undaunted I shou'd meet the Saints half Way,
And in the Face of Heav'n maintain the Fact. Dryd. D. of Guise.
Lead on to Dungeons, Horrour, Chains and Death:
The Brave and Honest never are surpriz'd:
If there's a Life to come, the Good are blest;
And if there's none, all have eternal Rest. Hig. Gen. Conq.
There is no Courage, but in Innocence;
No Constancy but in a honest Cause. South. Fate of Capua.
What stronger Breast-plate than a Heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that has his Quarrel just:
And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in Steel,
Whose Conscience with Injustice is corrupted. Shak. H. 6. p. 2.
The righteous Gods, that Innocence require,
Protect the Goodness, which themselves inspire:
Unguarded Virtue human Arts defies;
Th' accus'd is happy, while the Accuser dies. Smith. Phaed. & Hip.
This noble Pride becomes your Innocence. Dryd. D. Seb.
A Heart unspotted is not easily daunted. Shak. Hen. 6. p. 2.
——— ——— No Veil
She needed, Virtue proof; no Thought infirm
Alter'd her Cheek. ——— Milt. Par. Lost. B. 5.
More innocent than Beauty was, before
It studied Wit, or artful Dresses wore. D'Aven. Circe.

JONAS.

The Bull-fac'd Jonas, who cou'd Statutes draw (Achit.
To mean Rebellion, and make Treason Law. Dryd. Abs. and

INSECT.

He sung, how Sunbeams brood upon the Earth,
And in the Glebe hatch such a num'rous Birth:
Which way the genial Warmth, in Summer Storms,
Turns putrid Vapours to a Bed of Worms:
How Rain, transform'd by this prolifick Pow'r,
Falls to the Earth, an animated Show'r. Blac. P. Arth.

The Insects here their ling'ring Trance survive:
Benumb'd they seem, and doubtful if alive;
From Winter's Fury, hither they repair;
And stay for milder Skies, and softer Air:
Down to these Cells obscener Reptiles creep,
Where hateful Nutes, and painted Lizzards sleep:
Where shiv'ring Snakes the Summer Solstice wait;
Unfurl their painted Folds and slide in State. Garth.

Thus from the Sore, altho' the Insect flies,
It leaves a Brood of Maggots in Disguise. Garth.

JOY.

Joy with fresh Strength inspires her drooping Limbs,
Revives her Charms; and o'er her faded Cheeks
Spreads a fresh rosy Bloom, as kindly Springs
With genial Heat renew the frozen Earth, (Phæd. & Hip.
And paint its smiling Face with gawdy Flow'rs. Smith.

A Joy, too great to be by Voice express'd,
Shines in each Eye, and beats in ev'ry Breast. Duke.

Immod'rate Pleasure all their Looks confess'd;
Unbridled Transports strove within their Breast,
Broke thro' their Eyes, and scorn'd to be suppress'd. Bl. Eliza.

A springing Joy, ———
A Pleasure, which no Language can express,
An extasy, that Mothers only feel,
Plays round my Heart, and brightens up my Sorrow;
Like Gleams of Sun-shine in a louring Sky. Phil. Dist. Moth.

O what a Sight will this be to the Soldier,
To see me bring you dress'd in shining Armour,
To head the shouting Squadrons? O ye Gods!
Methinks I hear the echoing Cries of Joy,
The Sound of Trumpets, and the Beat of Drums:

I see

I see each starving Soldier bound from Earth,
As if some God by Miracle had rais'd him,
And with beholding you grow fat again;
Nothing, but gazing Eyes, and op'ning Mouths,
Cheeks red with Joy, and lifted Hands about you:
Some wiping the glad Tears that trickle down;
With broken Io's, and with sobbing Raptures. Lee. Theod.

With greater Rapture than the Wretch, that's freed
From Death's convulsive Pangs, embraces Heav'n. Den.
Lib. Ass.

Run thro' the Streets, and loud as Fame can speak,
With Trumpets Sounds proclaim your Emperor's Joy:
And, as of old, on the great Festival
Of her, they call the Mother of the Gods,
Let all Work cease: at least an oaken Garland
Grown each Plebeian Head: Let sprightly Bowls
Be dol'd about, and the toss'd Cymbals sound: Lee. Theod.

In Athens, all was Pleasure, Mirth, and Play,
All proper to the Spring, and sprightly May:
Which ev'ry Soul inspir'd with such Delight,
'Twas justing all the Day, and Love at Night:
Heav'n smil'd; and gladded was the Heart of Man;
And Venus had the World, as when it first began. Dryd.
Chauc. Pal. & Arc.

Not more rejoice
The miserable Race of Men, that live
Benighted half the Year, benumb'd with Frost
Perpetual, and rough Boreas keenest Breath,
Under the polar Bear, inclement Sky,
When first the Sun with new-born Light removes
Their long incumbent Gloom. —— Phil.

Hence ev'ry Grief, and ev'ry anxious Care,
Mix with the Seas and Winds, with Tempests share;
Strike all your Strings, to joyful Measures move,
And ev'ry Voice sound Liberty and Love. Lond. Bth. Each.

Sound Tunes of Triumph, all ye Winds, and bear
Your Notes aloft, that Heav'n and Earth may hear;
And thou, O Sun, shine out serene and gay,
And bright as when the Giants lost the Day. Lond. Bth. Each.

O Day, the fairest sure that ever rose!
Period and End of anxious Emma's Woes;
Sire of her Joy, and Source of her Delight;
O, wing'd with Pleasure take thy happy Flight,
And give each future Morn a Tincture of thy White.
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd Heart,
And anxious Jealousies corroding Smart;

Nor

Nor other Inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care. Prior.
Too weak is Man this Rapture to contain;
And I shall die with Transport. ———
My Grief, repel'd by Extasy of Joy,
The jarring Tides will overflow my Heart. Hig. Gen. Cong.
——— I'm lost in Extasy!
How shall I speak the Transport of my Soul!
I am so bless'd, I fear 'tis all a Dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made Amends for all
Thy past Unkindness: I absolve my Stars. Add. Cato.
——— ——— O I have met
With something dearer than my Diadem;
With all that's worth a Wish, that's worth a Life. Lee. Theod.
Why dost thou come to make my Bliss run o'er?
What is there more to wish? Fortune can find
No Flaw in such a Glut of Happiness,
To let one Misery in——— O my Varanes!
Thou, who of late did'st seem to walk on Clouds;
Now give a Loose, let go the slacken'd Reins;
Let us drive down this Precipice of Joy,
As if that all the Winds of Heav'n were for us. Lee. Theod.
Let Heav'n with Thunder to the Centre strike me,
If to arise in very Deed from Death,
And to revisit with my long-clos'd Eyes
This living Light, could, to my Soul, or Sense,
Afford a Thought, or shew a Glimpse of Joy,
In least Proportion to the vast Delight
I feel, to hear of Osmyn's Name, to hear,
That Osmyn lives, and I again shall see him. Cong. M. Bride.
——— O let me find some Way
To tell the mighty Joy that fills my Breast, (Step.
Lest I grow mad with height of furious Bliss. Rowe. Amb.
O that it were my last expiring Moment,
For I shall never taste the like again. Dryd. D. of Guise.
The sprightly Bridegroom on his wedding Night,
More gladly enters not the Lists of Love. Dryd. D. Seb.
I shall run mad with Extasy of Joy! Dryd. D. Seb.
'Tis like a Father, who himself had 'scap'd
A falling House, and, after anxious Search,
Hears, from afar, his only Son within;
And digs thro' Rubbish, till he drags him out
To see the friendly Light! ———
Such is my Haste, so trembling is my Joy! Dryd. D. Seb.
My Joys are all a Soul can bear and live. Dryd. L. Trium.

O the transporting Joy!
Impetuous Flood of unexpected Rapture!
Whether I live or no, I cannot tell. Den. Iphig.
Were my whole Life to come, one heap of Troubles,
The Pleasure of this Moment would suffice, (Mithr.
And sweeten all my Griefs with its Remembrance. Lee
I feel a Gladness light'ning in my Breast,
The kindled Joy disperses quickly thro' me. Lee Mithr.
Now all my Joys flow pure, (M. A-la-M.
Unmix'd with Cares, and undisturb'd by Conscience. Dryd.
Were Heav'n not made of less or duller Joy, (Gran. p. 2.
'Twould break each Minute, and it self destroy. Dryd. Con. of
Methinks I tread more lightly on the Ground;
My nimble Feet from unhurt Flow'rs rebound:
I walk in Air, and scorn this earthly Seat:
Heav'n is my Palace; this my base Retreat. Dryd. Sta. of Inn.
My Heart's so full of Joy,
That I shall do some wild Extravagance
Of Love in publick; and the foolish World, (All for Love.
Which knows not Tenderness, will think me mad. Dryd.
The Tempest of my Joys will rise
By just Degrees, and hit at last the Stars. Lee OEdip.
Now Joy, like Light'ning, darts along my Soul;
And raises ev'ry Sense to native Vigour. Den. Lib. Asserted.
——— Armida yields. O all draw near;
And share the Joy: I want the Strength to bear it:
To either Pole, let Seas and Winds convey (Conq.
The welcome Sound, and all Mankind be happy. Hig. Gen.
When to my ravish'd Ears you first confess'd
Your Love, and shot me thro' with trembling Joy,
The Stars flam'd brighter; and the Flow'rs breath'd forth
A warmer Fragrancy; the gloomy Grove
Approv'd our Vows, and at our Contract smil'd. Tate L. Gen.
O let the Tongues of Angels tune that Word,
When they speak Comfort to despairing Souls:
For there are Charms in ev'ry Letter there:
The very Winds in silent Reverence
Must listen to the Musick of that Sound,
And bear aloud the Accents of my Joy. South. Disapp.
——— Joy never feasts so high,
As when the first Course is of Misery. Suckl. Aglaura.
——— How, which Way shall I try
To utter my full Bliss? 'Tis in my Head,
'Tis in my Heart; and takes up all my Soul:
The Labour of my Fancy; and too vast
A Birth of Joy to be disclos'd so soon: South. Fat. Marr.

My Joys run high, they know no Bounds;
Tides of unruly Pleasure flow
Thro' ev'ry swelling Vein:
New Raptures in my Bosom glow,
And warm me up to Youth again. Steele Tend. Husb.

The laughing Minutes summon thee to Joy,
And, with new Pleasures court thee as they pass. Rowe. (Fair Pen.

Here let Remembrance lose our past Misfortunes;
Tear all Records that hold the fatal Story:
Here let our Joys begin; from hence go on
In long successive Order.——— Rowe Fair Pen.

Thus our chief Joys with most Alloys are curst;
And our best Things, when once corrupted, worst. Fargh.

Alas! How quickly is my Comfort fled!
A Flash of Light'ning thus relieves the Night,
Making that darker by its hasty Flight,
As those faint Beams of Joy my Soul betray'd;
But to involve it in a thicker Shade. Orind. Corneille.

How all our Joys are set in Foils of Woe,
As after Darkness Light the brighter shews;
So from our Sorrows all our Joys increase. How. Vest. Virg.

Ordain we then two Sorrows to combine;
And in one Point th' Extreams of Grief to join;
That thence resulting Joy may be renew'd,
As jarring Notes in Harmony conclude. Dryd. Chau. Pal. & Arc.

Men think of Joys to come, and slight the past. Sedl.
(Ant. & Cleop.

JUST or TURNEY.

——— Now from afar
I heard a suddain Symphony of War;
The neighing Coursers, and the Soldier's Cry,
And sounding Trumps, that seem'd to tear the Sky;
I saw, soon after this, behind the Grove,
Come issuing out in Arms, a warriour-Train,
That, like a Deluge, pour'd upon the Plain:
There Kings, and Dukes, and Barons you might see,
Like sparkling Stars, tho' different in Degree,
All for th' Increase of Arms, and Love of Chivalry. ———
On barbed Steeds they rode in proud Array,
Thick as the College of the Bees in May,
When swarming o'er the dusky Fields they fly,
New to the Flow'rs, and intercept the Sky.
So fierce they drove, their Coursers were so Fleet,
That the Turf trembled underneath their Feet.

To tell their costly Furniture were long;
The Summer's Day wou'd end before the Song:
To purchase but the Tenth of all their Store,
Wou'd make the mighty Persian Monarch Poor:
Yet what I can, I will: Before the rest
The Trumpets issu'd in white Mantles dress'd:
A num'rous Troop, and all their Heads around
With Chaplets green of Cerrial-Oak were crown'd,
And at each Trumpet was a Banner bound;
Which, waving in the Wind, display'd at large,
Their Master's Coat of Arms, and knightly Charge:
Broad were the Banners, and of snowy Hue;
A purer Web the Silk-Worm never drew:
The Chiefs about their Necks the Scutcheons wore,
With orient Pearls and Jewels powder'd o'er:
Broad were their Collars too; and ev'ry one
Was set about with many a costly Stone.
Next these, of Kings at Arms a goodly Train,
In proud Array, came prancing o'er the Plain:
Their Cloaks were Cloth of Silver, mix'd with Gold,
And Garlands green around their Temples roul'd:
Rich Crowns were on their Royal Scutcheons plac'd,
With Saphires, Di'monds, and with Rubies grac'd.
And, as the Trumpets their Appearance made,
So, these in Habits were alike array'd;
But with a Pace more sober, and more slow;
And twenty, Rank in Rank, they rode a-row.
The Pursevants came next, in Number more;
And, like the Heralds, each his Scutcheon bore:
Clad in white Velvet all their Troops they led,
With each an oaken Chaplet on his Head:
Nine Royal Knights in equal Ranks succeed;
Each Warriour mounted on a firy Steed:
In golden Armour glorious to behold;
The Rivets of their Arms were nail'd with Gold:
Their Surcoats of white Ermin-Fur were made,
With Cloth of Gold between, that cast a glitt'ring Shade:
The Trappings of their Steeds were of the same:
The golden Fringe ev'n set the Ground on Flame,
And drew a precious Trail: A Crown divine
Of Laurel did about their Temples twine.
Three Henchmen were for ev'ry Knight assign'd,
All in rich Liv'ry clad, and of a Kind:
White Velvet, but unshorn, for Cloaks they wore;
And each within his Hand a Truncheon bore:
The Foremost held a Helm of rare Device;
A Prince's Ransom wou'd not pay the Price.

The second bore the Buckler of his Knight:
The third, of Cornel-Wood a Spear upright,
Headed with piercing Steel, and polish'd bright.
Like to their Lords their Equipage was seen;
And all their Foreheads crown'd with Garlands green.
And after these came arm'd with Spear and Shield,
An Host so great, as cover'd all the Field:
And all their Foreheads, like the Knights before,
With Laurels ever green are shaded o'er,
Or Oak, or other Leaves of lasting Kind,
Tenacious of the Stem, and firm against the Wind.
Some in their Hands, besides the Lance and Shield,
The Boughs of Woodbind or of Hawthorn held;
Or Branches for their mystick Emblems took
Of Palm, of Laurel, or of Cerrial-Oak,
Thus, marching to the Trumpets lofty Sound,
Drawn in two Lines adverse they wheel'd around,
And in the middle Meadow took their Ground:
Among themselves the Turney they divide,
In equal Squadrons rang'd on ev'ry Side:
Then turn'd their Horses Heads; and, Man to Man,
And Steed to Steed oppos'd, the Justs began:
They lightly set their Lances in the Rest,
And, at the Sign, against each other press'd:
They met: I, sitting at my Ease, beheld
The mix'd Events and Fortunes of the Field:
Some broke their Spears, some tumbled Horse and Man,
And round the Field the lighten'd Coursers ran:
An Hour and more, like Tides, in equal Sway
They rush'd, and won by Turns, and lost, the Day:
At length the Nine, who still together held,
Their fainting Foes to shameful Flight compell'd,
And with resistless Force o'er-ran the Field.
Thus, to their Fame, when finish'd was the Fight,
The Victors from their lofty Steeds alight:
Like them dismounted all the warlike Train,
And, two by two, proceeded o'er the Plain.
The Ladies left their Measures at the Sight,
To meet the Chiefs returning from the Fight;
And each with open Arms embrac'd her chosen Knight.

(Dryd. Chauc. The Flower and the Leaf.

IPHIGENIA.

Fair Iphigenia, the devoted Maid,
Was, by the weeping Priests, in linnen Robes array'd:

All

All mourn her Fate ; but no Relief appear'd :
The royal Victim bound, the Knife already rear'd,
When that offended Pow'r, who caus'd their Woe,
Relenting, ceas'd her Wrath, and stopp'd the coming Blow.
A Mist before the Ministers she cast,
And in the Virgin's Room, a Hind she plac'd. Dryd. Ovid.

Transformation of IPHIS.

But Iphis follow'd with a larger Stride :
The Whiteness of her Skin forsook her Face,
Her Look embolden'd with an awful Grace ;
Her Features and her Strength together grew,
And her long Hair to curling Locks withdrew :
Her sparkling Eyes with manly Vigour shone,
Big was her Voice, audacious was her Tone :
The latent Parts, at length reveal'd, began
To shoot, and spread, and burnish into Man. Dryd. Ovid.

IRIS.

Iris, the Goddess of the various Bow ;
Swiftly fair Iris down her Arch descends. Dryd. Virg.
Indu'd with Robes of various Hue she flies,
And flying draws an Arch ; a Segment of the Skies :
Then leaves her bending Bow ; and from the Steep
Descends to search the silent House of Sleep.
From whence returning by the Way she went,
She swerv'd along her Bow with swift Ascent. Dryd. Ovid.
—Downward the various Goddess took her Flight,
And drew a thousand Colours from the Light. Dr. Virg.
Iris, the Grace of Heav'n! what Pow'r divine
Has sent thee down thro' dusky Clouds to shine?
See, they divide : immortal Day appears ;
And glitt'ring Planets, dancing in their Spheres. Dr. Virg.
The Goddess, having done her Task below,
Mounts up on equal Wings, and bends her painted Bow.
(Dryd. Virg.

ITALY.

But neither Median Woods, a plenteous Land!
Fair Ganges ; Hermus rowling golden Sand ;
Nor Bactria ; nor the richer Indian Fields ;
Nor all the gummy Stores Arabia yields ;

Nor

Nor any foreign Earth of greater Name,
Can with sweet Italy contend in Fame.
No Bulls, whose Nostrils breathe a living Flame,
Have turn'd our Turf: no Teeth of Serpents here
Were sown, an armed Host and iron Crop to bear;
But fruitful Vines, and the fat Olive's Freight,
And Harvests heavy with their fruitful Weight,
Adorn our Fields; and, on the chearful Green,
The grazing Flocks, and lowing Herds are seen:
The Warrior Horse, here bred, is taught to train:
There flows Clitumnus thro' the flow'ry Plain;
Whose Waves for Triumphs after prosp'rous War,
The Victim Ox, and snowy Sheep prepare:
Perpetual Spring our happy Climate sees:
Twice breed the Cattle; and twice bear the Trees;
And summer Suns recede by slow Degrees.
Our Land is from the Rage of Tigers freed;
Nor nourishes the Lion's angry Seed:
Nor pois'nous Aconite is here produc'd;
Or grows unknown; or is, when known, refus'd:
Nor in so vast a Length our Serpents glide,
Or, rais'd on such a spiry Volume, glide.
Next add our Cities of illustrious Name;
Their costly Labour and stupendous Frame:
Our Forts on steepy Hills, that far below
See wanton Streams in winding Valleys flow:
Our twofold Seas; that, washing either Side,
A rich Recruit of foreign Stores provide:
Our spacious Lakes; thee, Larius, first; and next,
Benacus, with tempestuous Billows vext:
Or shall I praise thy Ports; or mention make
Of the vast Mound, that binds the Lucrine Lake?
Or the disdainful Sea, that, shut from thence,
Roars round the Structure, and invades the Fence;
Our Quarries, deep in Earth, were fam'd of old,
For Veins of Silver, and for Ore of Gold.
Hail, sweet Saturnian Soil! of fruitful Grain
Great Parent; greater of illustrious Men:
For thee my tuneful Accents will I raise;
And treat of Arts, disclos'd in antient Days:
Once more unlock for thee, the sacred Spring;
And old Ascrean Verse in Roman Cities sing. Dryd. Virg.

JUDGE

Nor

JUDGE.

She look'd as Judges do on guilty Men;
When, big with Fate, they triumph in their Dooms,
And smile before the deadly Sentence comes. Dryd. Conq.
(of Gran. Part 2.

Thus Judges on the Bench more gracious are,
And more attent to Brothers of the Bar. Dryd. Chauc. The
(Wife of Bath's Tale.

Reason, with Judges, urg'd in the Defence
Of those they would condemn is Insolence.

JUDGMENT.

'Tis with our Judgment, as our Watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own. Pope.
Yet if we look more closely, we shall find,
Most have the Seeds of Judgment in their Mind.
Nature, affords at least, a glimm'ring Light;
The Lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But, as the slightest Sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is, by ill Col'ring, but the more disgrac'd;
So by false Learning is good Sense defac'd. Pope.
First follow Nature, and your Judgment frame,
By her just Standard, which is still the same. Pope.
There are whom Heav'n has bless'd with store of Wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it:
For Wit and Judgment ever are at Strife;
Tho' meant each other's Aid, like Man and Wife:
'Tis more to guide, than spur, the Muse's Steed;
Restrain his Fury, than provoke his Speed:
The winged Courser, like a gen'rous Horse,
Shews most true Mettle, when you check his Course. Pope.
Those Rules, of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd:
Nature, like Monarchy, is but restrain'd
By the same Laws, which first her self ordain'd. Pope.

JUDGMENT and FANSY.

As all is Dulness, when the Fansy's bad,
So, without Judgment, Fansy is but mad:
And Judgment has a boundless Influence,
Not only in the Choice of Words and Sense,
But on the World, on Manners, and on Men:
Fansy is but the Feather of the Pen:

Rea-

Reason, is that substantial, useful Part,
Which gains the Head, while th' other wins the Heart. Nor.

JUGGLER.

That Juggler, who another's Slight will show,
But teaches how the World his own may know. Garth.

JUNO.

Great Juno, thou whose holy Care presides
Over the nuptial Bed. ——— Dryd. Amphit.
Dread Juno, Consort to imperial Jove. Broome. Hom.
Imperial Queen, and Empress of the Heavens;
Whom the dead Master of the rowling Thunder,
Has made the Partner of his royal Bed. Broome. Hom.
Juno, the Goddess with the radiant Eyes. Pope. Hom.
She bath'd her Body in ambrosial Streams,
And o'er it pour'd an odoriferous Oil,
Which shed a Fragrance round th' immortal Dome
Of Jove in Heav'n, and breath'd an odorous Scent
Down to the Earth, and thro' the balmy Air.
She comb'd the Ringlets of her flowing Hair,
That with a beauteous Length adown her Back
In comely Order fell; and from her Head
Diffus'd Ambrosia. Then a gorgeous Robe
She took, the Work of Pallas, stiff with Gold,
With various Forms and Portraitures adorn'd:
The Robe below the Bosom of the Goddess
Was bound with Clasps magnificent in Gold.
Around her Waist a wond'rous Girdle ran,
Rich with a hundred Tassels of pure Gold.
Down from her Ears the precious Pendants hung;
Each with three Gems was luster'd o'er:
——————And to her shining Eyes
Their Brightness answer'd. Next, a glorious Veil
The Queen of Heav'n assum'd, which like the Sun
O'er Jove's bright Pavement shed its beamy Rays.
Last on her Feet she bound her stately Shoes,
Magnificently wrought; and, thus adorn'd, (Hom.
She walk'd majestick from her royal Chamber. Broome.
——— She on a Throne of Gold
Sate discontent: Grief thro' the Realms of Bliss
Shed its bale Influence, and disturb'd the Heav'ns;
Indignant Juno forc'd a scornful Smile
From her distorted Lips, while on her Brow,
Low'r'd a black Cloud of Cares and sullen Frowns. Br. Hom.

JUPI-

JUPITER.

From the great Father of the Gods above
My Muse begins: For all is full of Jove:
To Jove the Care of Heav'n and Earth belongs;
My Flocks he blesses, and he loves my Songs. Dryd. Virg.
——— The Son of Cybele, who rouls
The radiant Stars, and Heav'n and Earth controuls. Dr. Vir.
The Cloud-Compeller! Sov'reign of the Skies. Pope. Hom.
Ev'n Jove himself the Sov'reign Deity,
Father and King of all th' immortal Progeny,
Ascended to that high Degree,
By Crimes above the Reach of weak Mortality:
He Heav'n one large Seraglio made;
Each Goddess turn'd a glorious Punk o'th' Trade;
And all that sacred Place
Was fill'd with Bastard Gods of his own Race:
Almighty Lech'ry got his first Repute,
And everlasting Whoring was his chiefest Attribute. Oldh.
So Jove himself, when Typhon Heav'n does brave,
Descends to visit Vulcan's smoky Cave;
Teaching the brawny Cyclops how to frame,
His Thunder, mixt with Terrour, Wrath, and Flame. Wall.
——————— Jove, from afar,
Beheld his Bride, and at her very Sight
Felt a soft Pleasure thrilling thro' his Veins,
Like that which first inflam'd his amrous Breast,
When he with Juno stole Love's pleasing Joys. Br. Hom.
——— The Father of th' immortal Race
Then smil'd with that serene indulgent Face, (Virg.
With which he drives the Clouds, and clears the Skies. Dr.
Go then, and on the Faith of Jove rely;
When, nodding to thy Suit, he bows the Sky:
This ratifies th' irrevocable Doom:
The Sign ordain'd, that what I will shall come:
The Stamp of Heav'n, and Seal of Fate: He said,
And shook the sacred Honours of his Head:
With Terrour trembled Heav'n's subsiding Hill; (Hom.
And from his shak'n Curls ambrosial Dews distil. Dryd.
To seal his sacred Vow by Styx he swore,
The Lake of liquid Pitch, the dreery Shore,
And Phlegethon's innavigable Flood,
And the black Regions of his Brother God (Dr. Virg.
He said, and shook the Skies with his imperial Nod.

JUPITER chang'd into a Bull.

The Ruler of the Skies, the thundring God,
That shakes the World's Foundations with a Nod,
Among a Herd of lowing Heifers ran,
Frisk'd in a Bull, and bellow'd o'er the Plain.
Large Rouls of Fat about his Shoulders clung,
And from his Neck the double Dewlap hung:
His Skin was whiter than the new fall'n Snow,
Small were his Horns, and harmless was his Brow;
No shining Terrours sparkled in his Sight,
But his Eyes languish'd with a gentle Light:
His ev'ry Look was peaceful, and exprest,
The Softness of the Lover in the Beast. Add. Ovid.

JURY.

Do not our Juries give their Verdict,
As if they felt the Cause, not heard it? Hud.
The Man, who laugh'd but once, to see an Ass,
Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd Thistles pass,
Might laugh again, to see a Jury chew
The Prickles of unpalatable Law. Dryd. Med.

JUSTICE.

Justice, by nothing bias'd or inclin'd,
Deaf to Perswasion, to Temptation blind,
Determines without Favour; and the Laws
O'erlook the Parties to decide the Cause. Lansd.
And, when an Action does two Faces wear,
'Tis Justice to believe what is most fair. Dryd. Tyr. Love.
Justice and equal Government are Things,
That Subjects make more happy than their Kings. Bowles
O learn from me, ye Kings that rule the World;
With equal Force let steddy Justice sway;
And flagrant Crimes with certain Vengeance pay;
But till the Proofs are clear, the Stroke delay. Smith.
(Phæd. & Hip.

Justice still bears the God-like Shape of Law,
And Law requires Defence and equal Plea
Between th' Offender, and the righteous Judge,
Whene'er th' Offender can be judg'd by Laws:
But when his Greatness overturns the Scales,
Then Kings are Justice in the last Appeal,
And, forc'd by strong Necessity may strike:
In which indeed they assert the publick Good,

And

And, like sworn Surgeons, lop the gangreen'd Limb:
Unpleasant, wholsome Work! Dryd. D. of Guise.
Justice her self condemns with a Remorse
And pities while she strikes. —— South. Fate of Capua.
It is not Justice, but a brutal Rage
Which hates th' Offender's Person with his Crimes. Dr.Sp.F.
So just, yet so indulgently severe, (K. Charles 2.
Like Heav'n, he pity'd those he could not spare. Bowles. Of
And those, who are themselves unjust,
Are always fullest of Distrust. Brown.
He that is void of Fear, may soon be just. Johns. Cat.

JUTURNA.

—— The Goddess of the Lake:
King Turnus Sister, once a lovely Maid;
Ere to the Lust of lawless Jove betray'd:
Compress'd by Force, but, by the grateful God,
Was made the Nais of the neighb'ring Flood. Dryd. Virg.
O Nymph, the Pride of living Lakes, said she,
O most renown'd, and most belov'd by me:
Long hast thou known, nor need I to record
The wanton Sallies of my wand'ring Lord:
Of ev'ry Latian Fair, whom Jove misled
To mount by Stealth my violated Bed:
To thee alone I grudg'd not his Embrace,
But gave a Part of Heav'n, and an unenvy'd Place. Dryd.
(Virg. Spoken by Juno.

JUTURNA bewailing the Death of Turnus.

Are these the Gifts, bestow'd by haughty Jove,
The worthy Recompence of ravish'd Love!
Did he for this exempt my Life from Fate?
O hard Condition of Immortal State!
Tho' born to Death, not privileg'd to die,
But forc'd to bear impos'd Eternity!
Take back your envious Bribes, and let me go
Companion to my Brother's Ghost below:
The Joys are vanish'd, nothing now remains
Of Life immortal, but immortal Pains:
What Earth will open her devouring Womb,
To rest a weary Goddess in the Tomb.
She drew a Length of Sighs; nor more she said,
But in her azure Mantle wrapp'd her Head:
Then plung'd into the Stream, with deep Despair,
And her last Sobs came bubbling up in Air. Dryd. Virg.

IVY.

The creeping Ivy, to prevent its Fall,
Clings with its fibrous Grapples to the Wall. Blac. Creat.
The climbing Ivy clasps the cluster'd Vine. Bowles. Theoc.

IXION.

So was that Lecher gull'd, whose haughty Love
Design'd a Rape on the Queen Regent of the Gods above;
When he a Goddess thought he had in chace,
He found a gawdy Vapour in the Place,
And with thin Air beguil'd his starv'd Embrace:
Idly he spent his Vigour, spent his Blood,
And tir'd himself t' oblige an unperforming Cloud. Oldh.

K.

KILL'D.

Deep in his Breast he plung'd the pointed Steel;
Then from the yawning Wound with Fury tore
The Spear, pursu'd by gushing Streams of Gore:
Down sinks the Warriour; with a thund'ring Sound
His brazen Armour rings against the Ground. Pope. Hom.

Whole Torrents gush'd out of his Mouth and Wound;
With gnashing Teeth, in Pangs, the Earth he tore,
And roll'd himself, half delug'd, in his Gore. Staff. Virg.

She strives to draw the Dart, but wedg'd among
Her Ribs, deep to the Wound the Weapon clung:
Then, fainting, rowls in Death her closing Eyes,
While from her Cheeks the chearful Beauty flies:
—— She breathes her last of Breath.
And Fate and Darkness hover round her now:
——Her Hands the Reins forego;
Down from her Horse she sinks, then gasping lies
In a cold Sweat, and by degrees she dies:
Her drooping Neck declines upon her Breast,
Her swimming Head with Slumber is opprest. Staff. Virg.

Down drops the martial Maid: the bloody Ground
Floats with a Torrent from her purple Wound:
Her mourning Nymphs her drooping Head sustain,
And try to stop the gushing Life in vain:
Her Lips no longer boast their crimson Hue;
From her cold Cheeks the blushing Colour flew;

Her

Her Eye-balls seem with dying Pangs to roul;
While thro' the Wound crowds her reluctant Soul. Gay.
The noble Youth in strong Convulsions lay,
Wall'wing in Gore, and gasping Life away:
Her swimming Eyes grew dim, and sudden Night
Her sable Curtain drew before his Sight. Blac. K. Arth.
The Dart his ample Forehead struck, and full
Between his thick black Eyebrows pierc'd his Skull:
It reach'd the inmost Marrow of the Brain,
Where we perceive our Pleasure and our Pain;
There, where the Soul upon her Throne abides;
And, from our Sight conceal'd, her Empire guides:
Now sudden Death her lofty Seat invades,
And spreads the Courts of Life with horrid Shades. Blac. (K. Arth.
And now, exhausted with Expence of Blood,
Which from his gaping Wounds in Rivers flow'd,
He fell to Earth, and there expiring lay;
And gasp'd, without a Groan, his Life away:
So when strong Shipwrights fell a lofty Pine;
With thick repeated Strokes, and frequent Wounds,
The Mountain trembles, and the Wood resounds;
As yet th' unshaken Tree, amidst the Skies,
Scarce nods his Head, and the sharp Ax defies;
At length, his Roots cut off, at ev'ry Stroke
He learns from Side to Side to rowl and rock:
Then, on a sudden, with a mighty Sound,
He leaves the Heav'ns, and loads the groaning Ground. Blac. (K. Arth.
Full, as he rose, he plung'd it in his Side:
The reeking Sword return'd, in Crimson dy'd:
The Wound a blended Stream of Wine and Blood
Pours out: The purple Soul came floating in the Flood.
(Laud. Virg.
——— His Jav'lin, pois'd, and aim'd with Care,
Flew from his Arm, and, hissing cut the Air,
And pierc'd his Breast, where the deep Springs abide,
Whence Life leaps out upon its circling Tide:
The vital Streams thro' his bruis'd Armour spout:
——— ——— Together crowd,
From the wide Wound, his Soul, and Life, and Blood:
He fell: his Arms upon his Armour rung;
Grim Death in cold Embraces round him clung:
And everlasting Night shuts up his Eyes. Blac. P. Arth.
The heavy Blade, falling with oblique Sway,
Half thro' his Neck forc'd its impetuous Way:
The Head, half sever'd on his Shoulders hung,
And from the Wound a bloody Torrent sprung:

Rouling in Gore upon the Field he lay;
Wildly he star'd, and groan'd his Life away. Blac. P. Arth.
Down, down he falls, and bites in vain the Ground:
Blood, Brain and Soul, crowd mingled thro' the Wound.
(Cowl. David.

Then, drown'd in Death, ———
He curs'd the Heav'ns for Rage, and bit the Ground;
His Life, for ever spilt, stain'd all the Grass around.
(Cowl. David.

——— ——— He drew
His reeking Lance, and at Herminius threw:
His Neck and Throat unarm'd, his Head was bare,
But shaded with a Length of yellow Hair:
Secure he fought, expos'd on ev'ry Part,
A spacious Mark for Swords, and for the Dart;
Across the Shoulders came the flying Wound;
Transfix'd he fell, and doubled to the Ground. Dr. Virg.
——— ——— He aims a deadly Blow,
Full on the Front of his unwary Foe:
The broad Axe enters with a crashing Sound,
And cleaves the Chin with one continu'd Wound:
Warm Blood and mingled Brains besmear his Arms around.
An iron Sleep his stupid Eyes oppress'd,
And seal'd their heavy Lids in endless Rest. Dryd. Virg.
——— ——— From his Chariot thrown;
Crush'd with the Weight of an unwieldy Stone:
Beneath the Wheels he fell: the Wheels, that bore
His living Load, his dying Body tore;
His starting Steeds, to shun the glitt'ring Sword;
Paw down his trampled Limbs, forgetful of their Lord.
(Dryd. Virg.

Fall'n on the Ground; the Warriour groan'd aloud;
And, dying, lay deform'd with Dust and Blood. Blac.
(P. Arth.

Thro' the prodigious Wound a Sea of Blood
Spouts from his Veins, and down his Armour flow'd:
Welt'ring in Gore upon the Ground he stretch'd,
And his last Breath in thick Convulsions fetch'd. Bl. P. Arth.
Biting the Ground, th' expiring Warriour lies (P. Arth.
And Death's unwelcome Shade o'erspreads his Eyes. Blac.
A purple Flood springs from his wounded Veins.
Projected headlong on the Ground he lay,
Fetch'd a deep Groan, and gasp'd his Soul away. Bl. P. Art.
Then Turquinus the Field in Triumph trod;
A Nymph his Mother, and his Sire a God:
Exulting in bright Arms he braves the Prince;
Who, with his Lance protended, make Defence;

Bears

Bears back his feeble Foe: then, pressing on,
Arrests his better Hand, and drags him down;
Stands o'er the prostrate Wretch; and, as he lay
Vain Tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray,
Mows off his Head: the Trunk a Moment stood,
Then sunk, and roul'd along the Sand in Blood. (Virg. Dryd.

Thro' Liger's Breast his fatal Sword he sent,
And the Soul issu'd at the bloody Vent. Dr. Virg.

Stretch'd at his Length, he spurns the swarthy Ground;
The Lance besmear'd with Blood, lies broken in the (Wound. Dryd. Virg.

———— Void of Fear,
By mettled Coursers borne in full Career,
They meet oppos'd: and, with a mighty Shock,
Their Horses Heads against each other knock:
Far from his Steed is fierce Aconteus cast;
As with an Engine's Force, or Lightening's Blast:
He rowls along in Blood, and breathes his last. Dr. Virg.

The pointed Death took place beneath his Ear,
And down he tumbled to the ensanguin'd Ground:
As some fair Ash upon a Mountain's Height,
That shoots his verdant Honours to the Skies,
When by the sin'wy Labourer he falls,
Extends his Branches o'er the distant Grounds:
So wretched Imbrius fell; and all around
His clanking Armour thunder'd o'er the Plain. (Hom. Broome.

He hurl'd a Spear: it whizz'd along the Air,
And thro' the Throat of Asius urg'd its Way.
As the tall Pine upon a Mountain's Height,
The branchy Poplar, or the lofty Oak,
That hides his stately head among the Clouds,
Extends his leafy Honours o'er the Ground,
When by the Ax it falls, the suff'ring Earth
Trembles beneath its Weight, and all around
The echoing Hills repeat the dreadful Noise:
So Asius fell; ———— ————
Death clos'd his Eyes in everlasting Night,
And he lay breathless on the bloody Ground. Br. Hom.

But when he saw inevitable Doom
Hang o'er his Head, confounded and amaz'd,
Like a fix'd Pillar, motionless he stood;
Or like a Tree, with branchy Honours crown'd,
When ev'ry breath of Wind imprison'd sleeps.
And now the Spear, hurl'd by Idomeneus,
Impetuous flew, and sung along the Air,
And burst his brazen Breastplate: by the Blow
The Armour rang, and gave a jarring Sound:

It pierc'd his very Heart; with such strong Bounces
The beating Heart resulted, that the Spear
Shook in the Blood, and trembled in the Wound.
Then down he tumbled to the ensanguin'd Earth;
The clanking Armour thunder'd o'er the Plain,
And the destructive Spear dismiss'd his Soul
Indignant to the awful Shades of Night. Broome. Hom.
Full on his Neck he drives the fatal Sword:
The gasping Head flies off; a purple Flood
Flows from the Trunk, that welters in the Blood. Dr. Virg.
——— He slew Serranus fair and young:
From Dice and Wine the Youth retir'd to rest,
And puff'd the fumy God from out his Breast:
Ev'n then he dreamt of Drink and lucky Play;
More lucky had it lasted till the Day. Dryd. Virg.
The second Shaft came swift and unespy'd;
And pierc'd his Hand, and nail'd it to his Side;
Transfix'd his breathing Lungs, and beating Heart: (Virg.
The Soul came issuing out, and hiss'd against the Dart. Dr.
——— Then poising from his Ear,
The quiv'ring Weapon with full Force he threw,
Thro' the divided Shades the deadly Jav'lin flew.
On Sulmo's Back it splits; the double Dart
Drove deeper onward, and transfix'd his Heart.
He staggers round, his Eyeballs roul in Death,
And with short Sobs he gasps away his Breath. Laud. Virg.
——— The Sword, which Fury guides,
Driv'n with full Force, now pierc'd his tender Sides:
Down fell the beauteous Youth; the yawning Wound
Gush'd out a crimson Stream, and stain'd the Ground:
His nodding Head reclines on his white Breast,
Like a fair Flow'r in furrow'd Fields oppress'd
By the keen Share; or Poppy on the Plain, (Virg.
Whose heavy Head is overcharg'd with Rain. Laud. & Dr.
He whirl'd aloft his Sword with all his Might:
Th' unerring Weapon flew: and, wing'd with Death,
Enter'd his gaping Mouth, and stop'd his Breath:
Dying he slew; and, stagg'ring on the Plain,
With swimming Eyes he sought his Lover slain;
Then quiet on his bleeding Bosom fell;
Content in Death to be reveng'd so well:
O happy Friends! for if my Verse can give
Immortal Life, your Fame shall ever live;
Fix'd as the Capitol's Foundation lies, (Dryd. Virg.
And spread where-e'er the Roman Eagle flies. Laud. &
Thro' yielding Air the winged Jav'lin flew;

Quite

Quite thro' his Breast and Lungs warm Passage found;
Life, Soul, and Blood, rush mingled from the Wound.
(Laud. Virg.

Raising his Sword, he aim'd a mighty Blow,
And cleft his Head, and beardless Chin in two;
His giant Limbs fall with a hideous Sound: (Laud. Virg.
Warm Blood and Brains bedew the trembling Ground.

Then as the stately Pine, or Poplar tall,
Hewn for the Mast of some great Admiral,
Nods, groans, and reels, till, with a crackling Sound,
It sinks, and spreads its Honours on the Ground:
Thus fell the King; and, laid on Earth supine,
Before his Chariot stretch'd his Form divine:
He grasp'd the Dart, distain'd with streaming Gore,
And, pale in Death, lay groaning on the Shore.
So lies a Bull beneath the Lion's Paws,
While the grim Savage grinds with foaming Jaws
The trembling Limbs, and sucks the smoaking Blood;
Deep Groans and hollow Rears rebellow thro' the Wood.
And now the Fates suppress'd his lab'ring Breath,
And his Eyes darken'd with the Shades of Death:
Th' insulting Victor with disdain bestrode
The prostrate Prince, and on his Body trode:
Then drew the Weapon from his panting Heart;
The reeking Fibres clinging to the Dart:
From the wide Wound gush'd out a Stream of Blood,
And the Soul issu'd in the Purple Flood. Pope. Hom.

——— ——— He took his Aim;
The Spear flew hissing thro' the middle Space,
And pierc'd his Throat, directed at his Face:
It stop'd at once the Passage of his Wind,
And the free Soul to flitting Air resign'd?
His Forehead was the first that struck the Ground,
Life-Blood and Life rush'd mingled thro' the Wound.
(Dryd. Virg.

And after him the Daucian Twins were slain,
Laris and Thimbrus, on the Latian Plain:
So wond'rous like in Feature, Shape, and Size,
As caus'd an Errour in their Parents Eyes:
Grateful Mistake! But soon the Sword decides
The nice Distinction, and their Fate divides:
For Thimbrus' Head was lopp'd: And Laris' Hand,
Dismember'd, sought its Owner on the Strand:
The trembling Fingers yet the Faulchion strain,
And threaten still th' intended stroke in vain. Dryd. Virg.

——— He fell
Pierc'd with an Arrow from the distant War:
Fix'd in his Throat the flying Weapon stood,
And stop'd his Breath, and drank his vital Blood. Dryd. Virg.
——Next, falls the gigantick Size
Of Bitias, threat'ning with his ardent Eyes:
Not by the feeble Dart he fell oppress'd;
A Dart were lost within that roomy Breast;
But from a knotted Lance, large, heavy, strong,
Which roar'd like Thunder, as it whirld along:
Not two Bull-Hides th' impetuous Force withhold;
Nor Coat of double Mail, with Scales of Gold:
Down sunk the Monster-Bulk, and press'd the Ground;
His Arms, and clatt'ring Shield, on the vast Body found:
(Dryd. Virg.

Priam slain by Pyrrhus.

——— Then Pyrrhus drag'd the trembling Sire,
Slidd'ring thro' clotter'd Blood, and holy Mire,
The mingled Paste his murder'd Son had made,
Haul'd from beneath the violated Shade,
And on the sacred Pile, the Royal Victim lay'd.
His right Hand held his bloody Fauchion bare;
His left he twisted in his hoary Hair:
Then, with a speeding Thrust, his Heart he found:
The lukewarm Blood came rushing thro' the Wound
And sanguine Streams distain'd the sacred Ground:
Thus Priam fell; and shar'd one common Fate
With Troy in Ashes, and his ruin'd State:
He, who the Scepter of all Asia sway'd,
Whom Monarchs, like domestick Slaves, obey'd;
On the bleak Shore now lies th' abandon'd King, Dr. Virg.
A headless Carcass, and a nameless Thing. Denh, Virg.

KINDNESS.

Kindness by secret Sympathy is ty'd;
For noble Souls in Nature are ally'd. Dryd. Auren.
The most obdurate are by Kindness won. Lee Nero.
Indulgence soon takes with a noble Mind:
Who can be harsh that sees another kind?
Mildness and Temper have a Force divine,
To make ev'n Passion with their Nature join. King Ovid.
Beauty but gains, 'tis Kindness keeps our Love. Dryd. R. Lad.
——— O thou art tender all!
Gentle and kind as sympathizing Nature. Otw. Orph.
Kinder than unexperienc'd Virgins are
To their first Loves.——— Dryd. Conq. of Gran. p. 2.

——— ——— Kind
As the last Words of dying Lovers are. D'Aven. Circe.
O, that Lucinda too would but improve
The Charms of Beauty with the Charms of Love:
'Tis that alone enslaves the willing Mind,
And makes our Chains more sure, yet softer, bind:
When Beauty smiles, her Darts resistless are;
And the fair Maid, that's kind, is doubly fair. ———
Valour's a Vice, if not with Honour join'd,
And Beauty a Disease, when 'tis not kind. Sedl.
Fate ne'er strikes deep, but when Unkindness joins.
Dryd. Maid. Queen.

KING.

——— ——— I am a King,
Whose royal Office is Redress of Wrongs. Dryd. D. Seb.
Such Kings, like Stars, with Influence unconfin'd,
Shine with Aspect propitious to Mankind;
Favour the Innocent, repress the Bold;
And, while they flourish, make an Age of Gold. Wall.
Justice and Bounty in a Prince are Things,
That Subjects make as happy as their Kings. Wall.
Kings are the publick Pillars of the State; (Ach.
Born to sustain, and prop the Nation's Weight. Dr. Abs. &
For Gods, and Godlike Kings their Care express,
Still to defend their Servants in Distress. Dryd. Abs. & Ach.
T'adorn old Realms is more than new to raise;
His Countrey's Parent is a Monarch's Praise. Tickell.
Fair Majesty, the Refuge and Redress
Of those whom Fate pursues, and Wants oppress. Dr. Virg.
Henceforth be thine, Vicegerent of the Skies,
Scorn'd Worth to raise, and Vice in Robes chastise;
To dry the Orphan's Tears; and from the Bar,
Chace the brib'd Judge, and hush the wordy War. Tickell.
Intire and sure the Monarch's Rule must prove,
Who founds her Greatness on her Subjects Love;
Who does our Homage for our Good require;
And orders that which we should first desire:
Our vanquish'd Wills that pleasing Force obey;
Her Goodness takes our Liberty away; (the Queen.
And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary Sway. Prior. Of
For in diffusive Show'rs her Bounties fall;
Like Heav'ns Indulgence, and descend on all;
Secure the Happy; succour the Distress'd;
Make ev'ry Subject glad, and a whole People bless'd. Add.

O. King.

O King, whose Brows with shining Gold are bound,
Who see'st thy Throne with scepered Slaves incompass'd
(round.
Thou, King of Men, stretch not thy Sov'reign Sway
Beyond the Bounds free Subjects can obey:
Nor thou, brave Champion, with his Pow'r contend, (bend:
Before whose Throne ev'n Kings their lower'd Sceperes
The Head of Action he, and thou the Hand;
Matchless thy Force; but mightier his Command:
Thou first, O King, release the Rights of Sway;
Pow'r, self-restrain'd, the People best obey:
Sanctions of Law from thee derive their Source:
Command thy self, whom no Commands can force.
Dryd. Hom.

To bridle Factions, stop Rebellion's Course,
By easie Methods, vanquish without Force;
Relieve the Good, bold stubborn Foes subdue,
Mildness in Wrath, Meekness in Anger shew,
Were Arts, Great Charles's Prudence only knew:
To fright the Bad thus awful Thunder rouls;
While the bright Bow secures the faithful Souls.
Such is thy Glory, Charles, thy lasting Name,
Brighter than our proud Neighbours guilty Fame;
More noble than the Spoils that Battels yield,
Or all the empty Triumphs of the Field.
'Tis less to conquer, than to make Wars cease,
And, without Fighting, awe the World to Peace:
For proudest Triumphs from Contempt arise;
The Vanquish'd first the Conqu'ror's Arms despise:
Won Ensigns are the gawdy Marks of Scorn,
They brave the Victor first, and then adorn:
But peaceful Monarchs reign like Gods; while none
Dispute, all love, bless, reverence, the Throne:
Tygers and Bears, with all the savage Host,
May Boldness, Strength, and daring Conquest boast;
But the sweet Passions of a gen'rous Mind
Are the Prerogative of human Kind:
The God-like Image on our Clay impress'd,
The darling Attribute, which Heav'n loves best. Hal.

Peruse the Wonders of his dawning Life:
How, like Alcides, he began;
With infant Patience calm'd seditious Strife,
And quell'd the Snakes, which round his Cradle ran.
Describe his Youth, attentive to Alarms,
By Dangers form'd, and perfected in Arms:
When conqu'ring, mild; when conquer'd, not disgrac'd;
By Wrongs not lessen'd, nor by Triumphs rais'd;

Supe-

Superior to the blind Events
Of little human Accidents;
And constant to his first Decree,
To curb the Proud, to set the Injur'd free;
To bow the haughty Neck, and raise the suppliant Knee.
Prior.

Well has our holy Alha mark'd him out,
The Scourge of lawless Pride and dire Ambition;
The great Avenger of the groaning World:
Well has he worn the sacred Cause of Justice
Upon his prosp'rous Sword: approving Heav'n
Still crown'd the righteous Warriour with Success,
As if he said, Go forth, and be my Champion,
Thou most like me of all my Works below.
No Lust of Rule, the common Vice of Kings,
No furious Zeal, inspir'd by hot-brain'd Priests,
Ill hid beneath Religion's specious Name
E'er drew his temp'rate Courage to the Field:
But to redress an injur'd Peoples Wrongs,
To save the weak One from the strong Oppressour,
Is all his End of War: and when he draws
The Sword to punish, like relenting Heav'n,
He seems unwilling to deface his Kind. Rowe. Tamerl.
——— ——— O Axalla,
Could I forget I am a Man, as thou art,
Would not the Winter's Cold, or Summer's Heat,
Sickness, or Thirst, or Hunger, all the Train
Of Nature's clam'rous Appetites, asserting
An equal Right in Kings and common Men,
Reprove me daily? No; if I boast of Ought,
Be it, to have been Heav'n's happy Instrument,
The Means of Good to all my Fellow-Creatures;
This is a King's best Praise. ——— Rowe. Tamerl.
——— 'Tis true, I am a King:
Honour and Glory too have been my Aim:
But, tho' I dare face Death, and all the Dangers,
Which furious War wears in its bloody Front,
Yet would I chuse to fix my Fame by Peace,
By Justice, and by Mercy; and to raise
My Trophies on the Blessings of Mankind:
Nor would I buy the Empire of the World
With Ruin of the People whom I sway,
Or Forfeit of my Honour. ——— Rowe. Tamerl.
Plain-dealing for a Jewel has been known,
But ne'er till now the Jewel of a Crown:
When Heav'n made Man, to shew the Work divine,
Truth was his Image, stamp'd upon the Coin:

And,

And, when a King is to a God refin'd,
On all he says and does, he stamps his Mind:
This proves a Soul without Allay, and pure;
Kings, like their Gold, should ev'ry Touch endure:
Fearless in Fields is Valour; but how few
Dare be so throughly valiant, to be true?
The Name of Great, let other Kings affect;
He's Great indeed, the Prince that is direct:
His Subjects know him now, and trust him more
Than all their Kings, and all their Laws before.
What Safety could their publick Acts afford?
Those he can break; but cannot break his Word:
So great a Trust to him alone was due;
Well have they trusted whom so well they knew:
The Saint, who walk'd on Waves, securely trod,
While he believ'd the Beck'ning of his God;
But, when his Faith no longer bore him out,
Began to sink, as he began to doubt.
He plights his Faith, and we believe him just:
His Honour is to promise, ours to trust:
Thus Britain's Basis on a Word is laid, (late K. James.
As by a Word the World it self was made. Dryd. Of the
The Grecian Chiefs had Virtue but in Share;
Nestor was wise, but Ajax brave, in War:
Their very Deities were grac'd no more:
Mars had the Courage, Jove the Thunder bore:
But all Perfections meet in James alone,
And Britain's King is all the Gods in One. Lansd.
He was so true a Father of his Countrey,
To thank me for defending ev'n his Foes,
Because they were his Subjects. Dryd. Span. Fry.
O hard Estate of Empire! wretched Kings!
How are we snar'd in Errours not our own;
And hoodwink led to Crimes we most would shun!
Hence 'tis our Names stand black in Chronicle,
When impious Councellours betray our Reason,
With Eloquence and Sophistry ensnare us,
And make Injustice necessary. ——— Tate. Loy. Gen.
Small Use of Reason in that Prince is shown,
Who follows others, and neglects his own. Dryd. Ind. Emp.
Monarchs may err; but should each private Breast (Emp.
Judge their ill Acts, they would dispute their best. Dr. Ind.
Rebels ne'er want Pretence to blacken Kings. Dr. Sec. Love.
There's something of Divinity in Kings, (of Guise.
That sits between their Eyes, and guards their Life. Dr. D.
Look Tyrant; when thou nam'st Sebastian's Death,
The very Executioners turn pale,

Rough

Rough as they are, and harden'd in the Trade
Of Death, they start at an anointed Head,
And tremble to approach —— He hears me not,
Nor minds th' Impression of a God on Kings,
Because no Stamp of Heav'n was on his Soul;
But the resisting Mass drove back the Seal. Dryd. D. Seb.

Some are born Kings;
Made up of three Parts Fire: so full of Heav'n,
It sparkles at their Eyes: Inferiour Souls
Know 'em as soon as seen, by sure Instinct,
To be their Lords, and nat'rally worship
The secret God within 'em. —— Dryd. Cleom.

'Tis not to be endur'd,
That Fate of Empires, and the Fall of Kings, {Cleom.
Should turn on flying Hours, and Catch of Moments. Dryd.

Shall Mithridates live to be depos'd?
A Stale, the Image of what once he was!
The very Ghost of his departed Greatness!
A Thing for Slaves to be familiar with,
To gape, to nod, and sleep in my scorn'd Face!
Awake, awake, thou sluggard Majesty,
Rowse thee to act: tho' all the Elements,
Tho' Heav'n and Hell, Subjects and Son conspire
With Fate thy Empire's Fall, oppose their Will;
Dare to the last, and be a Monarch still. Lee. Mithr.

I'm born a Monarch, which implies alone,
To wield the Scepter, and depend on none. Dr. D. of Guise.

For Heav'n bestows the Crowns that Monarchs wear.
Dryd. Ind. Emp.

Titles to Crowns from Civil Contract spring,
And he, who breaks the Law, dissolves the King.

New Titles may be scaffolded with Laws,
And frothy Monarchs, of the Mob's Applause,
Take up a Crown on Terms too mean to wear;
Then boast themselves to be the People's Heir:
But they, who Crowns from Contracts do receive,
Are Kings at Will, and govern but by Leave:
A Marble Cæsar, pinion'd to a Throne,
The People regnant, and the Monarch Stone.

When free-born Men, by Providence design'd
Both to protect and propagate their Kind,
Did first their brutish Appetites pursue;
Nature alone was all the Law they knew.
When Sense was Guardian, and when Reason Young,
'Twas then the Weak submitted to the Strong:
Then, as the Bull walks Monarch of the Ground,
So, Nimrod, Cæsar, and the rest were crown'd:

For he, who could protect, and Conquest bring,
Was from a Captain ripen'd to a King:
Thus they the People's Safety made their Choice,
And Heav'n approv'd it by the People's Voice:
It is their Choice the noblest Title brings;
For Subjects are the surest Guard of Kings. Blount.

A King, his Pow'r unbounded ought to have,
And, ruling all, should not be Passion's Slave. Otw. D. Carl.

Ill-govern'd Passions in a Prince's Breast
Hazard his private, and the publick, Rest;
Slaves to their Passions they become, and then
It grows impossible to govern Men. Wall.

A Prince may make himself a God below; (Love.
For Kings, who rule their own Desires, are so. Dryd. Tyr.

That Monarch, who, when Danger's near, sits down,
Shews but a feeble Title to a Crown:
The best Securities in Courage are;
We but subscribe to Treasons which we fear. Otw. Alcibiad.

Fate has in diff'rent Bands subjected Slaves and Kings:
Fetter'd in Forms of royal State are they,
While we enjoy the Freedom to obey. Roch.

Happy the Monarch, on whose Brows no Cares
Add Weight to the bright Diadem he wears. Otw. D. Carl.

Monarchs of Cares in Policy complain, (Love.
Because they would be pity'd while they reign. Dryd. Tyr.

Curst State of Monarchs! Let the judging World
Now weigh our Pleasures with our mightier Troubles,
And find us happier than the rest of Men! Lee. Mithr.

Princes have but their Titles for their Glories;
An outward Honour for an inward Toil. Shak. Rich. 3.

Dearly, 'tis true, each buys the Crown he wears;
And many are the mighty Monarch's Cares:
By Foreign Foes and Home-bred Factions prest,
Few are the Joys he knows, and short his Hours of Rest.
Rowe. Fair Pen.

Soldiers, when old, we from the Wars discharge;
But Fate her Drudges never sets at large:
The higher Place they fill, the greater Slaves: (& Cleop.
Princes have no Retirements but their Graves. Sedl. Ant.

How slipp'ry is the Top of human State; (Cleop.
And on exalted Heads what Tempests beat! Sedl. Ant. &

O curst Estate of Kings! O fatal Glory!
What must I lose to purchase the vain Breath (Love.
Of Fools and Sycophants, the Voice of Fame. Lansd. Her.

The Gods have for themselves alone reserv'd
A quiet State; Kings are their Stewards here,
Intrusted with the Conduct of the World;

And,

And, like good careful Servants, must submit
Their single Profit to the gen'ral Welfare. Lansd. Her. Love.
Fortune with lighter Strokes strikes lighter Things;
With her whole Weight she crushes falling Kings. Sedl.
(Ant. & Cleop.

Of all Mankind, the heaviest Fate he bears,
Who the last Crown of sinking Empire wears:
No kindly Planet of his Birth took care; (of Gran. p. 2.
Heav'ns Outcast, and the Dross of ev'ry Star! Dryd. Conq.
Kings are the publick Pillars of the State,
Born to sustain and prop the Nation's Weight. Dr. Abs. & Ac.
For Gods, and God-like Kings, their Care express,
Still to defend their Servants in Distress. Dryd. Abs. & Ach.
When Tempests are rich, the People richer grow,
As Rivers gain by Seas to which they flow. D'Aven.
Small Use of Reason in that Prince is shewn,
Who follows others and neglects his own. Dryd. Ind. Emp.
Can a King want a Cause, when Empire bids
Go on? What is he born for but Ambition?
It is his Hunger: 'tis his Call of Nature;
The noble Appetite, which will be satisfy'd,
And, like the Food of Gods, makes him immortal. Rowe. Tam.
Boundless Ambition, vast Desire of Empire,
And Fame for gallant Deeds, perform'd in War,
Still spur them forward thro' the dusty Field,
While Reason all in vain wou'd hold them back. Hopk. Pyr.
——— Kings are like other Misers,
Greedy of more; they use not what they have:
As Merchants, vent'ring on the faithless Seas,
For needless Wealth, are driv'n by sudden Storms
On Banks of Sands, or dash'd against the Rocks,
And all they have is sunk, and lost at once!
Kings rush to Wars, more faithless than the Seas,
Where more inconstant Fortune waits their Arms;
Where, in a Minute, one unhappy Blow
Ruins the Progress of an Age before. Hopk. Pyrrhus.
Gods! why are Kings, your Images beneath,
The liveliest Portraitures of heav'nly Pow'rs,
Created subject to eternal Discord?
Why is War wag'd for ever on the Earth?
Why are not less malignant Planets plac'd
To guide their Actions, to preserve their Peace,
And influence their Lives to run on smoothly,
With the same Harmony that moves your Spheres?
Were Kings e'er known, in this degen'rate Age,
So passionately fond of noble Acts, (Dr. Seb.
Where Int'rest shar'd not more than half with Honour? Dr.

[illegible] Kings, impute it to their Fate,
[illegible] cause your last
[illegible] Heav'n forgives [illegible] our Actions [illegible]
[illegible] W[illegible]
[illegible] revenge their Wrongs when they forgive,
And Kings, like Gods, [illegible] D'Aven.
[illegible] when young Kings begin with scorn of Justice,
They make an Omen to their After-reign,
And blot their Annals in the foremost Page. Dr. Span. Fry.
Princes, like Gods, reward not our deserts;
But pity us in prompting us to [illegible] Dryd. Tyr. Love.
——— Kings, like Gods,
Are ev'ry where; walk in th' Abyss of Minds,
And view the dark Recesses of the Souls. Dryd. Don. Seb.

KISS.

Give me Ambrosia in a Kiss,
That I may rival Jove in Bliss;
That I may mix my Soul with thine,
And make the Pleasure all divine.
I will provoke thy Lips, lay Siege so close, (D. Seb.
That all thy sallying Breath shall turn to Blessings. Dryd.
To Kisses in their Taste and Odour sweet,
As Hybla Honey, or Arabian Dew. D'Aven.
Sweet were his Kisses on my balmy Lips,
As are the Breezes, breath'd amidst the Groves ———
Of rip'ning Spices in the Height of Day. Behn. Abdel.
——— He kiss'd me hard,
As if he pluck'd up Kisses by the Roots,
That grew upon my Lips.——— Shak. Othel.
He scarce afforded one kind parting Word,
But went away so cold; the Kiss he gave me
Seem'd the forc'd Compliment of fated Love. Otw. Orph.
She smil'd and gave me one might Love disarm; Ovid.
And from his Hand the brandish'd Thunder charm. Sedl.
——— O could I give the World,
One Kiss of thine, but thus to touch thy Lips,
I were a Gainer by the vast Exchange.
The fragrant Infancy of op'ning Flow'rs
Flow'd to my Senses in that melting Kiss. Southe. Disapp.
Nectar and Flames, and Sweets of Hybla grow
About her Lips, ambrosial Odours flow. Lee. Sophon.
His ev'ry Kiss her Soul with Love inspires,
And all her Blood with subtle Poison fires. Laud. Virg.
They seal'd the Bargain with a friendly Kiss. Dryd.

The Kiss you take is paid by that you give:
The Joy is mutual, and I'm still in Debt. [illegible] Love.
—— I saw thee dart a Kiss [illegible]
The wanton Prelude of a further Bliss,
Such as might kindle frozen Appetite,
And fire ev'n wasted Nature with Delight. Sedl. Ovid.
—— O let me run, and seal
My melting Soul upon their bubbling [illegible],
I'll print upon those coral Mistresses such Kisses
As shall recall their wand'ring Spirits home. Lee. Œdip.
Kisses are empty Joys, and soon are o'er. Dryd. Tyranic.
Take, O take those Lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those Eyes, the break of Day,
Lights that do mislead the Morn:
But my Kisses bring again,
Seals of Love, but seal'd in vain. Shak. Meas. for Meas.

KNIGHT ERRANT.

—— Knights-Errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink;
Because, when thorough Desarts vast,
And Regions desolate they past,
Where Belly-Timber, above Ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one Word
Of their Provision on Record:
Which made some confidently write,
They had no Stomachs, but to fight:
'Tis false: for Arthur wore in Hall
Round Table, like a Farthingal,
On which, with Shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good Knights din'd:
Tho', 'twas no Table, some suppose,
But a huge Pair of round Trunk-hose;
In which he carry'd as much meat,
As he and all his Knights could eat;
When, laying by their Swords and Truncheons,
They took their Breakfasts, or their Nuncheons. Hud.
Some Writers make all Ladies purloin'd
And Knights pursuing like a Whirlwind:
Others make all their Knights in Fits
Of Jealousy to lose their Wits;
Till, drawing blood o'th' Dames, like Witches,
They're forthwith cur'd of their Capriches:

Some

Some always thrive in their Amours,
By pulling Plaisters off their Sores;
As Cripples do to get an Alms,
Just so do they, and win their Dames. *Hud.*

Knights of the Garter.

Behold an Order, yet of newer Date:
Our England's Ornament, the Crown's Defence,
In Battel brave, Protectors of their Prince:
Unchang'd by Fortune, to their Sov'reign true,
For this their manly Legs are bound with Blue:
These, of the Garter call'd, of Faith unstain'd,
In fighting Fields the Laurel have obtain'd,
And well repay'd those Honours which they gain'd.
But Knights in knightly Deeds should persevere,
And still continue what at first they were;
Continue, and proceed in Honour's fair Career.
No Room for Cowardice or dull Delay;
From Good to Better they should urge their Way:
For this with golden Spurs the Chiefs are grac'd,
With pointed Rowels arm'd to mend their Haste. *Dryd.*
(*Chauc. The Flower and the Leaf.*

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